TOM RAW, THE GRIFFIN:

A BURLESQUE POEM,

IN TWELVE CANTOS:

ILLUSTRATED BY

TWENTY-FIVE ENGRAVINGS,

DESCRIPTIVE OF

THE ADVENTURES OF A CADET

IN THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S SERVICE,

FROM THE PERIOD OF HIS QUITTING ENGLAND TO HIS OBTAINING
A STAFF SITUATION IN INDIA.

BY A CIVILIAN AND AN OFFICER

ON THE BENGAL ESTABLISHMENT.

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TOM RAW FORWARDED TO HEAD QUARTERS.

PREFACE.

In submitting the following work to the public, we consider it proper to explain the birth, parentage, and education of our motley bantling, that we may not be accused of voluntarily forcing ourselves on the notice of so grave a tribunal. It was undertaken at the request of a society of ladies of our acquaintance, who, like all ladies now-a-days, have albums opened for the reception of contributions literary and graphic. The sight of Alkins's admirable Symptoms, a series of comic predicaments, first led our imitative pencils to delineate similar ones in India; and the various adventures of a "Griffin," or Johnny Newcome in the East, afforded ample scope for the display of what talents we might possess in broad caricature. The encomiums on our works again led to the expression of a wish that we should undertake a connected series of drawings, embracing the events of a Griffin, from his departure from England to some

point of his Indian career; and that he should be of the military profession, as one in which there is naturally more humorous incident than in any other. Who can withstand the wishes of the fair? *We* could not, and immediately proceeded to indulge them; but when the first dozen was finished, we were assailed by another charmer, who suggested the expediency of having, as she said, a *peg* on which to hang our performances — in other words — a poem! "Heavens! ladies," we answered, "do you "imagine we can do every thing? is it not "enough that we have obeyed your commands in "portraying the adventures of a Griffin? — Can it "be expected that we should take up poetry as we "have done our pencils, without possessing heaven-"born powers of minstrelsy?" "Oh!" replied they, all in a breath, "there's one among you "whom we know to be a poet, because we have "some of his effusions in our scrap-book." — "See "here," said one; "Lines on a Musquito biting the "shoulder of Miss —— at the Conversazioni."* — "And here," exclaimed another, "is an Impromptu

* Assemblies at the Town Hall of Calcutta.

"on a Burra Conna."*—"Look at this Monody on "the Death of a favourite Sirdâr Bearer,† who was "carried off in a few hours by the cholera morbus "in Chandnee Choke.‡ Translations from the "Persian poem of Lecla and Mujnoon;§ and various "other pieces, which Mr. Quilldrive himself can't "deny that he composed," vociferated a third. "Do, pray, Mr. Quilldrive, try your hand at the "Griffin," said all.

The trial was made, and succeeded. Its length was the result of the many new incidents from time to time collected, and thrown into the bag of materials, which might have swelled the work into more volumes than one, had not Mr. Quilldrive insisted on being allowed to exercise his discretion, and to confine himself to twelve cantos, which he said, and we thought, was quite enough, in all conscience.

The completion and perusal of the poem to indulgent hearers, led to the final proposition of its being published. Here we all stared. What, the

* Formal dinner party.

† Head-bearer, a servant who attends gentlemen's toilets.

‡ A market-place in Calcutta.

§ A celebrated poem of two Asiatic lovers.

Griffin to appear in print? to be perused by all the world, perhaps translated into the European, and, for aught we know, into the Hindostany, Persian, and Bengalie languages! But our vanity was tickled, whose would not have been? by such suggestions; and we consented, not without those gentle tremors and palpitations which always fill the bosoms of inexperienced authors.

This is the true history of our undertaking. It has many faults, no doubt, but some merit—the latter arising more from the novelty of the matter it contains, than from any powers of fancy it possesses. The adventures are, we have reason to know from experience, justly narrated. We have selected our hero from a class of as fine manly youths as ever graced the military profession, and if we have caricatured him, our only object was to assimilate him to the ludicrous predicaments in which we have necessarily placed him. We disclaim all intention of throwing ridicule on the honourable profession of arms, or on the Griffins, in both of which characters stands one of the leaders of our literary band. All we aim at, is to excite good humour, and give a faithful delineation of some of the scenes, man-

ners, and customs of a country very little known in our native land. We trust that the critic will think our work too insignificant to censure, and that the public will be too lenient to condemn it.

One word more: although pupils and admirers of Gilchrist, we have purposely deviated from his orthography of the Hindostany language, preferring that which will, we believe, be more adapted to the comprehension of our Western readers. We beg the Doctor's pardon for an offence which we know he will think unworthy of his scholars.

Calcutta, 1*st April*, 1824.

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TOM RAW, THE GRIFFIN.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

When poets write, they usually invoke
Apollo or the Muses to their aid,
Making a cruel rumpus to provoke
The deities, as patrons of their trade:
We hear their calls—but not the answers made;
We read of frenzied eyes, from earth to heaven
Most frantically rolling, see the head
Thumped for ideas sublime, from morn to even,
And minds with intellectual labours heaving.

II.

Whether a mode so generally followed
Is of much use, we can't pretend to say;
Or, whether strains be—Clio'd or Apollo'd,
More glibly run, than when self-tuned they stray,
Is problematical;—but, as our lay
Will do quite well, we question not, without 'em,
We'll not contend for one celestial ray
To gild our visions (having cause to doubt 'em),
But soberly proceed, not caring aught about 'em.

III.

Th' adventures of a Griffin bid our lyre
Awaken all its powers; but then some readers
A sort of explanation may require
Of what a Griffin is—or they 'll not heed us,
In this our great essay; which doubtings lead us
(Shielding ourselves from hypercritic claws,)
To tell the honest truth, which this indeed is,—
The Griffin which our lofty poem draws
Is—not chimerical, but—man with all his flaws.

IV.

Our Griffin is an inexperienced youth,
A raw, bewildered boy, who seeks his fortune
In Asiatic climes, unfledged, in truth,
But told the fickle goddess to importune,
Lacking the means at home:—One of a boon
She showered on his parents, in the shape
Of an o'erbrimming family, whose spoon
Is not half large enough for mouths that gape
With hunger unrequited, northward of the Cape.

V.

The colonies and foreign governments
Are famous drains for pride and poverty;
For gentlemen deficient in their rents,
Always on India turn a longing eye.
They talk in England of a precious tree,
That, but to shake, brings down its fruit,—(pagodas,)
And fancy every one's rapacity
May be indulged, with just as great a load as
Would satisfy Pindarries—(those well-known marauders.)

VI.

Of money-making, in the glorious East,
Such and a thousand other odd conceits,
(By rich returning Nabobs sore increased),
Fill the parental mind with feverish heats:
Golconda's mine the golden dream completes,
With all the sparkling gems of Samarcand,
Letters are written—double, treble sheets,
To various sharers of the eastern fund,
Alias—proprietors of India stock in Lond':

VII.

'On, we 'd have added, but 'twould spoil the metre,
And we 've no leisure to consult the rhyming
Dictionary, to make the sense completer;
Besides, abbreviations there 's no crime in,
When fancy might supply the " on" to chime in:
But to return—and even the Directors,
Whether they 're out of court, or—at the time—in,
Are sorely harassed by these place expectors,
And, turning a deaf ear, must turn rejectors.

VIII.

If writerships are got, they 're thought a prize
Equal to twenty thousand pounds at Bish's,
Cadetships, now, as times are sorry, rise
In value, satisfying mod'rate wishes;
Assistant surgeonships the Scotchman fishes
Successfully enough, too—fra' the North;
And, as the court's supplied with various dishes,
From turtle-soup, to oatcakes and sheep's broth,
Of hungry applicants they have their money's worth.

IX.

'Tis time, however, now, to introduce
The hero of our tale ;—his nomenclature
Has puzzled us extremely, but we choose
Tom Raw, as applicable to his nature.
Some critics may object, but we so hate your
Romantic designations, that we rest
Contented with our choice.—In face and stature
He was not an Apollo—nor the best-
Looking young man I've seen, transported from the West :

X.

But well enough—a round, unmeaning face,
Snub nose, and dumpy form, complexion ruddy,
Limbs quite devoid of elegance and grace,
And then his small gray eyes were something muddy :
But, notwithstanding this, the little blood, he
Had germs intuitive of foppishness,
Had he but found the means its points to study :
Books and arithmetic caused him distress,
Orthography and writing, not a jot the less.

XI.

Who knows not Welch and Stalker's magazine
To fit out boys, on India's voyage going,
Where every thing is furnished them, we ween,
Without a thought on what they want bestowing?
Here Tom was introduced, and they 're so knowing,
That, at a glance, his youthful form they fit,
(With every due allowance for his growing).
And, as he 's military, add a spit,
A regulation sword,—of his trade, emblem fit.

XII.

In short, there nought was left him to desire,
From coarse check shirts and trowsers, while at sea,
To landing suits, which gentlemen require
To visit Governors, or C. in C.
And, thus equipped, there was no more to be
Arranged, but cramming him and all his luggage
On board a small free trader instantly,
Where, when arrived, he popped into a snug cage
Of only six by four—but not without much tuggage.

XIII.

From arms parental, dear, respected ties,
Which, unrelaxing in their hold, clung round
Their parting boy—while with o'erflowing eyes,
And hearts still bleeding with affliction's wound,
They pray their child with blessings may be crowned;
Then cast a fearful gaze upon the main,
And shudder at the wind's tempestuous sound.
But they must part, for—shrill the boatswain's strain
Is heard to pipe, which makes all other pipings vain.

XIV.

The blubbering youth pursues the less'ning wherry
Till waving handkerchiefs are seen no more;
The first day he is any thing but merry,
The second sees the vessel scud before
A favouring gale, and gaily bounding o'er
The swelling waves;—the unexpected motion
Gives him sensations rather sad and sore;
He cannot eat, and turns from every potion,
Curses his cruel fate, and deprecates the ocean!

XV.

You 'll find him at the gangway, if you search,
Pallid as death, with, now and then, convulsions,
But chiefly when the vessel gives a lurch,
Attended with some terrible expulsions,
Internal quakes, that cause severe repulsions.
Sea sickness is the deuce,—yet very few
To quell it, use or physic or emulsions :
It comes like fate—it lasts awhile,—'tis true
It goes!—and then—why then there's nothing more to do,

XVI.

Except to eat your fill, thus making up,
As sailors say, leeway ; and as for drinking
You safely may enjoy an extra cup,
On pleasurable subjects only thinking,
Never on fears of shipwreck or of sinking.
Wet sails make greater progress, far, than dry ones,
And, therefore, from the can there is no shrinking
If one's inclined, in trouble, thus to try one's
Hand in that which makes your poltroons as brave as lions.

XVII.

Besides th' untutored boy, there were on board
A vulgar couple, destined for Bengal,
And an old major, who had drawn the sword
In many Marhatta battles. He was tall
And thin as barber's pole—a speckled shawl
Close folded round his throat— a queer Qui hi, [1]
Who never asked, "who 's there" without that call,
After some forty years, he 'd been to try
His native air again, which chilled him grievously.

XVIII.

'Twas natural enough — inured to heat
Of tropic suns, and smoke-dried by hot winds,
Th' exotic could not bear the frost and sleet
And piercing cold that one in Scotland finds.
His friends had died — acquaintance of all kinds
Were found, but lacking all that warmth of heart
Which Anglo-Indians[2] so united binds
Together — so he took the wisest part;
That is — for Hindostan to make another start.

XIX.

The vulgar man was a free mariner,
The skipper of some country coasting vessel,
The woman, when he talked of wedlock — carrying her-
Self like a Nabob's wife, made feeble wrestle
Against vulgarity, and though he 'd jest ill,
And do a thousand odd eccentric things,
Which certainly were thought of, in the West, ill,
She gave her hand — and disappointment's stings
Remained when Cupid sped on retrograding wings.

XX.

Instead[3] of grand establishments and riches,
She heard of embarkation for the East,
And, though she wore, as wives all do, the breeches,
She could not guide this savage in the least,
But followed him to India, dull and *triste*.
Upbraidings he expected, met and bore,
Sometimes the ruder actions of her fist,
Which he returned, for what could he do more,
When under obligation, but pay off the score?

XXI.

She had two nieces, pretty, young, and blooming,
Not over-bred, 'tis true, but not neglected;
They had been taught to slide, with grace, a room in,
Better, indeed, than might have been expected,
With fashionable bend and head erected.
The aunt had heard it said that girls like these
Might, in the East, be easily connected;
For Indians were not difficult to please,
Where the commodity is not procured with ease.

XXII.

The voyage went off as such mostly do,
Stupid enough—there was a calm, a gale,
They caught a shark, and a boneta(4) too,
Harpooned a dolphin, and observed a whale
Spout from his nostrils, and display his tail;
There fell upon the deck a flying fish,
An albatross(5) was shot—a foreign sail
Appeared—they tucked in many a salted dish,
And drank as much spruce-beer as thirsty souls could wish.

XXIII.

Till, in the regions of dread Neptune's court
The vessel entered, where th' Ecliptic line
Has cut in two, in geographic sport,
The world in hemispheres. Here sailors shine
In jokes aquatic, and ofttimes combine
In coarse yet unmalicious ribaldry
On such as ne'er before, upon the brine
Have past beyond the fatal zone. They, severally
Perform some part that is conspicuous in the revelry.

XXIV.

First in a car[6] —a clumsy piece of work
By the ship's carpenter, and lined with flags,
Sits Neptune's representative—a Turk
As much resembling, and, for long beard, tags
Together oakum. Robed in coloured rags,
As substitute for regal trident rears
A large harpoon, which o'er his head he wags,
Crown'd with gold diadem about his ears,
By tritons and sea-monsters guarded, his grim peers.

XXV.

Rolling, moves on the car,—a cheer resounds
The coming of the god! the quarter-deck
With passengers and officers abounds;
Silence is cried, the courtiers sternly beck,
And even smiles incontinently check.
He speaks!—" What's this here rumpus on my waves?
" Without my passport do ye fear no wreck?
" No storms that, rolling o'er my sea-weed caves,
" May give you all (if I but bid 'em) wat'ry graves.

XXVI.

" I smell a stranger! who would seek to go,
" Taking French leave, to India,—where's the rascal,
" That I may shave him? for you all must know
" The customs of my realm.—Slaves! to your task all—
" Seize, drag him here!—Go, wretches, for the cask all;
" See that the Devil's soapsuds are well lathered;
" Where is my barber, my good shaver, Pascal?"
Poor Tom held back, when, from the crew, he gathered
That all, save him, had this terrific tempest weathered.

XXVII.

" Ay, by my trident!" roared the angry god,
" This here's the fellow! he's a roguish smell,
" Ay, ay, 'tis he,"—and gave a knowing nod;
While the poor victim, hearing the ship's bell,
Upon his marrow-bones devoutly fell.
The barber's razor was a barrel's hoop,
The soap was tar (the substance did as well),
He called the trembling Thomas Raw to stoop,
And whispered, " If you have repented, do not droop."

XXVIII.

The water-cask was brought, and on it placed
A plank, and on the plank our hero seated;
Great Neptune's chaplain, with a sermon graced
The inauguration, while his clerk repeated
" Amen."—His little wits had near retreated,
His pallid face was daubed with filthy tar,
The razor flourished, in hot spirits heated,
The plank flew off—and his unhappy star
Plunged him in stinking brine, than ocean salter far!!

XXIX.

And now resounded, from the jovial crew,
Loud peals of merriment and sailor jokes,
As from the cask they drag poor Tom to view,
And shew him, dripping, to the laughing folks.
And here, once more, he earnestly invokes
The pity oft solicited in vain;
Neptune, relenting, his command revokes,
While his poor victim, wiping off the stain,
Deals out his forfeit gin, and gaily smiles again.

TOM RAW CROSSING THE LINE.

XXX.

These novelties, with many more, amazed
Our wond'ring hero, till they all got stale,
And then he sauntered on the deck, and gazed,
For more till he was tired. — Of what avail
To paint the scenes that in all ships prevail?
The captain sometimes joked, but oftener swore,
Just like the heartless keeper of a jail,
The only shade of difference this — no more —
The one locks up at sea, the other on the shore.

XXXI.

'Twas Doctor Johnson's notion, and I 'll learn it ye,
With what he added touching a thin plank
'Twixt thoughtless floating sailors and eternity,
Which makes the prisoner at sea more blank
Than *terra firma* jail birds — thus in rank
The ocean has it hollow — they 've to war,
Besides, with rocks and winds, fire, lightning's prank,
Amidst combustibles, wood, pitch, and tar,
Without the smallest hole to creep out — if they dare.

XXXII.

The trade wind speeds them on; not far appears
The Afric shore, the Table Land and Bay,
The shelving town, and " Lion's Rump," that stares
A stranger in no very comely way;
The sight was, to our sea-tost friends, a gay
And pleasing one — the captain swore by jingo,
He'd not remain there longer than a day;
And if they went, and scorned blue Peter's lingo,
They might go whistle for their passage, prog, and stingo.

XXXIII.

We've known commanders, when upon the main,
Acting your petty tyrants,—blust'ring railers,
Bullying and swearing, during their short reign,
To the great consternation of the sailors.
Playing the Devil—in short—among the tailors;
But when on land, they cast these airs away,
As they throw off their boat-clothes when a gale has
Been followed by a calm and sultry day,
And are like lambs, quite mild and innocently gay.

XXXIV.

Aurora now illumed the ruddy east,
And nature all her glowing robes was wrapt in,
When, for the cutter Major Longbow prest
The very unaccommodating captain:
To their surprise 'twas lowered, and, as they stept in,
The skipper followed with a jovial roar,
And steered the boat, his savage face adapting
To looks more harmonised than erst he wore,
Nay, he became facetious e'er he reached the shore.

XXXV.

All stared at such a metamorphosis,
And listened patiently to worn-out jokes,
Amazed to find he let them off as his
Inventions, without burdening them with cloaks;
His blund'ring e'en the Major's phlegm provokes,
And the girls tittering, turn their heads aside;
Our hero laughs out till he almost choaks,
For when once risibility's flood tide
Acts on his muscles, naught its rushing force can guide.

XXXVI.

Approaching now, their eyes delighted turn
On *terra firma,* and the cavalcade
A number of broad-bottomites discern,
In very singular costume arrayed,
And busied in the same commercial trade;
Tar barrels and rum puncheons stumbling o'er,
But bills of health procured, and customs paid,
They were, at length, allowed to land — and, more,
A guide was quickly hired to lead them from the shore.

XXXVII.

The Cape's a kind of inn—a half-way house
To India, breaking a long, tedious stage
Famous for monstrous bays, and monstrous vrows
Or women; fattening at a certain age,
Id est, when married; for they 're quite the rage
When young and buxom. There's the hill behind,
With white clouds hanging o'er its flattened edge,
Fit table-cloth for wind-gods, when inclined
To feast the Devil with tremendous blasts of wind.

XXXVIII.

And they do come,—and with a vengeance too,
Swelling the ocean into mountain waves,
O'er which the labouring ships reel to and fro,
And under which they oft find watery graves,
Plumping, unceremonious, in the caves
Of Neptune's sub-marine dominions.—They
Who do escape the tempest, while it raves,
See death depicted in each horrid way,
And might as well be killed as frightened into clay.

XXXIX.

The party sweep along the Haergraff,[7]
And contemplate the cleanly Dutch-built houses,
And, ever and anon, are seen to laugh
At huge Mynheers, and their unwieldy spouses,
Sitting, and smoking o'er their soapkee[8] doses;
Half stupified by spirits and tobacco,
Issuing in volumes from their mouths and noses:
So pristine burgomasters of New York are
Said always to employ themselves—(see " Knickerbocker.")

XL.

There's nothing to be done without a letter
Of introduction to a resident;
If high in rank—why then—so much the better,
If low, you give it, for it saves you rent,
Our mariner knew where to pitch his tent,
Having a letter for Herr Sluggenbottom,
Where he, his wife and nieces, forthwith went.
The Major and Tom Raw, who had not got 'em,
Gave the well-known travestie war-hoop of "Odd rot 'em."

XLI.

But, as good luck would have it, sweet Miss Betsey
Made out an invitation for the youth,
Having admired his visage on the wet sea.
Those women have a natural turn, in truth,
For pitying mankind, East, West, North, South.
But, those are tender secrets, whose revealing
Is made for glance, and sigh, not word of mouth;
For love will come, flirtation first, then feeling,
Till matrimony sets about its speedy healing.

TOM RAW AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

XLII.

His toilet made, he seizes his shakoe,
Equipped completely à la militaire,
And steps into the open street, when, lo,
More than the moon herself he knew not where
Mynheer resided, and with many a stare
And question, for he 'd lost the designation,
'Twas so uncouth, jaw-breaking, long, and queer,
He burst into a copious perspiration,
Which shewed the greatness of our hero's consternation.

XLIII.

When hope had nearly fled—from a high window,
He heard his name in female accents called,
And started, as astonishment makes men do,
But, as he knew the voice, was not appalled.
No time was lost, he knocked, and loudly bawled,
And, entering, soon the introduction past;
Among the vrows Mynheer the youth installed,
And here he found his body jammed so fast
That he could scarcely move his limbs—or breathe at last.

XLIV.

The hostess, Madame Vander Sluggenbottom,
Was twenty stone, at least;—her neighbour more;
Such weights made people wonder how they got 'em,
Or how their plumpnesses squeezed through the door.
Tom stared at sights he'd never seen before,
He felt ashamed to speak, and—took to blushing;
The women, in broad Dutch, both bending o'er
Th' embarrass'd youth, talked loud, then fell to pushing,
Till the result seemed like to end in downright crushing.

XLV.

Yet more! the pungent flavour of Dutch pipes,
And undigested fumes of potent gin,
A cross-fire gives him, as his face he wipes,
And o'er the fleshy rampart pops his chin:
At length he set up a most furious din,
Which made th' assembly wonderfully stare;
In stretching out his limbs, a luckless shin
Had come in contact, underneath the chair,
With something burning hot, he knew not what, or where!

XLVI.

Say, courteous readers! have you never seen
Things which the French denominate *chauf-pieds,*
Baskets well lined with fluffy furs, within
Which, ladies pop their pretty feet, to ease
Them of frigidity, whene'er they please?
Or England's fleecy hosiery and flannel,
To guard our fair ones when the north winds freeze.
But, here, the well-lined vrows think of the plan ill,
And deem their charcoal-pans[9] of warmth the surest channel.

XLVII.

But let that pass—'twas lucky for our hero,
Even with his injured shins, to get released,
He would not, all that night, get any nearer
His hot companions than a yard at least.
But now a summons to the savoury feast
That smoked upon the Dutchman's groaning board,
Set all to rights, and many a fatted beast,
Roast, boiled, and baked, and stewed with skill, was stored,
Washed down with spirits, till the guests were filled or floored.

XLVIII.

Joy cannot last for ever;—fleeting, short,
And transient, for she strews her blushing flow'rs
And vanishes, to make us doubly court
The renovation of her rapturous pow'rs;
And, when she does return, how sweet the hours
That gild life's dull and desultory way!
Her smiles revive us, as soft April show'rs
The opening buds of spring!—so pass'd away
The Dutchman's supper, which was most exceeding gay.

XLIX.

Ere yet the sun had streaked the East with gold,
Or eyes could well the "Lion's rump" discern,
E'er yet the line of Table Mountain, bold
As was its outline, could observers learn,
When a stentorian voice was heard, to turn
The weary slumberers from their downy pillows:
It was the Captain's, who, in accents stern,
That might have waked the sleeping dead, as well as
The living, summoned them, once more, upon the billows.

L.

Our hero scarce awoke—his nightly dream
Had turned upon his late incarceration,
And on his visions, not one bright'ning gleam
Of aught save Vrows, and charcoal conflagration,
(In dreams there's always some exaggeration):
They both seemed bent on ending his existence;
And, on his bosom floundering, kept their station,
The live-long night preventing all resistance,
He would have given the world they'd been at any distance.

LI.

One hears of nightmares, and one feels them too,
But then they're not in pairs, each twenty stone;
It was enough to break poor Tom in two,
And grind to dust, impalpable, each bone:
Thus sorely ridden, wakening had alone
Released him, but yet dosing,—on his head
Some rude fist fell and shook it—a deep groan
Succeeded—when he started out of bed,
And grasped th' assailant.—Prithee let it not be said

LII.

We deal in scandal, when our tale recounts
That in his squeezing grasp, stood the chaste spouse
Of our free mariner, who, softly, mounts
To wake her lazy nieces.—The whole house
Re-echoed with her cries and clamorous
Ejaculations of thieves,—murder,—fire!
And they did, certainly, the folks arouse,
Who plumped into the room, at her desire,
In various groups—some with, and some—without attire.

LIII.

Oh! what a scene was there!—still in the claws
Of our half-dreaming hero was the dame,
He taking her for one of his fat Vrows,
She thinking him assailing her fair fame.
"What are you doing, in the devil's name?"
Roared out her husband—Tom released the lady,
And slunk behind the bed, for very shame,
Whilst she, with countenance demure and steady,
Revealed the history which we have told already.

LIV.

At length the welcome shores of India burst
Upon their sight, though they had much to do
To spy things so extremely flat—Here, first,
Upon the mast, the pilot's signal flew;
He comes on board, and safely guides her through
The narrow channels, till at Kedgeree,[10]
She anchored,—Tom looked lamentably blue,
And so desirous to proceed, that he
To hire a half swamped boat disbursed his first rupee.

LV.

" Mud Point"[11] was out of sight, and Diamond Harbour
Was past; at Fulta he gave many a stare,
His hunger pressing—for the Captain's barber
Had talked of its hotel, and glorious fare,
And he'd have given two-pence to stop there.
Budge Budge allured him not, Fort Glos'ter less,
He shook at Melancholy Point for fear,
Seeing one hanging in an iron dress,
But could not ask the cause, or e'en its meaning guess.

LVI.

Then Garden Reach[12]—oh! what a lovely reach,
Fit suburb of a city so renowned,
The eye pursues its bright enamell'd beach,
With airy villas fancifully crowned,
Where picturesque embellishments abound,
Till satisfied that such a spot must draw
The unlitigious to its peaceful ground—
You 're wrong—in the indictment there's a flaw,
'Tis wholly occupied by long black gowns and law!

LVII.

And further on, as glides the dingy through
The Hooghly's winding stream, appears Fort William,
A well-constructed fort with nought to do
But to receive new regiments and grill 'em,(14)
(If they arrive in May or June — to kill 'em).
But let us pause, for — just beyond — (what fun)
The palaced city's seen, and our delirium
Is such, that we must finish canto one
Before — *secundum artem* — canto two's begun.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE FIRST.

Note 1, page 6, line 150.

Close folded round his throat — a queer Qui hi.

" Qui hi?" anglice, " Who's there?" It has become a bantering designation of residents of Bengal, as " Mull," abbreviation of mullagatanee (pepper-water), of those at Madras, and " Ducks" (we know not *unde dérivatur*), of the Bombay folks.

Note 2, page 7, line 160.

Which Anglo-Indians so united binds.

This is not a vain assumption. Thrown in this country, in a manner dependant on strangers, we naturally lean more upon each other, and the dispensation and reception of kindness warms the heart.

Note 3, page 7, line 172.

Instead of grand establishments and riches.

We have heard of a Lieutenant in the Company's service marrying in England under the title of Lieutenant-Colonel. On his voyage back, he gradually dropped a link in the chain of promotion; at the Cape he was a Major, at Madras a Captain; till the bride, alarmed at the derogatory effects of the voyage, entreated her husband to tell her at once — what, in the name of fortune, he really was.

Note 4, page 8, line 192.

They caught a shark, and a boneta too.

A kind of small whale.

Note 5, page 8, line 196.

An albatross was shot — a foreign sail.

A large tropic sea-gull.

Note 6, page 9, line 208.

First in a car — a clumsy piece of work.

The ceremony here described, occurred in the ship which conveyed the author. It varies, according to the humour of the crew.

Note 7, page 14, line 343.

The party sweep along the Haergraff.

The main street of Cape Town.

Note 8, page 14, line 347.

Sitting, and smoking o'er their soapkee doses.

A morning's spirituous dose.

Note 9, page 16, line 414.

And deem their charcoal-pans of warmth the surest channel.

Or, as the Dutch call them, Stoolchees.

Note 10, page 19, line 483.

The narrow channels, till at Kedgeree.

The usual anchorage for ships entering the river Hooghly. There is now another called the new anchorage, where mooring chains are laid down for the Company's regular and chartered ships.

Note 11, page 19, line 487.

“Mud Point” was out of sight, and Diamond Harbour.

Mud Point, Diamond Harbour, and Fulta, are all at the entrance of the river Hooghly: Budge Budge, Fort Gloucester, and Melancholy Point, are more in the vicinity of Calcutta. They all form interesting objects in the river navigation; Melancholy Point (as our sailors call it), but which is Munnoo Kallee (from kallee, a creek), is chosen for the execution of offenders guilty of piracy, and very generally decorated with one of them, hanging in chains, on an elevated gallows, to deter seamen from the commission of that crime.

Note 12, page 19, line 496.

Then Garden Reach—ah! what a lovely reach.

There is scarcely a house in this beautiful reach that is not in the possession of, or rented by, a lawyer; and we have often heard it proposed that its designation should be changed to that of lawyers' reach.

Note 13, page 20, line 508.

But to receive new regiments and grill 'em.

We appeal to the king's regiments, which have enjoyed their first seasoning within the walls of Fort William, to confirm the character here given of that fortress, and wish there was more of fancy in it than truth. Such, however, is the force of habit, that the evil remains in spite of the warnings of experience.

TOM RAW, THE GRIFFIN.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

THE flood-tide makes! — oh! that our tide of song
Could flow as sure and periodically,
Ay! even though its flow was not so long,
And that its ebbs ran as methodically;
Just twice in twice twelve hours—a rush of folly,
Of thoughts sublime, or bright and sparkling wit,
Would make poor starving poetasters rally
Their worn-out noddles, and disport a bit,
Not caring for the world, whilst they enjoyed the fit.

II.

But to our task, for Thomas Raw looks blank
To be so near his place of destination,
Yet fastened to a low and muddy bank,
Waiting the tide and our procrastination:
We, therefore, waive our bardish inclination
Of flourishing a little more, and, slipping
The dinghy[1] from the shore's communication,
Take him, at once, through river, craft, and shipping,
To Chaudpaul Ghaut,[2] the very winds themselves outstripping.

III.

Our hero found his entrance to the pier
An effort of some labour—up he strides,
And bellows loud th' impediments to clear
For his approach,—unmoved, each boat abides;
He storms and raves,—the crew his threat derides,
When, from his well-cleaned sheath, his polished sword,
By rage impelled, heroically slides;
A sharper argument we never heard,
For—in an instant, every lumb'ring panchway(3) stirred.

IV.

And now, triumphantly, upon the shore,
The youthful Thomas leaping, mounts the slope,
And his bewildered vision wanders o'er
This first bright promise of Calcutta's scope,
The glance surpassing his most sanguine hope;
For, here, in long perspective, he could trace
Its finest works of art, that need no trope
Rhetorical to magnify the grace,
Nor magic art of song to dignify the place.

V.

Great Respondentia which, in pristine ages,
Afforded petty merchants your assistance
To calculate on gain,—in all its stages,
And settle policies, and ships' insurance;
Now cleansed and beautified, you have th' assurance
Boldly to rear your metamorphosed brow,
Midst decorated piles, whose long endurance
Thick walls and pucka roofs most amply shew
As well's the reign of wealth, and grandeur's rapid flow!

VI.

A colonnade of most enormous length
Amidst this splendid range the eye embraces;
It is the court-house, provident in strength,
But quite devoid of architectural graces;
And, further on (not more than fifty paces,)
It's contrast the town-hall[4] — that far-famed hall,
In which there are of Græcia's school the traces,
But by its crackings predisposed to fall,
Till patched up, and well tried by many a festive ball.

VII.

And, further yet — that noble edifice,
The seat of government and Wellesley's pride,
Type of the brains that fill that noble head of his,
And the high horse he loved so well to ride.
'Twas built against the British powers allied,
When o'er the dams and banks of Leadenhall,
His grand munificence poured forth its tide;
Directors' tears cemented each fair wall,
And joint-stock sighs but firmer knit each rising hall.[5]

VIII.

But while we hover on digressive wings,
Poor Tom is sweltering on a foreign strand;
The Manjee[6] soon his trunk and boat-cloak brings,
Demanding buxish[7] — " I don't understand,"
Quoth Tom, " your boxes — there's the boat cloak, and
" My trunk and regulation sword — 'Tis funny,"
" Buxish," the Manjee roars, with outstretched hand.
" Man want rupee," exclaimed a spruce Ram-Johnny,[8]
Who, eagerly pressed near him—" man he want some money."

IX.

" Money," cried Tom, " why that's extraordinary,
" When I have paid the rascal for the trip
" All that he asked, when first engaged to carry
" Myself and this small luggage from the ship ;
" I will not be imposed upon — so slip,"
" Massa have palkee ?"[9] — " What the devil's a palkee ?"
Off to the Ghaut Ram-Johnny's seen to skip,
And, bringing one, says, " Massa he not walkee :"
" Faith that I can't," sighed Tom, " and, therefore, will not
" baulk ye."

X.

Now new dilemmas rise ; he knew not how
To place himself in this strange, long machine ;
One leg he lifts, and runs it through and through,
Spraining most grievously his bended chine :
The bearers, who, to get their fare were keen,
Proceeded on, which made our hero hop,
Side-ways or crab-ways in a lateral line ;
Till, roaring lustily, he made them stop,
Got in, hard knocking, with his hatless head, the top.

XI.

But where to go, or where to pass the night
Poor Thomas could not say. — Ram-Johnny, still,
Close at his elbow, chuckling with delight,
Proposed a punch house[10] — " Well, egad, I will
" Take your advice — I'm in a hissing grill,
" And want some rest." — A punch house is a place
Where Griffins are accommodated till
The fort or writer's buildings they can trace,
Or some old Indian shews his patronising face.

XII.

Ram-Johnnies are blood-suckers, arrant leeches,
Discarded servants, exhibitioners,
Always prepared, with broken English speeches,
To act as tongue to new and raw practitioners
In native Hindoo languages — fictitioners,
Premeditated rogues, established hummers,
Who prowl round Ghauts, the houses of provisioners
And taverns, ready to entrap new comers. —
Just such an one assailed our inexperienced Thomas,

XIII.

And led him to the punch house, tavern, bin,
Or what you please, — for 'tis the self same thing,
A place in truth to — *take all strangers in*
Who have no other spot to rest their wing;
They 're birds of passage, and good pidgeoning
Is deemed but fair by honest tavern keepers,
So they charge twice its cost for all they bring;
And as this spreads to all — these harvest reapers
Make single beds prove double to their sleepless sleepers.

XIV.

Sleepless from undarned holes, whose frequent use
Has rendered useless the musquito curtain,[11]
'Tis but a name, and 'tis a great abuse,
For which mine host should be drubbed well, for certain,
Because a task he should be most alert in;
'Tis past all doubt, when Tom had popped his head
(After a hearty meal and floods of Burton,)
Upon the greasy pillow of his bed,
He slept all night — But, oh! what bumps of white and red

XV.

Covered that face engaging!—When his visage,
In the cracked mirror that adorned his room,
He viewed—'twas quite disfigured.—Few, at his age,
Would have brooked being taken for a groom,
But he conceived it as the passing doom
Of all beginners—so he quickly dress'd,
Took all his letters out, and—some perfume,
For tho' bilge-water didn't at sea molest,
Land folks perhaps might feel by smell of ship distrest.

XVI.

Now Mister Thomas Raw was so methodical,
That letters recommendatory he sorted
All alphabetically,—'tis a mode I call
Wise in a youth—we know not where he caught it.
Thus Mister A. was first to be resorted,
To,—Mister Z. the very last of all.
His breakfast finished, and his best clothes sported,
To Buxoo, his factotum, loud the call
Of "Ticka[12] palkee," echoed through the punch house hall.

XVII.

Buxoo the mandate (quite *artem secundum*,)
Immediately obeyed.—He knew the saib logue,[13]
In Town, Chowringhee,[14] Allipore, and Dumdum,
The offices, and Europe-shops in vogue,
Palmer and Co., and Davidson and Hogue;[15]
In short, he'd shew his master all the lions;
Tom in his palkee tumbled, while the rogue
Became a peon,—each servitory science,
Having well learnt and practised—out of sheer compliance.

XVIII.

He hastens on — Chowringhee's road is full
Of chariots, buggies, carts, and champagnies,[16]
Of people of all sorts — a brahmin bull[17]
Or two, of women noisy companies,
Talking of pice — discordant symphonies,
Each raising, in the air, a dusty column,
Borne, by a southern gale, right in the eyes
Of our poor hero, who began to roll 'em,
And wipe his bran-new woollens with a visage solemn.

XIX.

Park Street[18] they follow, and, at number three,
The palkee stops — " Is Mister A. at home ?"
Cries Tom — " Don't know," says Buxoo, " but I see
" Ho ! Durwan,[19] ho ! — ho ! Durwanjee[20] — he's dumb,
" He smoke his hookah,[21] and he will not come."
" If there's a bell, go ring it with a vengeance,"
Replied his master, as he cocked his thumb.
The Durwan peeps, as he e'er peeps at plain gents,
And, yawning, proves you quite unworthy his attendance.

XX.

" Saib Ghur[22] me hi ?" — " Is Mr. A. within ?"
Exclaimed the master and his squire at once,
" Hum poochinga,"[23] cried Cerberus, with a grin.
" Here, take my card," roared Tom, — " the man's a dunce !"
Then, waiting full ten minutes in the sun's
O'erpowering influ'nce, counting every throb
That beat upon his brain, the brute returns,
Throws back the portals that keep out the mob,
And with stentorian bawl, proclaims a Bar ke Saib ![24]

XXI.

A hundred menials, posted at the door,
Demand his name, as, mounting up the flight
Of steps he strides, and proudly march before
To shew the way — 'Twas an appalling sight,
But on he bounds, exerting all his might,
Brandishing a red handkerchief to dry
The dew-drops clustering with effulgence bright
On his carnation brow. — His heart beat high
As the exalted chieftain he was drawing nigh.

XXII.

Now through a spacious dining-room they go,
Where one long table and four dozen chairs
Are seen, and twelve large globe lamps, hanging low,
And in each corner a zepoy,[25] which bears
An Indian[26] shade — while a long punkah[27] stares
The Griffin in the face. Their journey's end,
The study of the great Qui hi, appears;
The door is opened — Jemmadars[28] low bend
Their well-oiled, pliant backs, and usher in — our friend.

XXIII.

There, seated, was a most cadav'rous figure,
With sallow visage, long and wrinkled too,
A large hooked nose, and twinkling eyes — no bigger
Than gooseberries, with just their greenish hue;
His spindle shanks were twined with treble screw;
And the thin hoary honours of his head
Fell long and lank, and scraped into a *queue;*
His clothes might o'er him and his wife have spread,
And shoes of red nankeen he wore—stitched with white thread.

TOM RAW PRESENTS LETTERS of INTRODUCTION.

XXIV.

Before a desk he sat—bestrewed with papers,
Some English correspondence, and some Persian,
A chamber candlestick with waxen tapers,
Law documents and missals[29] in reversion,
Sewals,[30] jewaubs, et cetera—a version
Of Ayn[31] Akbarry—Nasdan[32] Kyabooka,[33]
A brass pheckdan,[34] (our very great aversion)
The saliva receiver of a smoker
Who day and night puffs copiously—a gilded hookah.

XXV.

Soon as he heard our hero's name, and saw
The youth approach, his glasses were displaced;
And there, indeed, stood honest Thomas Raw,
Just in the act to bow,—with look amazed;
Four strides he'd made, and, at the fifth, he raised
His right leg, which a curve soon brought to bear
Obliquely forward, till the toe just grazed
The matted floor—It made a circuit there
Smart to the right, and ended at length—"as you were."

XXVI.

One hand his dripping forehead wiped,—the other
Was fumbling in his pocket for the letter,
Which was produced in form, while many a brother
Fell to the ground, unbound by tape or fetter.
"What?—from my friend Will Raw—there never a better
"Old boy existed," called out Mr. A.
"And you, sir, I presume 's his son?—Well, get a
"Chair, and sit down—Here, Chokey-low,[35] I say
"I'm glad to see you—When sail'd you from England,—
"pray?"

XXVII.

Tom blushed up to the ears, but still he knew
The forms of politesse, and that prompt answers
To questions should be given, and boldly too.
" Four months ago, sir."—" Came you with these lancers,
" These silvered, gilded, scarlet cossacked prancers?"
" No, sir, I came in the free trader Nancy."
" Who were on board your ship?"—" The two Miss Glancers."
" Ha! ha! the girls the first—sweethearts, I fancy?"
" Why as to that," he said (and dropped his eyes), " I can't
" say."

XXVIII.

" But how 're your parents?—they were young indeed
" When I came out; their fate I've failed to gather."—
" Quite well."—" And Robert Raw?"—" My uncle's dead"—
" Bless me! but you've an aunt?"—" last frosty weather
" Took her clean off"—" Your sisters?"—" Died together
" Two years ago."—" Odds bobs! but how's the vicar,
" Old pulpit-thump?"—" He's run his earthly tether,
" He got too fond of trolling in the liquor."
" His wife?"--" Why, better now he's gone, he used to kick her!"

XXIX.

" But tell me how you left the squire, Sir Harry?
" Many's the time I've joined him in the chase"—
" Why, first of all, he was induced to marry,
" And, never afterwards, held up his face;
" They said he broke his neck in Hymen's race.
" He died, however—jointuring well his widow,
" Who, passing to his heir, the fine old place,
" For one whole fortnight, scrupulously hid her
" Pretended grief, and, now's for sale to th' highest bidder!"

XXX.

The Qui hi paused,—the pause was long and dreary,
He'd nothing more to ask, nor Tom to say,
He yawned—stretched out his limbs, and seemed most weary,
The youth with no encouragement to stay,
Twirled round his Bicknell's hat in every way:
Hope had bespoke him quarters where he was,
But " taza[36] Chillum" dimmed its lively ray,
And soon it suffered a negation poz,
When from his chair the thin old Indian stiffly rose;

XXXI.

With " sorry can 't invite you to my house,
" But hope you 'll come to-morrow, here, to dinner;
" Just now there's Major Flask and Mrs. Grouse,
" And I expect from Meerut — Colonel Skinner.
" Your ship's come up—I hope you 're not still in her;
" My breakfast hour is, always, half past eight,
" You 'll then see Mrs. A.—You've not yet seen her?
" We dine at seven,—take care you're not too late,"
And then he bowed our hero fairly to the gate.

XXXII.

As, grumbling, back he jogged, a lowish stanhope,
Driven by a stylish cove, passed by him, and he
His features called to mind — and then began hope
To whisper that it was his old friend Randy,
Who, pulling up his horse, and backing handy,
Cried, " D——me, Tom, I'm dev'lish glad to see ye."
" How are you, Jack?" roared Tom; "give us your hand—eh!"
" Come take a lift with me," said Jack, " I pray ye,
" I'm going a round of visits—Come, come, I'll defray ye."

XXXIII.

The youths had been at school together — which is
The best cement to bind one to another;
It is a thread that early friendship stitches
In hearts, and makes a school-fellow a brother;
All faggings are forgotten, all the bother
Of floggings and hard lessons fly away,
When in the world, — a larger school than t'other,
They meet, and revel in amusements gay,
And o'er their boyish pranks their conversations stray.

XXXIV.

Post haste they hurry —dashing o'er the roads
Of famed Chowringhee, when the sun was vertical,
Calling at various fashionable abodes,
Then at Miss Shuffle's, merely to divert the girl
In a quadrille — Ma thought it wouldn't hurt a girl
To practise dancing with so sage a youth:
Of matron fear she'd not a single particle,
And scorned the scandal of this clime uncouth,
But only wished Anne perfect in the set, forsooth.

XXXV.

The girl was handsome, had been educated
At some great city school, where frothy shew
Was by an airy mistress overrated,
Because to India Miss was doomed to go,
Fancy and fascination she'd bestow,
Of airs and graces a prodigious store;
She slided, lightly, in with, "How d' ye do?"
While Randy looked as if he could adore,
And Tom as if — he'd never seen such sights before.

XXXVI.

We've heard of some attractive seminaries
For damsels destined to a high bred life,
Where care was paid to the preliminaries
That constitute a fashionable wife;
Ent'ring a room, holding a fan or — knife,
And rolling eyes — all practised with a grace;
Where coaches slung,[37] and many a girl would sigh 'f
She did not in and out them ably pace,
Because it might her promised lord's bon ton disgrace.

XXXVII.

Kind looks and sweet bewitching smiles succeeded,
As, through the mazes of the circling dance,
The youthful couple skimmed; their friend they needed
As better than around a chair to prance;
But, as he'd not been taught the steps of France,
He hopped about in such a grotesque way,
Miss Shuffle and her beau laughed *à l'outrance*,
Reprises même — they could no more that day,
So — with a thousand bows the friends their adieus pay.

XXXVIII.

The visit ended, down the stairs they go,
Randy enjoying much Tom's awkward scrape,
They reach the tilbury which stands below,
And homeward turn, not sorry at th' escape.
Here leave we them awhile, our flight to shape
O'er novelties we have not yet recounted,
Digression second, — but we fain must ape
Bards of more metal than ourselves, who 're wonted
To turn and shift their scenes with nonchalance undaunted.

XXXIX.

The palace we 've described, but not its dome,[38]
Nor many a beauty of its grand exterior;
Indeed we can't grasp all for want of room,
Tho', in the sequel, you shall have th' interior:
One word about the dome, 'tis so superior
In every way to domes of brick or stone;
It covers nought below! — but ripens sherry or
Madeira; — a wood box, perched up alone
To aid proportion, and for dumpiness t' atone.

XL.

Nothing was ever so deformed or useless,
(Save, as we said before, for unripe Madeira,)
Or any ornament that could amuse less,
In such a classic age, and tasteful æra,
'Twas first suggested that a marble hero,[39]
Sculptured by Bacon, should be placed to serve as
A vertex; but somebody, seeing clearer,
Thought it might fall, and cried, " the Lord preserve us!"
So Pallas came — in wood — the clumsiest of Minervas.[40]

XLI.

In this poor country, so devoid of stone
And bacon (we 're not speaking of dried hogs,)
The gods and goddesses in wood must groan,
Or clay; — Egyptian sphinxes rise from bogs,
And rampant lions start from forest logs,
All clipped and chiseled — most incongruous beasts;
Poor Wollaston[41] made sphinxes (more like dogs),
With lion's rump, and maiden's bust and vests,
When he was ordered to cut off those swelling chests,

XLII.

That classic art upholds, and antiquaries
Gaze chastely on.— And what might be the plea ?
For there were many people sent their queries
To learn the motive of the A. D. C.[42]
Blockhead he was, no doubt, as you shall see,
For, without orders thinking that his master
Might be distressed at such immodesty,
And being no scholar, nor a model caster,
Self-willed, he robbed the ladies of their breasts of plaister!

XLIII.

Two of these sphinxes guard the flight of steps
That forms the northern entrance ; two each portal,
Re-bosomed all, of course, but demireps
In face, and like their substances quite mortal.
Intrinsically prized, one might have bought all
For the stone figure of the straight tailed lion
That has astonished many folks, and caught all
Passing attention to the Porch of Sion,[43]
In London plenty might have been procured by trying.

XLIV.

There ! to the northward, in one even line
The Writers' Buildings[44] stand, —nineteen in number,
Where young Civilians prosper, or decline,
As study spurs them, or o'er books they slumber,
Or youthful follies haste to disencumber
The thoughtless of their prodigal receipts :
And they were often thought of as live lumber
By their employers on the upper seats,
Thinking much less of Persian than of rakish feats.

XLV.

In number one, a studious youth is seen,
Poring o'er Gilchrist,[45] with his moonshee's[46] aid,
In number five — a sporting magazine,
His teacher of the languages, afraid
Of hunting whips, across the table laid,
Slinks in a corner, with demeanour civil,
Requests his rhookhsut,[47] after having staid
Four useless hours, in his own thoughts to revel,
And then he gets — at last — a rhookhsut — to the devil!

XLVI.

Here Tom, alighting, found a jovial crew
Of youngsters round a spacious table placed,
Where peppered devils and a Burdwan[48] stew,
Smoked on the board, and courted well the taste;
Pale ale frothed high, and ruby claret graced
The sumptuous tiffin — while some brisk champagne,
Sparkling, ran down their thirsty throats in haste.
The jest went round, the pun, and boist'rous strain,
Swelled the light heart, and overturned the giddy brain.

XLVII.

He was to dine at Mr. A.'s at seven,
And at his toilet took uncommon pains,
He curled his hair as early as eleven,
Scrubbed from his light drab breeches two large stains,
And not from crimping shirt-frills he disdains;
'Tis the first time he sports his pea-green coat,
Or, on his legs, rich French silk stockings strains;
Stiff is the collar settled round his throat,
And tight the Spanish leather pumps now first turned out.

XLVIII.

The Durwan's bell announces—(it had rung
Many's the time and oft), a "bahur ke saheb!"
And Jemmadars, with shrill stentorian tongue
Gave out his name, which made Tom's pulses throb,
When in he walked, and gave a scrape and bob
To all—full blown—a perfect gloriosa,
Using, as wont, his glaring crimson swab.
Him Mr. A. observed, and cried—"How now, sir!
"Are you not introduced yet to my cara sposa?"

XLIX.

The introduction over, 'tis but right
To set the hostess Mrs. A. before ye,
Imprimis, she's a Lilliputian wight
D'un certain age,—yet still in all the glory
Of pearls and diamonds—decked out *con amore;*
A little shrivell'd visage, daubed with paint,
And grand Parisienne robe from Madame Fleurè:
Ease she affected, but looked all restraint,
And lisped with screwed up mouth, of teeth to hide the taint.

L.

The company amounted to eighteen,
Two rich old Indian bachelors in Council,
Two Judges of Appeal,[49] long, lank, and lean,
With daughters anxious their surnames to cancel,
Who played and sung in tune, and did not dance ill;
A buxom widow highly rouged, tho' *passèe,*
With one lack[50] of rupees, but more of frill,
Whose share of charms and wealth might be deemed *assez*
By any man of sense, however needy was he.

LI.

There was a Colonel in the first battalion
Of the —— regiment—native infantry,
Who wore full many a scar but—no medallion,
With epaulets hung perpendicularly,
And uniform whose best days had gone by:
And, as a contrast, there a lancer sits,
With curled mustachios and a sparkling eye,
Loaded with silver lace, and golden frets,
Red cossacks, sabre tasche, long spurs, and aiguillettes.

LII.

The Colonel looks on the well-dressed Lieutenant
With wonder, and the badge of Waterloo,
On his young breast conspicuously pendant,
And sighs that all the battles he'd gone through,
Should not have gained him some distinction too,
For valour so acknowledged, felt, and known:
He longs to talk with him; but—'t will not do;
The dandy warrior, strutting up and down,
Displays his gorgeous dress,—and thinks of that alone.

LIII.

An old fat Khausumaun, with gait unsteady,
Bespeaks the host—"Saib kanna tyar hi,"
Who bawls out, "Gentlemen! the dinner's ready"—
Quoth honest Tom, aside—"And so am I,"
Now precedence he settles,—Mrs. Y.
Must be the burrah bibbee, for Sir Martin,
Though he's a baronet, is not so high
In rank 'mong senior merchants, so—for certain
He must hand Mrs. Y. before my Lady Merton.

LIV.

So Mrs. Y. is led, and Mr. Y.,
As burrah saib, the hostess fair escorts,
Sir Martin, next in seniority,
To the next dame upon the list resorts,
Just as they settle rank in foreign courts.
The blushing spinsters on their chairs remain
Fearing a shipwreck, (while each blood disports
His distant figure in bright fashion's train),
Too modest to give hints, too timid to complain.

LV.

O tempora! O mores! — as they say
In Latin when the morals and the times
Are going to the devil, their own way
As well in this, as in less barbarous climes,
Can youths the spinsters scorn? the worst of crimes
In Cupid's court, high treason, too, to beauty?—
But they are handed—for the hostess climbs
O'er difficulties to force them to do duty.
Paid by a yawning " Lord, ma'am, any thing to suit ye."

LVI.

And now they 're seated round the groaning board,
Fish, flesh, and fowl, combine their greasy vapours,
Within a room with Khidmutgars well stored,
And warm reflections of a hundred tapers:
They point our hero to a seat — He capers,
Not knowing where to go from sheer alarm,
Till, 'twixt the two lean Indians,—like thread-papers,
He fortunately finds an empty form:
Cries Tom, aside, " All ports are equal in a storm !"

LVII.

The conversation, like all table talk,
Turned on the daintiness of sav'ry dishes,
On the fat beef and delicate white pork,
The firmness wonderful of cockub fishes,
And tarts and puddings cooked up to one's wishes.
With — " Let me help you, sir, to this ragout," —
" Did you say loll shraub ?" —" Lord, sir, you're facetious"—
" I have the honour to —." — " Some of that stew,"—
" I like this giblet curry — Pray, ma'am, what say you ?"

LVIII.

And, in the pauses — " Punkah zoor si keencho,
" 'Tis very hot" — " A gurrum panee bassun,"—
" I pledge you, ma'am — Loll shraub — this is white wine —
" Pshaw !" —
" Pray saw you P—l—r as King Richard ?" — Porsun !
" There's too much garlick in these cutlets" — (cursing.)
Across our hero the two Judges chattered
Of Moodai, Moodaillahi, and Russoom,
Which was to him no joke at all — bespattered
By two full greasy mouths, that more than wordings scattered.

LIX.

But now, the dinner ended, came in hookahs,
The Colonel's and the Judges', which provoke,
'Tis said, the conversation — " Well ! odd zookers,"
Sighed, mentally, poor Tom, " I hope the smoke
" Wont stifle me," — again the Judges poke
Their long crane necks, speaking by turns and puffing,
Till in his face the murky columns broke,
And his eyes, nose, and mouth, there was enough in
To suffocate the youth — He wriggled quite with coughing.

TOM RAW BETWEEN SMOKE & FIRE.

Published by R. ACKERMANN 96 Strand, London.

LX.

The ladies rise, the bottle moves about,
And conversation turns in various ways;
Some talk of regulations coming out,
And others on the coming out of plays;
On the gay lancer still the Colonel's gaze
Is rivetted. Mokuddemas, decrees,
Still form the subject of the Judges' lays.
The host begins to dose, and, by degrees,
Snores, till awaked by—" Join the ladies, if you please!"

LXI.

And here, the fair ones, in a formal ring,
Sip on their tea, and scandal stir with sweets;
No one proposes to play, dance, or sing,
The gentlemen are screwed fast to their seats,
Smoking or dosing in their snug retreats,
Till the tired burrah bibbee makes a motion
To the more jaded hostess, and repeats,
" 'Tis very late,"—All hail the locomotion—
Cries Tom, " Of burrah konnahs I 've a kind of notion!"

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE SECOND.

Note 1, page 25, line 529.

The dinghy from the shore's communication.

A small native boat.

Note 2, page 25, line 531.

To Chaudpaul Ghaut, the very winds themselves outstripping.

The principal landing-place for passengers and luggage in Calcutta. It faces a long row of edifices forming the southern front of the city, called the Respondentia, in the very centre of which is the Government-house. No buildings are allowed to be raised between this and Fort William, where there is an extensive grass plain divided in two by the main road leading from the city to Allipore, and a cross-road from the Fort to Chowringhee. An open space of two square miles, formed by the Respondentia on the north, Chowringhee on the east, by the river on the west, and on the south by Tolly's creek, is thus kept clear, and adds much to the comfort and salubrity of the city.

Note 3, page 26, line 540.

For — in an instant, every lumb'ring panchway stirred.

The common boat of India.

Note 4, page 27, line 564.

It's contrast the town-hall — that far-famed hall.

This building was erected from the proceeds of the Government lotteries, and has some pretensions to architectural rule; though so vitiated has our taste become from contemplating the slight structure of oriental pillars, that it is generally abused for its heavy appearance. More of this when we speak of its interior.

Note 5, page 27, line 576.

And joint-stock sighs but firmer knit each rising hall.

Vide general letter, dated ——

Note 6, page 27, line 579.

The Manjee soon his trunk and boat-cloak brings.

Boatswain, generally the proprietor or manager of the boat.

Note 7, page 27, line 580.

Demanding buxish — " I don't understand."

Anglicè, a present, reward, or remuneration exclusive of the regular fare. Applicable to all presents.

Note 8, page 27, line 584.

" Man want rupee," exclaimed a spruce Ram-Johnny.

Vide stanza 12th for a description of this class of depredating servitors.

Note 9, page 28, line 591.

" Massa have palkee?" — " What the devil's a palkee?"

A wooden box, fitting the human figure, with two poles, one before and the other behind, in which people are carried about on the shoulders of four men, entitled bearers. Answering to a sedan, — the horizontal instead of perpendicular.

Note 10, page 28, line 607.

Proposed a punch house — " Well, egad, I will.

Explained in stanza XII.

Note 11, page 29, line 632.

Has rendered useless the musquito curtain.

Curtains of thin gauze, to prevent the attacks of musquitos, which abound so greatly in Calcutta, that no rest could be procured without them. The torments inflicted by *one* of these insects getting into the bed, may afford an idea of the distraction of being exposed to countless myriads, unable to defend yourself against their venomous stings.

Note 12, page 30, line 657.

Of " Ticka palkee," echoed through the punch house hall.

Ticka, anglicè, hired.

Note 13, page 30, line 659.

Immediately obeyed. — He knew the saib logue.

Anglicè, gentlemen.

Note 14, page 30, line 660.

In Town, Chowringhee, Allipore, and Dumdum.

" The suburbs of Calcutta—"Allipore," about three miles from town, where there are many noble dwellings. The lines of the native Calcutta militia are here. " Dumdum," the cantonments of the Company's European regiment of artillery about 6 miles N.E. of Calcutta.

Note 15, page 30, line 662.

Palmer and Co., and Davidson and Hogue.

Houses of agency.

Note 16, page 31, line 668.

Of chariots, buggies, carts, and champagnies.

" Keranchee," a kind of native hackney coach. The name here given them, and in general use among Europeans, is said to be derived from a general officer of that name breaking down on his way to Barrackpore to visit the Governor-General, and being obliged to make use of one of these vehicles to accomplish his journey, in which he drove up to the palace-door, to the great amusement of the great man and his suite.

Note 17, page 31, line 669.

Of people of all sorts — a brahmin bull.

These bulls are so called from their being held sacred by the brahmins. A young bull calf is let loose on the public, as a votive donation to the Hindoo deities for favours received, or evils to be avoided.

Note 18, page 31, line 676.

Park Street they follow, and, at number three.

A street leading from the Chowringhee Road to the burying-ground.

Note 19, page 31, line 679.

" Ho ! Durwan, ho !——

Anglicè, Oh ! porter, oh !

Note 20, page 31, line 679.

——Ho ! Durwanjee——

" Jee," added to a name, denotes respect ; Dewan-gee, Consumaun-gee, Ayah-gee, &c.

Note 21, page 31, line 680.

" He smoke his hookah, and he will not come."

The hookah, or hubble bubble, used by inferiors, and smoked out of an empty cocoa-nut shell.

Note 22, page 31, line 685.

" Saib Ghur me hi?" ——

Anglicè, " Is the gentleman at home?"

Note 23, page 31, line 687.

" Hum poochinga" ——

Anglicè, " I will inquire."

Note 24, page 31, line 693.

And with stentorian bawl, proclaims a Bar ke Saib!

Anglicè, " A strange gentleman;" or, literally, a gentleman from without, on intimation given by the porter in a loud and singing voice to prepare the master of the house for the arrival of a visitor.

Note 25, page 32, line 706.

And in each corner a tepoy, which bears.

Anglicè, " three feet," applied to a three-legged stand.

Note 26, page 32, line 707.

An Indian shade ——

Long shades, under which candlesticks are placed. These, superseded by wall shades, are almost obsolete, excepting in the houses of very old residents.

Note 27, page 32, line 707.

—— *while a long punkah stares.*

An oblong square frame of wood covered with canvass and suspended horizontally the length of the room, which, on being swung backwards and forwards, produces an artificial circulation of air and consequent coolness.

Note 28, page 32, line 710.

The door is opened — Jemmadars low bend.

A superior kind of message bearer.

Note 29, page 33, line 724.

Law documents and missals in reversion.

Judicial documentary proceedings in the native character.

Note 30, page 33, line 725.

Sewals, jewaubs, et cetera — a version.

Anglicè, petitions and answers.

Note 31, page 33, line 726.

Of Ayn Akbarry ——

A Persian work — the regulations of Akbur.

Note 32, page 33, line 726.

Of Ayn Akbarry ——

Anglicè, snuff-box.

Note 33, page 33, line 726.

—— *Nasdan Kyabooka.*

A beautiful grained wood found in the Eastern Archipelago.

Note 34, page 33, line 727.

A brass pheckdan. ——

Anglicè, spitting pot. It is a very characteristic appendage to an old Indian, particularly a hookah smoker.

Note 35, page 33, line 746.

—— *Chokey-low.* ——

Anglicè, " bring a chair."

Note 36, page 35, line 781.

But " taza chillum" dimmed its lively ray.

Anglicè, " a fresh chillum;" chillum being the component part of the hookah apparatus in which the tobacco is placed.

Note 37, page 37, line 835.

Where coaches slung, and many a girl would sigh 'f.

We have been credibly informed that this is practised at some of the bon ton female boarding-schools in London, and many other extraordinary modes of drilling young women into fashionable habits.

Note 38, page 38, line 856.

The palace we 've described, but not its dome.

The dome to the Government-house is not only useless, but derogates exceedingly from the dignity of architectural structure. It was, we believe, placed on the top of the house, to obviate a natural defect in its elevation.

Note 39, page 38, line 869.

'Twas first suggested that a marble hero.

The statue of L---d C---n---ll---s, by Bacon.

Note 40, page 38, line 873.

So Pallas came — in wood — the clumsiest of Minervas.

A wooden figure of Minerva, (some say Britannia), added within the last four years; — an ill-wrought and clumsy figure.

Note 41, page 38, line 880.

Poor Wollaston made sphinxes (more like dogs.)

A carver and gilder of Indian celebrity in the time of Lord Wellesley, who was employed to decorate the Government-house with clay sphinxes and wooden lions.

Note 42, page 39, line 886.

To learn the motive of the A. D. C.

We refrain from all personalities, but what we have written we know to be a fact. A reference to the noble lord himself would quell all scepticism on the subject.

Note 43, page 39, line 899.

Passing attention to the Porch of Sion.

The seat of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland.

Note 44, page 39, line 902.

The Writers' Buildings stand,—nineteen in number.

A large range of three storied houses forming the north part of Tank Square, appropriated to the students of the college of Fort William.

Note 45, page 40, line 910.

Poring o'er Gilchrist.——

Formerly Professor of Hindostany in the above college.

Note 46, page 40, line 910.

——*with his moonshee's aid.*

Native teachers of oriental languages.

Note 47, page 40, line 916.

——*Rhookhsut.*——

Anglicè, "Leave to depart."

Note 48, page 40, line 921.

Where peppered devils and a Burdwan stew.

A savoury kind of dish, formerly much in request in India, composed of fowls stewed with vegetables, and enriched with the most approved sauces.

Note 49, page 41, line 957.

Two Judges of Appeal, long, lank, and lean.

Courts of justice, in which appeals are made from Tilla courts. Appeals from these are received in a still superior court, called the Sudder dewanny adawlut, or chief native court of judicature. Another appeal from this may, in cases of certain amount and consequence, be made to the King in council.

TOM RAW, THE GRIFFIN.

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

Poets, like artisans, must stop occasionally
In their hard avocations, for the brains
Require refreshing, quiet, just as rationally
As hands, till each by rest its power regains.
The parched-up lands are freshened by the rains,
And winter braces Asiatic functions,
When the hot winds have dried up all our veins,
Giving to rigid muscles vital unctions,
And — to our gentle readers, we trust — no compunctions. —

II.

And such a task on hand! such rub a dub
Through all the stages of Tom's Indian life,
Painting, methodically — there's the rub,
His high-plumed hopes, embarrassments, and strife —
Perhaps, his last and greatest care — a wife;
But that we promise not, for when a hero
Becomes a hum-drum husband, dull's the fife:
One might as well attempt to whitewash Nero,
After his fiddling — But, *dum vivimus* — let's spero.

III.

We like to introduce a little Latin
From high authority — Virgil or Horace,
Or some such ancient bard — it comes so pat in,
Stamping us scholars with their works before us,
Ready to join in quaint imposing chorus :
A classic air it gives our lucubrations,
And makes blue stockings actually adore us;
For, though they cannot make out our quotations,
They think us learned, and commend our publications.

IV.

We would not, for the world, be reckoned tedious
In treating on so exquisite a theme;
'T would be a crime of magnitude prodigious,
And discompose our visionary dream :
But when we have so much to tell, we deem
It necessary to make some apology
For our minute descriptions, as they teem
With *local* interest. — Were we on mythology,
Or — in the starry heavens, hard studying astrology,

V.

We should be more compendious than we are,
Condensing all the marrow ; — but, when writing
On subjects which — at home — to none compare,
There are so many things that come, inviting
Our grey-goose quill, to add to the inditing,
We can't but choose details — these themes, however,
We hope so to diversify our flight in,
That we shall not our reader's interest sever
From our young friend Tom Raw, though *sur le tapis* ever.

VI.

It 's often struck us a curious thing,
That England knows so little about India,
Consid'ring we return, and, with us bring
The wealth of Poona and the lacks of Scindia;
Still speaking in our native tongue, — our Hindee, or
Persian discarded quite, and — given to chatter:
But Laplanders, their sledges, dogs, and rein-deer,
Kamskatkans, or Americans, no matter,
Are more known than your Hindoo, Moslem, or Marhatta.

VII.

We 've heard it traced to envyings and jealousies
Of our rupees, and characters of Nabobs,
Obtained by acts that richly merit gallowses.
Our vulgar fondness for pillows and cabobs,
Snatching the shawls and jewels, as the tray bobs
Under our noses at a grand Durbar;
In short, that *every* Indian *every* way robs.
We 've heard that folks of ton have gone so far,
As to place 'gainst all Indian company a bar!

VIII.

And yet with all this ignorance and scoffing,
On Eastern things, they of the truth come short;
For instance — there's a dutchess who went off, in
An Indian coarse silk petticoat, to court,
Which Khidmutgars a *buckishism* vote,
And are seen strutting in, of grandeur plenary:
There's Ackermann, a bank of England note
Of some amount would give — the sinner he —
For twelve good drawings of our lovely Indian scenery.

IX.

But to our task! Tom was with Randy's stud,
Two sparkling blood-mares, and an Arab horse,
And swore he, too, would get a bit of blood,
At Tullah's[1] sale, to scamper round the course.[2]
He certainly had no o'erflowing purse,
Nor skill intuitive about good horses;
But he might spend, he thought, that little worse
Than in a well-bred steed — whose use, per force, is
Greater than furniture, or fragile cups and saucers.

X.

Who has not seen, when passing down the street,
That, from the course emerging, fronts the church
Of famed St. Andrew's,[3] where presbyters meet,
(Known by its lofty steeple, cock, and porch,
Leaving St. John's Cathedral in the lurch,)
Two large black boards[4] their dusky heads display,
On which, — if mod'rate purchases you search,
You gladly read, — " An auction here to-day" —
If none have seen them — 'tis a pity — for they may.

XI.

Or have you not, among the morning prints
That offer to your view diurnal knowledge,
Of politics, squibs editorial, hints
'Bout theatres, and public sales and college,
And every thing that's stirring ('tis a droll age,)
Within the precincts of this noble city,
Observed some catalogue's concluding page
Containing horse-sales, and productions witty
By Wiltshire[5] — if not, I repeat — the more's the pity.

XII.

'Twas not the case with Tom,—perhaps, because
One object only filled his pericranium;
All day he thought of horses, and a horse
Disturbed his dreams—he'd two, and longed to train 'em;
Then that both died, and he'd no succedaneum,
And, when he woke, he hunted out the papers;
'Twas doubted he'd, *in corpore, mens sanum,*
For, after conning o'er them,—up he capers
While joyous flashes light his mental tapers.

XIII.

" Randy, my boy," he cries, " the very nag"
" To be disposed of to the highest bidder,
" A capital half English horse—called Rag,
" By Bag o' Bones; out of a large Cutch breeder,[6]
" Fifteen one inch with less of work than feed, or
" Wouldn't be sold by 's owner Mr. Tag,
" Who hunted him, and drove him tandem leader,
" And warranted,"—" by Jove," said Tom, " I'll try him,
" And—if I find him answer—hang me, but I'll buy him."

XIV.

And off they posted, after breakfasting,
To Tullah's auction, where the nags were waiting
The awful hammer; they stood in a ring
In the veranda, where a crowd were stating
Their sentiments—the real truth abating.
Jockies and gentlemen, and stable keepers,
Jostling and elbowing, praising, underrating.
With Arab merchants, and your auction peepers,
Unthinking loungers, and idle amusement reapers.

XV.

The horse was brought — he'd been a good one once,
Clean limbed, high shouldered, with a look of blood,
And, who was not, in horse-flesh, quite a dunce,
Might have pronounced him of a worthy brood;
But, as he, now, half-starved, and tottering stood,
Before the public, he appeared a rip;
Some said for hounds he'd make delightful food,
Some that he 'd stumble, — all, that he would trip;
Tom thought he 'd answer famously with spur and whip.

XVI.

And now the smiling, smooth-faced auctioneer
Put up the lot with, " Gem'men, let me pray
" You'll mark this English horse! — it's very clear
" He's a well made one, though he's seen his day,
" Clean leg, high shoulder too! — what shall I say?
" One thousand?" — (pause.) " Five hundred? Oh! I see—
" Thank you, kind sir, I knew you'd look this way—
" Five hundred" — " No," cried Trainum, " one rupee"
" Oh! fie upon you friend"—Tom, gasping roared out " three!"

XVII.

" Going for three rupees — as I'm alive
" I cannot suffer this — Pray, sir, — (to Tom,)
" Allow me to bid for you? — Twenty five,"
Tom thought him a d—d coxcomb, but was dumb;
" No more than twenty-five rupees? — Come, come,
" Thirty — a-going for thirty — once — twice — Pshaw! —
" Forty — o-n-c-e — t-w-i-c-e — two bidders — Mr. Shum
" Forty-five — fifty — going for a straw —
" O-n-c-e — t-w-i-c-e — a-n-d — t-h-r-i-c-e — Your name, sir,"
" Mr. Thomas Raw."

XVIII.

Our hero, panting with delight and joy,
Leads Randy to his bit of blood aside,
Eyes him all o'er, as children do a toy,
And fidgets for an instantaneous ride :
" This evening," cries his friend, " you can bestride
" Your nag." — All Tom then wanted Randy lent.
He tried his overbeaming joy to hide,
And, going home, his precious bargain's sent,
With ready money bill, commission eight per cent.

XIX.

The live-long day, the tedious hours were counted,
Twelve, — one, — two, three, — the tiffin[7] too rejected,
So anxious was poor Thomas to be mounted ;
Four struck, and five, and he was yet dejected,
Time posted on so slowly — He expected
To cut a figure in his pantaloons,
And pea-green coat, for both would be inspected.
The boots he sported in the afternoons,
With Day and Martin's polish, shone like — silver spoons.

XX.

The sun now sinking in fair Hooghly's stream,
His parting beams resplendently displays,
On Calvin's[8] Ghaut ;—and famed Bankshall[9] the gleam
Reflects, — and on the building's[10] slant his rays ;
The Custom House, and Clive Street's[11] in a blaze,
And all the river's bank to Chitpore[12] Ghaut ;
And, as the rosy tint delightful plays
On every western front, — though monstrous hot,
The evening drive approaches, which is — ne'er forgot,

XXI.

The tired civilian, from his daily toil
Released, hails relaxation and his chariot;
The soldier, doomed within the fort to broil,
Mounts his gay charger, anxious too to hurry out,
The plodding cit'zen with his palkee[13]garry out,
Enjoys his jaunt as fully as the best,
All hastening to the well-known course, and tarry out
As long as light prolongs the driving zest;
In short, till hunger calls, and savoury meals are drest.

XXII.

Here a spruce cove, in low hung til'bry whirls,
And bloods equestrian evolutions sport,
Here blooming maidens, with long corkscrew curls
And hats Parisienne, admiration court,
Nod follows nod, and feathers, long and short,
Wave to the waving of new fashioned beavers,
Ofttimes an ogle on the breeze is brought,
Delicious to the givers and receivers,
And besides, sometimes love is caught, and --- sometimes
favours.

XXIII.

Tom's nag was somewhat skittish, --- cocked one ear,
And, on his spur's sharp application, winced,
Incensed at the whip he'd kick, and prance, and rear,
Which an excessive stubbornness evinced;
But he, who never such small matters minced,
Kept goading on, till, frantic off he flew,
And symptoms of a hard mouth evidenced;
First grazed the sociable of Mr. U.,
And then a neighbouring native potter overthrew!

XXIV.

Like Johnny Gilpin or his type—Mazeppa,
He madly posted; nought could check his flight,
His horse as fiery, quite as—Cayenne pepper,
Straightforward urged, not turning left or right;
Till Mr. Shear and wife, astounded quite,
In a low buggy stopped his mad career;
Tom's horse was shafted, and the hapless wight
Over his head was thrown, aloft and clear,
And plumped upon the rosy gills of Mrs. Shear!

XXV.

The snip, unsuited to such sudden measures,
Was almost stunned; his wife near guillotined,
Across the splashboard—source of all his pleasures!
His tat[14] was shaken and obliquely leaned
Just like a leaky ship to be careened;
Meanwhile a hundred sporting couples pass'd
Regardless of the accident—some grinned,
Others stood up, and looks inquiring cast,
Quizzing poor Tom, upon the buggy hood stuck fast.

XXVI.

Adventures, like all other things, must end;
Our hero found his legs—the nag his death;
The tailor, now appeased, became his friend,
But his wife scolded on till out of breath;
They set him down at number five, beneath
Young Randy's roof—uninjured in the summing
Save a rent skirt, and loosening of some teeth.
Tom thanked the snip—drank water with some rum in,
And vowed henceforth he'd have all his regimentals from him.

XXVII.

The dinner past—to keep them both alive
His friend proposed a jaunt; What could he more?
'Twas but a step—not half an hour's drive,
Where he would see of pretty girls a score:
" These schools, cried Randy, " are a cursed bore,
" One can't abide them, yet one can't resist;
" But *prenez garde, mon ami,* I implore,
" Old Mrs. Flump won't have her damsels kiss'd:"
Cried Tom,—" You don't believe I'd trouble them the least?"

XXVIII.

Away they drive, a spacious house appears,
Grand staircases, and rooms profusely lit
By cut glass lustres and gilt chandeliers.
Tom whispers, " You have ta'en me in a bit,
" It's some grandee's assembly, isn't it?"
" Patience," his friend replies—The doors fall back,
And in they stalk—The mistress—as is fit,
Receives them graciously—and " paddy whack"
Resounding, brings the motley dancers in a crack.

XXIX.

Tom thought them monstrous fine bewitching creatures,
Such springing ankles, and engaging faces,
And, dressing up in smiles his homely features,
Up to old Mistress Flump he boldly paces,
Begging an introduction to her graces.
The gracious dame surveys her chicks askance,
Fixing upon the prettiest—Thomas gazes,
Approves her choice, puts on his gloves (from France),
And leads the smiling damsel straightway to the dance.

XXX.

The maiden's heart beat high (for she'd been told
That dancing partners, partners made for life,
If she held up her head, and was not bold,
The only chance she had to be a wife).
She looked all sweetness, seemed to know not strife;
Tom talked of gay parades, and balls—she'd never
Danced out of bounds,—nor heard a drum or fife,
Except the fife and drum that played there ever,
On dancing nights—They surely must be vastly clever.

XXXI.

He talked of music, singing, entertainments,
Much of the course (though not a word of falling,)
But found the pretty doll had no attainments
Save eating curry, dancing, and—bad squalling:
She'd oft of the course heard,—but,—how appalling!
Had never yet been in a gig or carriage,
They took their evening walk the compound wall in,
He asked how old she was?—she said,—" La!—my age?—
" Can't tell—but Mrs. Flump says,—old enough for marriage."

XXXII.

Our hero was not very intellectual,
Nor given much to high-wrought conversation,
He did not—readers fair and kind—expect you all
To deal in learning or th' affairs o' the nation,
But did expect, on such a small occasion,
To get to his light queries answers sensible.
You may imagine, then, his consternation
At this result.—To cut—a plea ostensible
Advanced itself at once on principles defensible.

XXXIII.

In ent'ring public services there are
Preliminaries — to be strictly minded,
In following which all novices take care,
For 'tis their duty — Tom was not behind it.
But as such themes are heavy and long-winded,
We will suppose him through his introductions
To the commander of the troops, befriended
By the Fort Adjutant; by whose instructions
He passed th' ordeal with no very great obstructions.

XXXIV.

This o'er, and cap-à-pee in regimentals,
Posted, and doing duty in the Fort,
He felt himself more on a par with Gentles,
In whose society he longed to sport:
He was, in fact, more bold and eager for 't
On hearing that there was to be a Levee
Held at the Gov'ment house — the Indian court;
And so he vowed he'd join the booing bevy,
In all his military traps — though hot and heavy.

XXXV.

On Friday then he dressed himself at day break,
Afraid to be too late to see the Row,
Though not till ten he posted to the fabric
Whose charms exterior we have tried to show:
Up the stone steps our friend was seen to go,
Amidst, of public function'ries, a crowd,
Civil and military, — a full dressed flow,
Jostling and squeezing through the grand abode,
All looking most prodigious hot — and very proud.

XXXVI.

In such a palace, one might have expected
A splendid staircase, as, at home we find,
In noble edifices, well erected,
And made, in spacious turns and sweeps to wind;
But here, forsooth, there's nothing of the kind:
It certainly a strange and very rare case is,
One must suppose the architect was blind,
When there was so much room, and lots of spare places,
To build four little dingy miserable staircases.[15]

XXXVII.

Yet so it is, and this the consequence,
When all the world and 's wife come tramping up 'em,
They 're squeezed to jelly e'er they clear the fence,
And, — as no power on earth at all can stop 'em,
They 're nearly smothered ere their efforts top 'em;
And then — all panting in a woeful mess,
At once, with rumpled furbelows they pop 'em
Before the Governor and Governess,
Which adds, most singularly, to their first distress.

XXXVIII.

But haste we to the entrance hall, where stand,
In rank and file, the splendid body guard,
Be-scarleted and silvered — and the band
Of some king's regiment, who 're straining hard
To waken melody, which swords retard,
Clanking and scraping 'gainst the marble floor,
The murmuring buzzings of the passing word,
The hollow cough and sneeze, and — many more
Discordancies that drown the military roar.

XXXIX.

From hence the marble hall,[16] in long perspective
Displays its grandeur, — parted in the centre
By double rows of columns, intersective ; —
The height's deficient — plague on the inventor ;
But this, he said, he couldn't at all prevent, or
Wouldn't — which is precisely the same thing.
The ceilings were depicted by a painter
Called Creuse[17] — adorned with gods in many a string,
In imitation of basso-relievo-ing.

XL.

But classic taste gave way to the vile white ant,
Whose taste was diametric'ly opposite,
The artist aimed at fame — and he was right o'nt,
The ant t' obliterate his labours quite ;
Which party gained the day, it's altered plight
Explains, for not a vestige of it 's seen :
Thus in a few short years, they ate, outright,
What cost the Bengal Government between
Seventy and eighty thousand good rupees — I ween.

XLI.

And now some trumpet flourishes bespoke
The Governor's approach — the ranks receded,
All sounds were hushed, and not a whisper broke
The awful silence —in he came, preceded
(You saw the centre cleared and unimpeded),
By glittering aides-de-camp, in formal pairs :
All looked amazed, as we remember we did,
And many were the wriggles and the stares,
The hopes of being spoke to, — and, of not, the fears.

XLII.

Tom had, among his introduct'ry letters,
One for the Governor's Military Secretary,
Which he'd presented, among other matters,
And was — as customary, — begged to tarry
Till business on his hand extraordinary
Was first disposed of, when he'd have much pleasure
To forward any point he had to carry.
He thought this a good time to urge the measure,
And prayed an introduction — at his perfect leisure.

XLIII.

This was agreed to — but the moment after
He trembled so, that both his knees were knocking
One 'gainst the other—which produced much laughter;
His arms were stretched, and his whole carcass rocking
With glaring eyes, and shoulders forward poking;
His mouth extended wide from ear to ear,
Displayed his snowy teeth in grin provoking:
In short, he couldn't articulate for fear,
But grunted something which was very far from clear.

XLIV.

Smiling, with courtly air, the great man bowed,
To our still shaking hero, — asked some trifling
Questions, — the same that he had asked the crowd,
His risibility with trouble stifling;
While those around him had, by turns, a sly fling
At his uncouth display — 'twas monstrous fun.—
Then forward moved, his great invention rifling,
Of some new subjects to detail upon,
And thus the Levee ended — as it had begun.

XLV.

And this reminds us of another great man,
A Governor, without much change of chat,
But one who noticed clearly this and that man
By his red nose — wide mouth — or cut of hat,
One gentleman he saw each morning that
Rode a superb white horse — quite thorough bred ;
At Levees — " how's your white horse ?" came in pat,
He, tired to death to hear this *always* said,
Next Levee roared out first—" My Lord ! my horse is dead ! !"

XLVI.

Quoth Tom, " I've seen a Levee once — that's clear,
" Held in the middle of the sultry weather ;
" I've drenched my regimentals, and much fear
" The wet has spoiled my boots of Spanish leather :
" In short it seems — I'm diddled altogether,
" Nearly o'erturned by my unlucky sword ;
" The devil a sentence could I tack together.
" D—n it, to falter at the first poor word,
" When he spoke kindly to me — 'twas indeed absurd !"

XLVII.

Randy, distressed for his unlucky crony,
A tilb'ry, and a smart flea-bitten horse
Had bought, for what he reckoned too much money,
Which he sold Tom for double price — of course,
Because he was a friend — without remorse.
With tricks they always did poor Thomas, — brown,
And bets were laid he'd not drive out Miss Cross
In his new tilb'ry — " Done ! — your rhino down,"
Says Tom, — " I'll drive her out, this night 'fore all the town."

XLVIII.

A note was sent to Mrs. Flump, and she,
Poor woman, trusting to get Lucy married,
Acceded to the wish most readily,
And Lucy frisked for joy, her light brains flurried
To think that in a gig she should be carried
To view the lions of that splendid scene
She'd heard so much of, — Not an hour she tarried
Ere all her finery — Red, yellow, green,
And pink, were sparkling on her lovely form, I ween.

XLIX.

She was attired, and waiting full two hours
Before bright Phœbus sunk on Thetis' breast,
Watching the clouds, lest some provoking show'rs
Might fall and soil her yellow satin vest,
Or her sweet hat of pink and plumed crest;
Her heart throbbed wildly, as the distant wheels
Were heard — her laces cracked — to say the least,
When the loose soorkey rattling loud reveals
Th' arrival of the gig — and down she quickly steals.

L.

Tom seemed in raptures. — We won't say he felt them,
When Lucy, looking most exceeding pretty,
Was placed beside him. — Compliments he dealt them
Like sugar-plums, — and Lucy thought them witty.
" Oh ! Mr. Raw," she cried, " it is a pity
" We have no carriage just to take an airing,
" Stewed up in that old frumpy house !—There's Kitty
" Of ours ran off with that young man Dick Flaring,
" Because she hated school — indeed, it's past all bearing."

LI.

Thomas assented with a nod and smile,
And on her loveliness expatiated ;
She simpered, and looked very pleased the while,
Too greedy to be eas'ly satiated ;
When, on the course he saw a face he hated,
Which grinned and stared, and nodded every minute ;
It was his shipmate's, though emaciated,
The vulgar woman's, with much meaning in it :
Tom briskly flogged along, the moment he had seen it.

LII.

Randy shot past him, laughing with all might,
Congratulating him upon his bride,
And other friends he met, who, out of spite
Gave him their backs --- deriding him aside :
Away our hero dashed, till — he descried
His patron Mr. A., who looked aghast :
Tom bent his body forwarder, to hide
His gay apparell'd partner as they pass'd,
Cries Tom, " I'm brought up fairly, by the Lord, at last."

LIII.

Enchanted with the scene, poor Lucy gazed
At all the splendid carriages and buggies,
Confounded quite, and very much amazed ;
Then sighing, whispered Tom, " This very snug is,
" When shall we drive again ?" --- aye, there the tug is
Thought he, but said, as often as he dared,
" But it is late," and then began to flog his
Flea-bitten nag, and homeward bent, prepared
To house again the pretty damsel he had aired.

TOM RAW TREATS LUCY TO A RIDE.

Published by R. ACKERMANN 96 Strand.

LIV.

He gained his bet ; but, though he had a thick head,
His heart was tender, and no one could say
He was, in truth, intuitively wicked ;
But dearly did he for his frolic pay,
Next morn he breakfasted with Mr. A.,
Who taxed him with a libertine pursuit,
And of the girl th' indecorous display.
(Tom bit his lips, blushed deeply, and was mute,
And Mrs. A., though prudish — seemed to look acute.)

LV.

" Most English people think we are immoral,
" Leaving our conscience westward of the Cape,
" As that Sir Thomas T—rt---n[18] said before all
" The Parliament assembled --- the great ape!
" But it is not the case in any shape,
" With men who marry and lead sober lives ;
" A bachelor may get into a scrape,
" And draw his honey from unlicensed hives ;
" But nothing is so moralizing as your wives.

LVI.

" Not that I recommend young boys to marry,
" Who know not how to manage for themselves :
" But early marriage is exemplary,
" And steadies your hare-brained, unbridled elves ;
" It stops of prodigality the valves,
" And makes a young man's life respectable ;
" Without a guide he into ruin shelves ---
" Marriage, in short --- makes people tractable."
(Tom thought it made the lecture undelectable.)

LVII.

Tom came to his confession, and there follow'd
Another lecture on deluding girls —
Into vain hopes, and promises, unhallowed
By the chaste passion — which the victim hurls
Into a sea of troubles — then, of failing
In all life's dearest hopes — et cetera,
Which want of room prevents us from detailing,
But that our hero's head (suffice to say)
Under this battery sunk, was plain as letter A.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE THIRD.

Note 1, page 60, line 1138.

At Tullah's sale,——

Tulloh and Co., celebrated auctioneers in Calcutta.

Note 2, page 60, line 1138.

——to scamper round the course.

The course is the road from the Government-house to that crossing it from the Fort to Chowringhee. It is very broad, the centre only bricked, and about a quarter of a mile in length. All the inhabitants of Calcutta are seen congregated here in the evenings. The heat of the climate, and the sedentary lives led in India, render an evening's ride necessary for the health.

Note 3, page 60, line 1146.

Of famed St. Andrew's, where presbyters meet.

The Presbyterian church of St. Andrew forms the north termination of the main road, and is a beautiful little structure. The elevation of its steeple is superior to that of St. John's Cathedral; and the enormous gold cock which surmounts it, seems to crow over the golden arrow of St. John's.

Note 4, page 60, line 1149.

Two large black boards their dusky heads display.

These invitation boards are seen at all the auctioneers' houses on the sale days.

Note 5, page 60, line 1161.

By Wiltshire — if not, I repeat — the more's the pity.

Wiltshire, notorious for his puffs. It is bad taste.

Note 6, page 61, line 1174.

"By Bag o' Bones; out of a large Cutch breeder."

A Province near Bombay, famous for the height, bone, and power of its horses, though not of their beauty.

Note 7, page 63, line 1226.

Twelve, — one, — two, three, — the tiffin too rejected.

Luncheon.

Note 8, page 63, line 1236.

On Colvin's Ghaut; ——

One of the principal landing-places, lately enlarged and improved.

Note 9, page 63, line 1236.

—— and famed Bankshall the gleam.

Master attendant's office.

Note 10, page 63, line 1237.

Reflects, — and on the building's slant his rays.

Writers' buildings.

Note 11, page 63, line 1238.

The Custom House, and Clive Street's in a blaze.

The Wapping of Calcutta.

Note 12, page 63, line 1239.

And all the river's bank to Chitpore Ghaut.

A Ghaut in the northern suburbs of Calcutta, about four miles from Chitpore Ghaut, and above the shipping.

Note 13, page 64, line 1247.

The plodding cit'zen with his palkee garry out.

A palanquin slung on the springs of a four-wheel carriage. It is the cheapest of all conveyances, and generally used by tradesmen.

Note 14, page 65, line 1282.

His tat was shaken and obliquely leaned.

Abbreviation of "tattoo," the native name for a small species of pony.

Note 15, page 69, line 1386.

To build four little dingy miserable staircases.

A very strange desideratum in so grand an edifice. The four staircases are at the four corners of the house. After the building was completed, a plan was presented to the nobleman at the head of Indian affairs, for a magnificent staircase, which ought to have been a component part of the original design; but it was abandoned in consequence of objections made by the architect.

Note 16, page 70, line 1405.

From hence the marble hall, in long perspective.

A singularly beautiful apartment. The pillars are plaistered with Madras chunam, which bears a polish equal to marble. It is floored with grey marble imported from China. Above this room, there is a hall of equal dimensions, used for public balls.

Note 17, page 70, line 1412.

Called Creuse — adorned with gods in many a string.

The ceilings of the Government-house *were* exquisitely beautiful, and painted by this artist on canvass, representing basso-relievo figures and scrolls.

Note 18, page 75, line 1551.

As that Sir Thomas T—rt—n said before all.

This bold, as well as erroneous assertion, will, perhaps, be remembered by some persons at home.

TOM RAW, THE GRIFFIN.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

We cannot, like the old man in the fable,
Expect to gratify the tastes of all :
Indeed, it is a thing impracticable ;
And should we to the task our forces call,
Our Pegasus, perchance, might trip or fall.
Taste, like the human countenance divine,
Varies — what glads one, may another gall ;
And though to suit all palates we incline,
We may not hope, like gems, in every eye to shine.

II.

O'er disquisitions deep some love to ponder,
Some sentimentalists choose tales of sorrow,
Some like to be excited by a wonder,
Some flights sublime from frantic bards to borrow ;
Some love to be alarmed by strains of horror,
And some to melt o'er glowing lays of love,
Dream them at night, and wake on them the morrow ;
Others on airy themes, like ours, to rove,
And through the jocund paths of merriment to move.

III.

These latter worthies we most dearly prize,
And chief for them attune our sportive lays,
Hailing the smiles that twinkle in their eyes,
And courting all their animating praise,
To guide us in our laughter loving ways;
Leaving the disquisitionists to troop it,
The sentimentalists, lovers of amaze,
The sublimists and votaries of Cupid,
To blame us, if they will, for publications stupid.

IV.

" The rains are over ! — plague upon their pouring
" So long and copiously — plague on the season,
" Five months in twelve continuously boring,
" With patter-patter without rhyme or reason;
" Their watery vapours, every day, increasing,
" One's spirits damp in climate so monotonous,
" Prevent our morning rides, our evenings seize on,
" And mustify the raiment we have got on us,
" Too raw, without ; — within, too hot to put a coat on us.

V.

" Plague on their keeping us within our doors,
" Like jail-birds, groaning in their prisons pent,
" Biting our nails, and — oh ! — the worst of bores,
" Yawning and dosing from sheer discontent,
" Which nothing in one's pow'r can circumvent :
" Plague on their veto to a snug flirtation,
" When on such innocent adventures bent,
" One's very blood forgets its circulation,
" And days drag listless on, in mis'rable stagnation !"

VI.

So Tom soliloquised one morn, when on
His couch reclined, he yawned away an hour,
Gazing upon the ruddy East, and Sun,
Peeping from out his bright and roseate bow'r.
The North wind, with invigorating pow'r
Produces freshness, — long an absent blessing;
The glorious change he hails — our winter's dow'r,
Then yawns again — then meditates on dressing,
We'll, therefore, paint his toilet—slightly, though, digressing.

VII.

In India servants are as thick as bees,
Hereditary tasksmen — Bhaup to Bheta,[1]
Each has his post, which he performs with ease,
A Sirdar[2] bearer, Khidmutgar,[3] and Mehter,[4]
A Dhobee,[5] Durzee,[6] Bewurchee,[7] and mate (or
None, if with bachelors,) — a Khansumaun,[8]
But call him *khan* sumaun — a wight to cater,
Not a consumer, though the man's a born
Consumer at the best — ten seers in every maun.[9]

VIII.

I've not enumerated half the number,
And you may add, at least, as many more,
Who may be said to be so much live lumber,
(One English servant's worth of them a score):
Then they've their Castes,[10] — to lose which they deplore,
As they will shew you when you crave assistance,
Without their pale of duty — You may roar
To Peons[11] for dinner — Khidmutgars at distance —
And starve outright, as sure as you 're in existence.

IX.

And so it is throughout — your every function
Must be attended, separately, to:
Of different duties don't expect a junction,
They must all wait — as if the varlets grew
Like wens, or warts, or carbuncles on you.
Thus, when you wish to dress, you cry Qui hi?
Reclining, listless, on your couch, when, lo!
Your stockings are put on, and, up your thigh,
Your pantaloons are drawn by bearers standing by.

X.

'Twas so with Tom — the bearers dressed him fairly,
From top to toe — they'd done so in his sleep;
Nay he was half asleep from rising early,
Nor could from dosing his weak eye-lids keep,
For he'd, the night before, been drinking deep,
And had just sense enough to recollect
That he'd a billiard match, — so, with a peep,
To see if he was dressed, — he stood erect,
And hurried to his friends and to the place elect.

XI.

A lott'ry ticket is the stake with Dashall,
A punch-house in the Loll Bazar[12] the place is,
Where blacklegs, oftentimes repairing, smash all
The thoughtless lads that shew their Griffin faces.
There every room displays the tempting graces
Of billiard tables truest and the best,
Of balls of white and red — of cues and maces,
Of perfect levels, cushions true to test,
And of the requisites at billiards — all the rest.

TOM RAW RATHER AWKWARD AT THE DANCE.

XII.

The party meet — Dashall gives Thomas eight,
Chalked are the fingers, and the cues — They string —
For the first play — Tom loses, — strokes his pate,
Dashall attempts in balk both balls to bring,
But leaves the red behind, — Tom plumes his wing,
Strikes for the centre with his utmost might,
Misses his aim, but gives the balls such spring,
That, visiting all sides, they both alight
Plump in the corner pockets — to his great delight.

XIII.

The game proceeded — Dashall all discretion,
Our hero, rattling at the balls, as wont,
Crow[13] followed crow in regular succession,
And many a point was scored, despite the taunt
Of the bystanders — knowing betters grunt
To think that chance so backed a young beginner,
And, when the game stroke came, the troubled front
Of Dashall shewed that Tom would be the winner:
'Twas made — "I've won — I've won!" quoth Tom, "as I'm a
"sinner."

XIV.

"Ha! ha! the lott'ry ticket, sir, if *you* please."
"Tis your's, my boy — no thanks to your good play."
"Perhaps 't will come up, Jack, a lack[14] o' rupees."
"Perhaps it will, and much I wish it may,
"But let us have another game for 't — stay."
"No, no," Tom answered, "I'll go buy the ticket,
"I'll tell the clerk, you know, that you're to pay.
"I'll choose the lucky number — faith, I'll pick it,
"Good morning all—You soon shall see how well I'll nick it!!"

XV.

With the cold weather comes a revolution
Throughout the town, spreading from high to low,
All hail anticipated execution,
Some in entrapping hearts and some in show;
The spinster eyes more lovingly, her beau,
And bloods, like summer flies, come fluttering out,
Balmanno[(15)] advertises a new flow
Of millinery now;—and all about
Its being the best investment ever ordered out.

XVI.

The bearers from the toil of puncah pulling
Eight months without cessation, cry, Wah! wah![(16)]
The aubdar[(17)] ceases his saltpetre cooling,
The weather is so temperate—Aur kea,[(18)]
The ayah[(19)] wraps her oornee[(20)]—with O ma!
While Acon,[(21)] China shoemaker, quite jumps,
Within the narrow street of Cossitalla,[(22)]
To see the time arrived for making pumps,
And off, with his long tail, and rattan bonnet stumps.

XVII.

The Respondentia—trotters, boldly stalk,
For, with the bracing wind, they have a new
Itinerant zest, and seek their favourite walk,
Flank'd, on each side, by a poor avenue[(23)]
Of stunted trees—from cold not saving you;
And pale-faced babas[(24)] renovate their roses;
The magistrates begin to shave anew
The cut up course—for all must know the course is
Essential to all physical and mental forces.

XVIII.

Now Gunter[25] sweeps the floor of the Town Hall,
And dusts the cobwebs from neglected pillars,
Whitewashers cleanse each damp and mouldy wall,
And artificial flow'rs are made, as well as
Confectionary of all sorts to swell us;
The variegated lamps are scoured amain,
The orchestra arranged for Rappa's[26] fellows,
The canopies relieved from spot and stain,
All for the conversazioni's new campaign.

XIX.

All the musicians chuckle at the weather,
And fiddlers' elbows shake with full employ;
Learning the fash'nable quadrilles together,
Till Chitpore Road resounds with notes of joy,
Which Loll Bazar re-echoes to the sky.
To them the season brings nor fears nor doubt,
For public balls, and public ones ne'er cloy,
And though eight months' cessation might put out
Their elasticity — it, somehow, — comes about.

XX.

Our hero panted to display his figure
At these assemblies. —He'd been taught to dance,
Performed his steps—if not with grace—with vigour,
(We said before he never was in France,
Nor, in a *quadrille* — drilled into *l'aisance,)*
Yet he observed —(it was a curious fact
How accurate he was—perhaps mere chance),
The way they managed them, andof the tact,
Had learned—he thought—enough, in them a part to act.

XXI.

The hour arrived —With Randy by his side,
Rigged out in regimentals — monstrous fine,
He left the buildings, and, with conscious pride,
Walked up the spacious staircase. Here there shine
Two public portraits[27] — bad — we should opine :
One, an equestrian picture of Lord Lake
On a white horse, and — 'tis a joint design,
His son, the Colonel, on a black. —'Twould make
A glorious sign-board for an inn — and greatly take.

XXII.

Then, as you reach the top — quite unprepared
Full in your face another hero stands ;
So vile a thing, we'd *hew it*, if we dared,
Into a thousand pieces, shreds or bands ;
Because, when graphic art one understands,
It vexes one to see such paltry stuff
Hoisted in public halls in foreign lands :
But, as we've criticised these works enough,
We'll leave them to their fate — not fearing a rebuff.

XXIII.

The hall is very long and very spacious,
With double rows of pillars, lengthways running,
But one is apt to cry out — Oh ! good gracious !
How close they're jammed together—There's some fun in
The following anecdote. — One night some one in
Liquor — a tiny man — (now dead, alas !)
Try'ng to get through,—with all a toper's cunning,
Roared out, " Oh ! d——me,— G—st—n was an ass
" To make such narrow openings that a man can't pass."

XXIV.

Against the rules of architect'ral art,
The beams were all beneath the columns set,
So that, when dancers danced,—with all their heart,
They levers formed that did but bruise and fret,
And crack the tough supports — and though displaced,
When pillars bulged, and their foundations gave,
And the great builder — (not to be disgraced,)
Commenced anew,—folks still were heard to rave,
And shunned its tottering walls, as one would shun the grave.

XXV.

Till, forced by splendid public fêtes — (no room
Elsewhere), to venture its stability,
Eight or nine hundred people risked their doom,
And found—though much surprised—it's capability;
And, after that—they owned it shewed ability
To bear their weight.—And so the tale was sinking
Into profound oblivion — as a silly trait
Of theirs, had I not seen my droll muse winking,
And jogging me to bring it as, my lay, a link in.

XXVI.

At entering — on the left — a canopy
Of crimson velvet, trimmed with massy gold,
And shields heraldic, gratify the eye,
Like mighty sovereigns' royal thrones of old:
And, at the other end, you may behold,
Beneath the orchestra, a colonnade
Of slender pillars formed in fairy mould,
And steps with velvet draperies o'erlaid
With massy golden seats for governors displayed.

XXVII.

Randy, subservient to Miss Shuffle's whim,
Asked Tom to make one in the new quadrille
Which they had practised, once before, with him;
And he assented—Though repugnant still,
Being somewhat fearful of his want of skill.
" But prithee Jack," he cried, " a knowing partner,
" Who 's danced the set, and — if I blunder, — will
" Set me to rights — I'm not for a disheart'ner,
" But wisely make your choice, and tell me when you dart 'n her."

XXVIII.

The choice was such as pleased our hero greatly,
A fine young girl with most engaging features,
Her figure lovely, and deportment stately;
In short, Tom thought, the sweetest of all creatures,
And, as he said the brightest of bright meteors,
She had consented, from her predilection
To join the dance, which fashion loves to teach us;
But soon repented, from a full conviction,
On trial, that his skill in dancing was a fiction.

XXIX.

In all the mazy windings of that dance,
Tom but shewed off rigidity of hips,
And awkwardness of limbs and countenance;
His " *balancez*" was nought but hops and skips,
His " *contretems*" a set of clumsy leaps,
But in the " *dos à dos*" — a grievous shock,
His lovely partner in confusion steeps.
Tom thought it was his duty thus to knock,
As clearly as the figures strike St. Dunstan's clock.

XXX.

So have we seen, in rural life, a clown
Tramping the sod around a high May pole,
And dragging on his buxom Molly Brown,
All dancing with their very life and soul;
And, in the romping, many a roguish roll,
Contacts before, and, sometimes too — behind,
And, as the country bumpkins all run foul
Of one another, they looked pleased and kind,
Shout, laugh, and recommence the gambols unrefined.

XXXI.

But oh! his " *huit mesures*"— Gods! for the pen
Of Juvenal — (You see we seek of old
For satirists, for we have no *such* men),
And oh! for Wilkie's pencil to unfold
Tom's figure, face, and attitude; for cold
Are our attempts the youth to criticise,
His legs and arms all going, — visage bold
And red with agitation, — downcast eyes,
Extended arms and legs — Oh! it our art defies!!

XXXII.

A titter, less than half suppressed, ran through
The younger folks — their efforts were quite painful:
Randy, convulsed, produced his glass to view,
One dapper beau pronounced poor Tom a vain fool,
And a fat matron squeak'd out, " It is shameful,"
Though she herself was barely less uncouth;
His partner hid her face, of roseate stain full:
And all the room assembled round the youth,
Who gave most ample scope for merriment, in truth.

XXXIII.

There is in Loll Bazar — a splendid shop,
Long known and called by people Dring's long rooms,
But varying (as the owners gained the top
Of Fortune's ladder, or slept sound in tombs,)
In name, and on that name the firm presumes,
As Lawtie'nd Gould, Gould Campbell, Gould alone:
Death swept away Gould solus — and now blooms,
Taylor and Co.'s great firm (the rest o'erthrown,)
So it at present stands, at least in twenty-one.

XXXIV.

The rooms themselves, as designated, prove
Exceeding long — two hundred feet or more;
And as, in India, colonnades we love
A row of pillars cut their very core;
Of every tasteful article a store,
On tables heaped, reveal their varied charms,
Porcelain from France and England glittering o'er
With gold, and flowered patterns, call to arms
Th' extravagant, and even Prudence, self alarms.

XXXV.

Here, while a precious master-piece by Berghem
Lays cobweb'd over in obscurity,
With slabs inscribed, Hic jacet, and Resurgam,
Hang meretricious daubs t' attract the eye
Of vulgar taste — it's great propensity,
And from the ceilings droop stupendous lustres,
And girandoles and chandeliers, that vie
With wall shades stuck around in sparkling clusters,
Which Doorga, often, for her annual nautches musters.

XXXVI.

Here rich gilt, bronze, and di'mond cut epergnes,
And alabaster vases, meet Tom's view,
With plated dinner sets, and silver urns,
And strings of pearls, and shawls of splendid hue,
And diamond necklaces or false or true,
Boots, shoes, and cotton stockings, silks and laces,
Toys, walking sticks, and vermicelli too,
Milroy's neat hunting saddles — cues, and maces,
Preserves, pale ale, and hams, and jockey caps for races.

XXXVII.

He wondered mightily th' enormous stretch
Of speculative purse-strings that could ope
So widely, and from foreign nations fetch
Of costly articles so great a scope.
To purchase, Thomas ne'er indulged a hope,
But gazed intensely on whate'er he saw,
As Cath'lick pilgrims when they see the Pope,
Examined most minutely each gew-gaw,
While others — in their turn — examined — Mr. Raw !

XXXVIII.

Some strolling couples pass'd — and one appeared
Like January leading rosy May,
The old man's looks betokened that he feared
For his young bride's extravagance to pay,
She looked so long and longingly each way,
Handled a porcelain plate with such an air
Of pleasure, that it said, or seemed to say,
" Sure it would suit us better than queen's-ware :
" Now, do my love secure it — Prithee, do not stare."

XXXIX.

He did not seem to mind th' insinuation,
And scowl'd beneath his bushy eye-brows black;
Then, from his pocket — in continuation,
Pull'd forth his watch, and growl'd, "We must be back."
And then she gave a look that cried "alack!
"You love me not" — succeeded by a tear
That trickled down her cheek in silent track;
It was enough, — th' uxorious wight, 't was clear,
Gave up the mooty point, with — "Buy it, then, my dear!"

XL.

What nonsense 'tis to cope with female wiles,
Chiefly when men are old and women young;
If they disarm us with engaging smiles,
Or go to war with bitter tears and — tongue,
Somehow the men are always in the wrong,
And in their firmest resolutions waver,
From staunch determination ever flung
By fond caresses — countenances grave, or
The stronger arguments of female rant and claver!

XLI.

Tom was, now, interrupted by a party
He'd often shunned, but could not then escape;
It was the mariners, whose welcome hearty
Claimed a return of courtesy — The Cape,
And recollections of his former scrape,
Excited very much his sensibility;
But, when he saw the ladies buying tape,
He felt he could not fly, and thence ability
Obtained t' improve upon the indispensability.

XLII.

They drove our hero to a faint compliance
To dine with them that night; and he, poor soul,
Who never learnt duplicity's deep science,
And always let his latest friend control
His actions, sighed a " yes," and scratched his pole,
And so he dined on scraggy joints of mutton,
And beer, — his dainties and the sparkling bowl
Supplying ; and being neither sot nor glutton,
He made a hearty meal, and drank whate'er they put on.

XLIII.

The table, — but his time past blank enough,
For Lucy was unwell, and Betsy billing
With an attorney's clerk — one Mr. Cuff;
And both the host and hostess — though most willing
To please poor Tom, were absolutely killing
With vulgar importunities to eat
And drink, his plate and glass alternate filling,
Till he was — to their heart's content — replete,
Though looking very anxious for a safe retreat.

XLIV.

" Impossible !" the dame exclaimed — as up
Our hero got, and bade them all good night,
" Come, Mr. Raw — pray take another sup,
" And join us in the very great delight
" We look for presently, — a novel sight,
" Perhaps, to you — a nautch[28] at Churbee Doss's,
" The baboo[29] was so good as to invite
" Us all to see it" — here some beer she tosses ;
And, for a good excuse, poor Thomas at a loss is.

XLV.

The matter fixed — through many a dirty lane
And gully serpentine the party go
In palkees, roads yet splashy from the rain,
And bearers sliding through the muddy slough;
The Cossitolla gained, they anxious grow
At Churbee Doss's palace to arrive,
The Chitpore Road is followed where the show
Is held — numerically sixty-five,
Where paper lanterns swing, and with bright torches strive.

XLVI.

If you expect in oriental palaces
What the Arabian Nights so well unfold,
Or that our baboos own the solaces
Haroun Alraschid did — that prince of old,
Revelling in diamonds, emeralds, and gold,
You will be disappointed, and our story
Seem, in the contrast, very tame and cold;
Our fine descriptions dull and desultory: —
—— But, proceed we at once, to lay the truth before ye.

XLVII.

There are some splendid houses, 'tis allowed,
Externally built, after English models,
That look o'er Indian architecture proud;
But, inside, — it ne'er strikes their stupid noddles
To carry on the likeness — something muddles
Their taste, which, always, is a large square court,
Where one small room upon another huddles
On every side, save, where the hosts resort,
Spacious arcaded open halls for festive sport.

XLVIII.

The entrances are any thing but grand,
The houses being quite even with the street :
And basement floors are rented to a band
Of shopmen, for the sale of butcher's meat,
Confections with bad oil and ghee replete,
The scent of which regales the baboo's nose,
And noises that might wake the dead, and heat,
And clouds of dust to sweeten his repose :
But then they pay a rent, and, — thence his pleasure flows.

XLIX.

These pigeon holes, or little crampt apartments,
All leading from an open arched saloon,
Are destined for those various assortments
Of wines — the Indian's duly sanctioned boon,
Putting connubial comfort out of tune
For preference — for, where many claim attention,
The greatest number are enraged — and soon
Discord succeeds, and scenes we may not mention,
Which prove polygamy a very sad invention;

L.

At least in the opinion of the moderate
And prudent man, who thinks that one's enough
To fill the duties of the marriage state,
If he prefers smooth paths to rude and rough.
What could he do with twenty dozen tough
Young dames, all pulling caps behind the curtain,
Crying and scratching, and such noisy stuff,
To gain his notice — all their rights asserting —
Why, his first thought would be self-murder, or deserting.

LI.

Yet, by the number of their wives Behaudurs[30]
Their consequence proclaim — as their Sewarries[31]
Of elephants and steeds — and, on my word as
Little considered too — A native marries
Another and another — as his star is
Ascendant in the firmament of riches,
His only comfort that the train he carries
About him — and — the number of the witches
Prevent them wearing, all, at once, his lordly breeches !

LII.

But gads, our life ! — we had forgot outright,
That our rich Indians are all sans culottes,
N'importe — they've other things — which serve us quite
As well, and carry us through what we quote :
But 'tis an idle fear with men who vote
Their spouses little better than their lotas,[32]
Or household furniture, which they devote
To sensual pleasures, just in equal quotas ;
A notion handed down from Baupdadas to Potas.[33]

LIII.

'Tis horrible to think that lovely woman
Should be so stigmatised by Asiatics,
When, to us Europeans, 'tis so common,
Dilating on the fair, to raise to attics
Their winning charms, till praises turn ecstatics ;
Beings with minds as nobly formed as ours,
As ripe for love as — Greek and mathematics,
(See of blue stockings th' intellectual powers
In science and in lit'rature most brilliant flowers.)

LIV.

But here, domestic animals they're called,
And are, — in every meaning of the phrase,
Concealed from man's keen eye, and so enthrall'd,
They scarcely meet the sun's enlivening rays.
Untaught, unlettered, in their earliest days,
Fattened, and oiled, and married in their dawn,
Be-jewell'd and be-trinketed to gaze
On rich stuff'd purdahs,[34] closely round them drawn,
Taught to—eat curry, and to rot their teeth with pawn.

LV.

Our readers ask, "What are their charms then, pray?
" Can ignorance breed love, or ardour rise
" From minds illiterate?"—we're forced to say,
As soon might lordly eagles beget flies,
Their claims on Cupid are — Cupidities —
Pardon the pun — and when there is no heart,
When marriages are interested ties,
And contracts formed before the eye can dart
Upon the parties — Love can take no active part.

LVI.

When traders buy a thing without inspection,
They – in the vulgate — buy a pig in a poke,
And must be satisfied with their election:
Returning it — if bad — is all a joke.
So infants, when their necks are in the yoke,
(The wives are known by rings to nose dependent,)
Are bound by ties that never can be broke;
Crippled, one eyed, or deaf, straight back'd, or bend in 't,
They are a consecrated pair and — there's an end on 't.

LVII.

Where Cupid reigns not, Hymen's radiant fire
Is damped, and gives a very feeble light;
'Tis his live-torch that makes the other higher,
By adding fuel to love's flames so bright:
But when no glances of the eye invite
Two youthful hearts — or tongues of love bespeak
The glowing passion — 'tis ridiculous quite
To think it otherwise than faint and bleak,
'Tis like a night cheraug[35] — dull, flittering, and weak!

LVIII.

To Churbee Doss's decorated hall
The merry party went. 'Twas not arcaded
Like those we have described, — no, not at all,
But like an English drawing-room he'd made it,
And with fine prints and chandeliers arrayed it:
The fact was, Churbee, from his infancy,
Had been 'mong Europeans, who had traded,
And had acquired their taste; hence, men can see
How possible — nay easy is, delinquency.

LIX.

From native habits, — How they mount the wheel
Of Fortune's an extraordinary stride,
When all its circumstances I reveal.
Imprimis — Churbee Doss, the unallied
To any family of wealth or pride,
Forth issued in the world, — a hack sircar![36]
Wrote passes at the Custom House, where hied
Intriguers in abundance — On a par,
With them he cheated, stole, deceived, and—cleared the bar

LX.

Of penury — then, at the Ghauts he plies
For country Captains and their keen nipcheeses,
Passes scot-free their secret merchandise,
For a good bribe, which mutually pleases.
Then, acting as an arutdar[37] he eases
His clients of their cash — the state, of duties,
Lends speculists some hundreds of rupees he 's
Accumulated, for he most acute is
In interest usurious, which will nobly suit his

LXI.

End, and — then passing to a higher grade,
He doffs his coarse habiliments for muslin,
Lolls in his palkee, — talks of ships and trade,
Buys large investments — thrusts his ugly muzzle in
Th' Exchange Rooms, and commences ampler guzzling,
Drinks ghee,[38] which smells him for a bag of bones
To blubber cheeks and paunch enormous — puzzling
To all but those who know how much men's zones
May be expanded by the bhyns's[39] buttery loans.

LXII.

The fleshy mountain up to them advances,
Wad'ling like Falstaff, out of wind and blowing,
Greets the gay " saib logue" to his humble dances,
And grins, his scarlet gums and black teeth shewing,
While with his breath, the stench of pawn[40] bestowing.
" Gentl'men, take chair — Lady, sit down, I pray."
Ottah is handed round — rose water flowing;
Discordant strains succeed, and nautchnees[41] gay,
Are introduced to grace the heterogeneous play.

LXIII.

The girls advance, part impudent, and bold,
Displaying full wide coloured draperies
Of muslin trimmed with silver and with gold,
And pendent veils — yet 'midst their aperies
And wriggling turns, you see how taper is
The slender waist, how round the well formed limb,
While, with a tread that far from caper is
Slow measured, marking time, they lightly skim,
And satisfy — if not the English taste — the whim.

LXIV.

Behind, — are seen the attitudinarians,
The band of each scrape loud their favourite strain,
And beat a small tom-tom,[42] the great barbarians
Crying savash ![43] — Wah! wah! and wah! again,
One sees and hears these mountebanks with pain;
But, at each swell, the damsels gather courage,
Languish to all around, and stamp amain,
(Whether youth justifies the languish — or age,)
And bungles jingle louder with the greater stirrage.

LXV.

And now — unlike famed Catalani's singing,
Which on the air like richest odour floats,
Discordant shrieking through the hall is ringing,
And tones obstrep'rous from convulsive throats.
The aiding hand still further strength denotes,
As if they meant to squeeze out latent sounds. —
Ships' trumpets never louder call for boats,
Nor boatswain's pipe all hands — in naval rounds,
Nor the appalling yelling of a pack of hounds!

LXVI.

Whether Tom's tympanum was not so nice
As others, or a love of novelty
Charmed those keen sensitives — his ear, and eyes,
We know not — but he was in ecstacy,
Looking as if ambitious still to be
Spectator of more wonders — all the while
Shouting, and Churbee's fat sides shook with glee,
In watching both Tom's antics, and his smile
At the two nautchnees' great and never ending toil.

LXVII.

Contrasted with our hero's exultation
Were th' occupations of the rest — th' adoring
Attorney's clerk continued his flirtation
With pretty Betsey — and the Captain snoring,
Despite his spouse's jogging and imploring. —
'Tis said the noisy nautch had one result,
Scarce ever heard of in a scene so boring.
In lawyer's Latin — 'twas a bashful " *vult*,"
From Betsey to his — *volo* — but the art's occult,

LXVIII.

And, therefore, we'll translate it for the ben'fit
Of country gentlemen and ladies. — 'Tis,
When lovers know their minds, and time is then fit,
To murmur, " Will you" — answered by a " Yes." —
Talking of time — 'tis time for us, we guess,
To end this Canto, and begin another,
For mightier matters our attention press.
We only trust the Quarterly will smother
Their indignation — though their utmost scorn's not worth a ——.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE FOURTH.

Note 1, page 83, line 1631.

Hereditary tasksmen — Bhaup to Bheta.

" Father to son."

Note 2, page 83, line 1633.

A Sirdar bearer, ——

The head of the palankeen bearers, who keeps his master's wardrobe and attends his toilet.

Note 3, page 83, line 1633.

—— *Khidmutgar,* ——

Attendant at meals. The usual complement is three : one, we should say, was enough.

Note 4, page 83, line 1633.

—— *and Mehter.*

Sweeper, — the lowest of all menials.

Note 5, page 83, line 1634.

A Dhobee, ——

Washerman.

Note 6, page 83, line 1634.

—— *Durzee,* ——

Tailor.

Note 7, page 83, line 1634.

—— *Bewurchee,* ——

Cook.

Note 8, page 83, line 1635.

—— *a Khansumaun.*

Steward, or head of the eating department. He arranges the meals, and sends a knautchbadar, or caterer, to procure from the market daily supplies of different alimentary articles. He usually cheats his master of eight annas out of every rupee, if not well looked after.

Note 9, page 83, line 1638.

—— *ten seers in every maun.*

A weight equal to forty English pounds.

Note 10, page 83, line 1643.

Then they've their Castes, ——

Religious sects. Every native (except the lowest,) has his caste; from which, if he deviates, he is rejected by his brethren. To lose caste is considered a great disgrace; though it may be, on some occasions, restored by a pecuniary donation to the priests. What will not money do?

Note 11, page 83, line 1646.

To Peons for dinner——

Running footmen. Carriers of letters and messages. They run before the palankeen, and form a part of state, usually bearing official or private badges on a belt across the breast or round the waist.

Note 12, page 84, line 1667.

A punch-house in the Loll Bazar the place is.

A street leading eastward from Tank Square.

Note 13, page 85, line 1686.

Crow followed crow in regular succession.

It is unnecessary almost to define a crow. It is when a person plays to hole his adversary's ball and makes a cannon, or his own ball drops accidentally into a pocket. It is generally applied to all attempts which, failing in themselves, produce other results.

Note 14, page 85, line 1695.

"Perhaps 't will come up, Jack, a lack o' rupees."

No. 100,000.

Note 15, page 86, line 1708.

Balmanno advertises a new flow.

A celebrated milliner in Calcutta for the last twenty-five years.

Note 16, page 86, line 1712.

Eight months without cessation, cry, Wah! wah!

An ejaculation expressive of pleasure and surprise.

Note 17, page 86, line 1713.

The aubdar ceases his saltpetre cooling.

Cooler of liquids, for which saltpetre is used. It is quite impossible, during the hot and rainy seasons, to drink wine or water, or eat butter, jellies, &c., unless cooled; and aubdars of any repute will by this process raise the temperature of liquids to an astonishing height.

Note 18, page 86, line 1714.

—— *Aur kea.*

"What more."

Note 19, page 86, line 1715.

The ayah ——

A female attendant. The word, we believe, is of Portuguese derivation, though generally used by the natives.

Note 20, page 86, line 1715.

——*wraps her oornee,* ——

A loose cloth, which veils the body from top to toe.

Note 21, page 86, line 1716.

While Acon, China shoemaker, quite jumps.

China shoemakers abound in Calcutta, and work excellently. They retain their national costume of a loose frock, wide trowsers, wooden shoes, long tail, and rattan bonnet.

Note 22, page 86, line 1717.

Within the narrow street of Cossitalla.

A narrow street leading from the Chowringhee Road to the Loll Bazar, and occupied for the most part by mechanics.

Note 23, page 86, line 1723.

Flank'd, on each side, by a poor avenue.

There is a walk from Chadpaul Ghaut to the Fort by the river's side with an avenue of trees as described. Children and their attendants, and people fond of walking, are the usual pedestrians.

Note 24, page 86, line 1725.

And pale faced babas renovate their roses.

Children.

Note 25, page 87, line 1729.

Now Gunter sweeps the floor of the Town Hall.

Keeper of the Town Hall, and an excellent confectioner.

Note 26, page 87, line 1735.

The orchestra arranged for Rappa's fellows.

A native Portuguese of elbow shaking celebrity, leader of the principal country dance and quadrille band of fiddlers. The lovers of tripping it on the light fantastic toe, will be sorry to hear that death has lately put a stop to his scraping.

Note 27, page 88, line 1760.

Two public portraits — bad — we should opine.

These paintings do no credit to the Town Hall nor to the artist. We find none such at *home.*

Note 28, page 95, line 1968.

" *Perhaps, to you — a nautch at Churbee Doss's.*

Dance.

Note 29, page 95, line 1969.

" *The baboo was so good as to invite.*

A native title.

Note 30, page 98, line 2026.

Yet, by the number of their wives' Behaudurs.

A native title.

Note 31, page 99, line 2027.

—— *as their Sewarries.*

Processions, trains of state.

Note 32, page 98, line 2040.

Their spouses little better than their lotas.

Brass drinking pots.

Note 33, page 98, line 2043.

A notion handed down from Baupdadas to Potas.

Grandfathers to grandsons.

Note 34, page 99, line 2060.

On rich stuff'd pundahs, closely round them drawn.

Curtains, which conceal the female apartments.

Note 35, page 100, line 2083.

'Tis like a night cheraug — dull, flittering, and weak!

A night lamp.

Note 36, page 100, line 2103.

—— *a hack sircar!*

A writer and keeper of accounts; to which may be added, a plunderer of his master's cash.

Note 37, page 101, line 2111.

Then, acting as an arutdar he eases.

Agent.

Note 38, page 101, line 2121.

Drinks ghee, which smells him for a bag of bones.

Clarified butter made from buffalo's milk — extremely rancid when long kept. It is used by the natives for all culinary purposes, and they are not sensible to its rancidity. The purpose to which it is here attributed, is, we believe, correct.

Note 39, page 101, line 2124.

May be expanded by the bhyns's buttery loans.

Native name for a buffalo.

Note 40, page 101, line 2129.

While with his breath, the stench of pawn bestowing.

A leaf which the natives eat with betel-nut and lime, extremely pungent. It gives a scarlet tinge to the mouth, and by frequent use destroys and blackens the teeth. The flavour is very disagreeable to Europeans.

Note 41, page 101, line 2132.

Discordant strains succeed, and nautchnees gay.

Dancing girls. They are women of notoriously bad character, and brought up from infancy to prostitution. We have seen some, when young, extremely pretty, with very fine formed figures, and a native grace which rivals all artificial training. Natives of high rank, nay, some few orientalised Europeans, keep sets of dancing girls in their retinues.

Note 42, page 102, line 2145.

And beat a small tom-tom ——

Oblong drums slung round the shoulders and beat with both hands.

Note 43, page 102, line 2146.

Crying savash ! ——

A corruption of shah bash, — Be a king !

TOM RAW, THE GRIFFIN.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

I.

Hail, graphic art! the prototype of Nature
In all her varied forms most exquisite,
That stamps a duplicate of face and feature
As penna-polygraphs, now doubly write;
That death of its obliterating might
Plunders, and brings before us our progenitors, —
It matters not how long obscured from sight, —
Adam and Eve, Augustus, or the senators
Of Rome; — though dead for cent'ries, once more rise up
monitors.

II.

E'en the snug parlour, twelve by ten, displays
Europe and Asia, Afric and America,
Their scenes, their clime, and customs to our gaze,
Or favourite towns and counties, — Ayr, or Kerrick, or
Hampshire, or Devonshire, or Kent, or Berwick, or
Whatever you most wish to contemplate,
But which ne'er fail to put you in a merry key
And in the reach of all, — at moderate rate,
For who can't buy a drawing, may secure a plate.

III.

But chief to absent lovers dear, who gaze
Hours, days, and years, on imitative charms,
Press the cold iv'ry to their hearts, and raise
The image of their lost one to their arms.
Oh ! how imagination the heart warms,
And how delightful is fond fancy's flight —
Yet after all—what is it thus disarms
Absence of pain ? — Four inches — no, not quite
Of ivory —a little carmine, — red, and white !

IV.

Touched by a tiny brush of camel's hair,
A little water, and — But oh ! not these
Alone could seize the heart ; — they have their share ;
But 'tis the efforts of the mind that please,
And raised to eminence unrivalled Greece.—
" Hands paint not — 'tis the working of the brains !"
As Opie said to such as came to tease
Him, — asking how he coloured eyes and veins ?
Multum in parvo —much in little — for their pains ?

V.

" But what's the meaning of this declamation
" On art ?" we think we hear the eager cry,
Why, gentle readers, 'tis a proclamation
Before we usher in great Ch—n—y ![1]
Whom Tom knew not — (the greater sinner—he,)
That giant man in face and scenery,
Whose works have pleased alike in East and West,
Who looks at nature with an eye bold and free,
And steals her charms more keenly than the rest,
Who, with less real merit, better line their nest.

VI.

" You have not been at Ch—n—y's, I think ?"
Said Randy to his friend, one afternoon.
" No," replied Tom, " that is a wanting link
" In my career, which I must add, and soon." —
" Well then," cried Randy, " I will grant the boon
" Of shewing you to this most skilled of painters :
" You'll be delighted with him — if in tune ;
" He's always in his shop, and will not stint us
" In hearty welcomes, as his lungs will soon acquaint us."

VII.

In Garston's Buildings,(2) opposite the church,
Formed of the overplus of Town Hall brick,
And just behind the houses of John B—ch,(3)
Up a vile lane whose odour makes one sick
Resides this famous limner — never stick
At vain preliminaries of rapping knockers,
To see if he's at home — go in, and kick
The peons, that, slumbering on the stair-case, look as
(But yet they are not) barriers in your way. Odd zookers !

VIII.

Laugh as you please, till in his atelier
You see the ablest limner in the land,
With mild and gentle look inviting near,
Palette on thumb and maplestick in hand,
And saying, " Sirs — what may be your command ?"
" We would not interrupt you ! — Mr. Raw !" —
" Your most obedient — Do I understand
" Your friend desires to sit ? — Pray, does he draw ?—
" 'Tis a great art—and always practised with *a claw!*(4) (*eclât.*)

IX.

" What! always at your punning?"—" 'Pon my honour,
" My good friend Randy, I delight in puns,
" I relish them as epicures a konnah,
" They *go off* just as sharp as *Mantons guns.*
" Talking of fire-arms, I remember once
" A friend informing me he could command
" Four of them always ready to advance.
" *I* said immediately, — You understand —
" Then, certainly, you always have a *stock in hand!*

X.

" But did you ever hear the pun I let off
" 'Bout Wellington and the Green Man and Still?" —
" Phoo! Phoo!" said Randy; " when you're fairly set off
" There's no controlling you till you've had your fill. —
" Come shew us all your portraits — Where's Miss Frill?—
" Raw's gazing on your half-done things like mad."
" *Is he quite raw?*" the punster whispered, — " Will
" He *bear a dressing?* He's a comely lad,
" *Raw, dressing,—palate,—taste, eat up.* Faith, not so bad!"

XI.

At every word an equivoque was wrought,
And conversation hobbled on in quirks,
Or grave or merry — still it mattered naught,
Bad puns ensued with nostril moving jerks,
With notes and annotations, snorts and smirks,
When comprehension failed their sense to take in.
He drew them, even, from his beauteous works
From which the friends were all the beauties raking,
And observations on his excellences making.

XII.

Their ready recognition of those faces
That nightly grace the course, or public ball,
Or mix, among the concourse at the races,
The conversazioni at the hall,
Or at the burrah konnahs — quite enthral
Th' enthusiastic artist — " Aye, sir, these
" Are likenesses that make observers call
" Out — such alone my greediness appease;
" But pray just look at this chef-d'œuvre, if you please."

XIII.

So saying, from the wall, turned right about,
A kit-cat of a lady he displayed,
" Now if this does not make you both cry out
" I'll burn my palette, and give up the trade —
" What! — not one word nor observation made?
" Perhaps you're not acquainted with the lady?" —
" I — think — I've seen her," — Randy cried, — afraid
Of a wrong guess, — " it is not Miss — Makeready,
" She's pale and thin—this like a country girl on May-day."

XIV.

" Delightful! — charming!" — with sarcastic grin,
Muttered the man of paint — " 'tis *so* agreeable
" When praise unqualified one hopes to win,
" To find folks sorely puzzled when they see a belle,
" So much admired, and — all well knowing me able
" To draw to life the hardest countenances,
" To hear my works — (reckoned inimitable),
" Hem'd at and haw'd at — Can't account for fancies! —
" To satisfy the world—Oh, Lord! how great the chance is!!!"

XV.

" Nay! nay! my friend—the fault no doubt is ours —
" Tell us, at once, who is it?" — " Why — Miss Shuffle,"
" Miss Shuffle? — so it is --- what monstrous powers
" You have — but we must not your temper ruffle,
" Nay — what a face you make — Come no more scuffle," —
" I *live by making faces* — that you know,
" So never mind --- mine I will strive to muffle ---
" And now, in faith --- as public pictures flow
" Like *bores*---(they're *bores* indeed!) I must to painting go."

XVI.

And off he marched, with, " Gentlemen, good day,
" I'm sorry that my duty interferes
" With inclination --- hast'ning me away," ---
And then he tucked his locks above his ears.
Did'st ever mark the monstrous comb he wears,
A semi-circular of tortoiseshell?
Which, like Diana's crescent, tops his hairs
In inverse ratio --- once it graced the swell
Of crinal horrors that adorned an Indian belle!

XVII.

Meanwhile, within our hero's breast arose
The wish to have his ruddy face portrayed,
With apprehensions how to pay for 't --- Those
Who 've pros and cons can judge the fuss it made;
But, he to his friend, his wish no secret made.
The crash of crock'ry ware, and knives and forks,
Shewed that the artist at his tiffin played,
The fiz of ripe pale ale, and sound of corks,
That he was then employed on very *sparkling works.*

XVIII.

Just at that moment, a fine clear bass voice,
Warbling out, —" Huntsman rest," was heard to quaver,
The tones were deep, the execution choice,
Though much of the bassoon it seemed to savour.
" Now," --- Randy said 's " the time to ask a favour,"
And it was proffered in the very nick;
Such times are chosen by the groaning slave, or
Appointment seeker --- practised in the trick,
When, after meals --- Great men their teeth, contented, pick.

XIX.

For there was never mortal, yet, succeeded
In any boon upon a stomach empty,
By peevish humours is a meal preceded,
And growling pshaws! and pishes! that ne'er tempt ye
To make the suit --- Repletion will exempt ye
From this restraint, --- when tired jaws have taken
Their utmost, and the finish'd bowl's redempt. --- Ye
Then may gain it --- or I am much mistaken;
They, who act otherwise, may never save their bacon.

XX.

" Talk not of price, dear Randy, --- when a friend
" Whispers a wish --- We 'll settle that at leisure;
" Meanwhile, to time, I must, per force, attend.
" Where is my book? --- I'm pressed beyond all measure, ---
" Days growing short --- ships sailing --- giving pleasure
" To all ---but---let-us-see.---Monday?---that's full,---
" Tuesday, to finish Mrs. Roundhead's *treasure,*
" A little ugly knave. --- A young John Bull---
" Wednesday,---Miss Fribble---Thursday,--(reading), " if it's
" cool."

XXI.

" Lady Hysteric --- reasonable condition!
" When hours to me are just great heaps of gold! ---
" Friday, at ten, Miss Frill, --- elev'n Ram Kishen ---
" We 'll put the baboo off --- *He* will not scold —
" Friday, at half-past ten, then, --- hot or cold,
" I shall expect to see you --- Mister Raw ---
" At two I have another sitter — hold ---
" The second sitting Thursday sennight — pshaw!
" That's full-well---Friday---Next month I have time to draw!"

XXII.

The day and hour arrived, --- Our hero went,
In full apparel, to be fairly typed,
The comb and brush had done their parts, and lent
Charms to his flowing locks --- his face was wiped,
From every soorky stain[5] --- his belt new piped,
And silver epaulet fresh scoured and polished,
A white silk handkerchief with yellow striped,
(The red, by constant friction, being demolished,)
And stock aspiring --- which was nothing of the smallest.

XXIII.

On elevated floor, young Thomas sat,
Calling up animated look and smile;
The limner had his canvass, and all that,
Flourished his charcoal ends, and snuffed awhile,
Then talked --- Tom's *mauvaise honte* to reconcile,
" The body more in front, --- not --- *so* --- much — quite,"
And up he stept, --- " just so --- the very style, ---
" Now look at me, I beg --- more full the sight,
" The figure straighter---head turned sharply to the right!"[6]

TOM RAW SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT.

XXIV.

But, as the sitting to a painter 's irksome,
We'd rather seize upon the opportunity
To roam about his room, and try to work some
More animating sport for our community,
For spice of former dulness some immunity;
It is an olio, certainly, of oddities,
And we ought, long ere now, to have shewn it t' ye,
Passing the furniture, and such commodities,
To have such useful things --- the due of every body 'tis.

XXV.

Imprimis, o'er the walls are charcoal dashings
Of sudden thoughts --- or imitative keys,[7]
Hung on a nail — and various coloured splashings —
The shape of frames, of houses, horses, trees,
Prismatic circles[8] —five dot effigies ;[9]
Notes of short hand — a card for five o'clock,
" Lord M. desires the honour of Mr. C.'s
" Company," in conspicuous station stuck,
To shew the deference paid his talent—or his luck !

XXVI.

Close to the window is a drawing table
Where, erst, in miniatures engaged, he toiled,[10]
And near a chair and hookah, when he's able
To contemplate the canvass he has oiled :
In this enjoyment were he ever foiled,
Adieu to talent. — 'Tis his next great pleasure
To painting, he has often said, — (and smiled),
The sitting over, — to devote his leisure,
In smoky meditation o'er his new wrought treasure.

XXVII.

A tepoy groaning with odd tomes and scraps
Of undigested journals, stands behind,
Sketch books, surmounted by his flannel caps,
Loose prints, and notes, — some very far from kind,
With pretty little chits from dames that wind
Him round their finger — lawyers' letters, dunning,
For clients, most solicitous to grind,
And drafts of letters — full of wit and punning,
And house accounts that still keep on for ever running.

XXVIII.

In one damp corner — stewed without refection,
Because 'tis never wanted — pines a Vatican,
And, of the finest plates, a rare collection. —
(Can he so thoughtless be ? — ay, can he ? — that he can !—
And, when I tell you plainly — you'll see what he can
Neglect), — they're mostly borrowed from collectors,
And buried in this motley graphic catacom',
Eaten by rats and white ants — no respecters
Of Raphael, Titian, Rubens, — Ajaxes and Hectors.

XXIX.

What lovely face is that which hangs among
Th' unfinished pictures — in a faded frame ? —
Oh ! we could gaze, nor think that gazing wrong,
Though rumour has been busy with her fame :
Romney portrayed those matchless charms — a name
That next to Reynolds sparkles in the art,
Whose sweetness merits that superior claim,
Which meretricious glare can ne'er impart,
Driving his matchless colour brush right through the heart.

XXX.

And we have seen Sir Joshua there — a gem
Or two, within this store-room of bijoux,
The artist on his knees, adoring them,
And swallowing greedily his tints and hues —
Then starting back — then forward — loath to lose
A moment in the ardent meditation,
Then fancying that he stood in his great shoes,
Tracing between them great assimilation,
Except his knighthood merely, and — his reputation.

XXXI.

With morning fogs, which, in Bengala's low
And swampy soil, attend our wint'ry weather,
The races come, and Jockies anxious flow,
To sweat and starve, and physic — all together;
The knowing ones are in the highest feather
To make their bets, and train their maiden horses;
And Jockey Clubs, assembling — fix the tether,
Calling up all their stratagems and forces,
And must'ring ready cash, in case they should have losses.

XXXII.

Aurora peeps upon the starlight training,
Sometimes on other peepers at their neighbour's
Deep hidden secrets — just by way of gaining
Clandestinely the object of their labours.
An act, though, honest people all, must say, bears
No marks at all, characteristical
Of honesty — and we should say the trait bears
Something the very opposite — sophistical
We cannot be esteemed — no, nor yet very mystical.

XXXIII.

I said, before, cold weather morns brought fogs,
Chiefly, for our mishap, on racing mornings,
As mischievous to all your knowing dogs,
As to the fair one's fanciful adornings :
But fog, or not, they rise with heroine scornings
Of damp, that cannot damp their spirits buoyant,
Though it gives made-up beauty grievous warnings.
At candled toilet see them all employ in 't
Their utmost care and labour, feeling wond'rous joy in 't.

XXXIV.

The Irish poplin — of her Isle's own die,
Cut in a smart pelisse — to shew the figure,
First takes by storm the lovely matron's eye,
But combatted — from feeling the chill rigour
Of northern blasts, — by velvet — that intriguer
Whose rich material, and delicious heat
Enforces preference with all its vigour ;
And delicate cloth habits, next, compete
Till all the church clocks the fell hour of five repeat.

XXXV.

And, undetermined, still she hesitates,
When, at her door, impatient Hubby's knock
(She'd heard his creaking boots), precipitates,
With " come my dear, 'tis half-past five o'clock,
" And — I've a bet — you know — on little Jock."
The lady, heated by her indecision,
Selects the poplin — and from off the block
Takes corresponding hat and plume — just wishing
Her husband—somewhere—where—I can't say with precision.

XXXVI.

Th' unmarried tremblers — to give thoughts more play,
Shrink from their hard mattress,[11] an hour before,
To contemplate each trimming, lace and stay,
If they've not turned th' important question o'er
In waking dreams — and drawn from out their store
The most becoming articles of dress.
Now palpitates the conscious heart — the more
It palpitates — the more the roses press
Upon th' anticipating cheek of happiness.

XXXVII.

The fam'ly coaches, sociables that hold
A numerous party, landaus, landaulets,
Tilburies, and phaetons, and buggies rolled,
Chariots, and palkee garries, barouchettes,
In which are huddled folks, in motley sets,
Daughters and sons are they of curiosity;
Horsemen in great abundance — some for bets,
And others, other things, — with great velocity
All, all are hast'ning to the course from out this choice city.

XXXVIII.

The whirl of wheels, the tramp of steeds combine
To wake to life the most invet'rate sleepers,
People, who, suffering from the heat, incline
To lay in bed, and gum their leaden peepers,
Not caring aught for races, hunts, or leapers,
Nor e'en of — landing or departing Gov'nors;[12]
In fact, who shun all sights and shows, and keep as
Snug as they can — eat, drink, and sleep their seven hours,
As greedy of repose, as — of good food the rav'nous.

XXXIX.

The sight, though gladdened by no golden beam,
But — *au contraire,* — immersed in wat'ry vapours,
Is novel, and, as novelties we deem
In climes monotonous, like — sauce or capers,
To plain meats, when our appetites escape us,
It gives a stimulus and spring --- whene'er its
Powers are issued in handbills and papers;
And we are always prominent to share its
Delightful impetus, on our poor worn out spirits.

XL.

You know the stands of Ascot and of Epsom,
No doubt, --- and their convenience for spectators,
But you can't fancy ours --- unless you step some
Thousands of miles between the great Equators.
'Tis built with elegance and taste --- as late as
One thousand, and eight hundred and sixteen),[13]
Some hundred feet in length. --- A room as great as
Our jockey club requires --- when they convene
To cater for our sport, and --- take each other in.

XLI.

And o'er it a long open colonnade
Of light and airy pillars all around,
Where well-dressed fashionables promenade
Till lazy jockies, yawning, reach the ground;
And between races, when much time is found
In rubbing down and weighing --- oaths and grumbling
From sulky losers, and the boisterous sound
Of winners, in their breeches' pocket fumbling
For lists of bets --- steeds fighting, and equestrians tumbling.

XLII.

And here the rosy god, too, makes his matches
As well as jockies, --- aiming both at running,
And, in his toils, the panting lover catches,
As they their pigeons, and with equal cunning.
The simile's correct, for there's not one in
A hundred, who has not a race to follow
In Cupid's heat, with whipping, spurring, dunning,
Ere he can beat his straining rivals hollow, ---
And then you see the vanquished look so glum and so low.

XLIII.

Then follow, --- " Bring the horses !" ---" where's that villain
" Jack Fry ?"---" What, not yet dressed, sir ?"---" Halloa, Ben !
" Bring Pet, and be d---d t' ye !"---The stewards still in
The box, impatient as the owners, " when
" They will be ready ?" --- " Bet you five to ten
" On Slender Billy." --- " Done"---" I'll lay a hundred
" Gold mohurs to twenty on the Major's"[14] --- Then
A buzzing murmur's heard, as if it thundered,
And forth the horses come at last --- and then all wondered.

XLIV.

Bright Phœbus, that diurnal chariot driver,
Was anxious to see what they were about,
But, being lazy --- and a good contriver,
Sent forth a fog, an interrupting scout,
To stop proceedings till he could come out.
Just at this moment, bursting from a screen,
He shewed his ruddy visage to the rout,
And, having no impediments between
His godship and the race --- enjoyed the jovial scene.

XLV.

'Tis sweet to see the high-bred steed appear,
Impatient to be led to victory,
To mark his sinewy form and limbs so clear,
Distended nostrils, and bright sparkling eye,
Trembling all over with intensity
Of agitation, at a moment's stay,
Or any bar to his velocity,
Propelling forwards with impatient neigh
Whene'er he hears the cry of --- " Ready" ---and " away !"

XLVI.

" They're off," a hundred voices join — " they're off!
" Pet had a famous start — he keeps the lead"—
And now resound the banter and the laugh, —
" There's Slender Billy's past him by a head"—
" He's twice the bottom"—Forward they proceed.—
" Twenty to ten on Slender Billy"—" Done"—
Pet once more passes—" D—me, he's the speed"—
" A hundred gold mohurs — Jack, — on Pet to one —
" Well — 'pon my soul — I never saw a better run !"

XLVII.

" They're neck and neck !" — they pass the distance post,
The clerk o' the course lashes his sounding thong,
To clear the way from the intruding host,
Of natives, who, to the tumasha[15] throng ;
And now they frantically bound along ;
Whip, spur, and jockeyism aid the deed ;
A sheet would cover both, could it be flung
Across them — such their evenness of speed,—
" Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !—Pet has it by a head !"

XLVIII.

Reader! do'st wish to know who wins and loses?
Look but around, and on the faces muse;
Come, let's observe, for it will much amuse us;
As a man to a fountain goes, and views
His face reflected in the pool, — his fancies,
And all the wayward passions of his soul,
We'll forthwith trace, withouten necromancies,
The feelings and sensations of the whole,
First haste we to the scales — there most the flood-tides roll.

XLIX.

But — let us see! — who's that red-coated youth
Tearing his hair, on a flea-bitten steed?
Is it? — it cannot be — yes — 'tis — in truth
Our young aspiring hero! — and in need
Of consolation, for he's bit indeed.—
He betted twelve gold mohurs on Slender Billy;
His tilb'ry cronies there have made him bleed —
To bet, at all, in him was vastly silly —
Alas! he's lost a full month's pay, but pay it will he?

L.

Observe we now the scales — that man in green
With pallid visage, and a slouching hat,
Beneath which peers an eye excessive keen,
Has lost three hundred by this race; but what
Is such a sum to him? — he minds it not,
And yet he trembles while his horse is running,
As if his life depended upon that
One race — he roundly swears there's wond'rous fun in
An agitated moment, though the shock is stunning.

LI.

See on that young man's animated brow
The wreath of victory blooming ! — see the flush
Of conquest on his manly visage glow,
And of delight the unresistless rush,
His jockey, too — in breeches made of plush—
Seems to partake in his inspiring joy, —
He is a knowing one — but — hush ! friends, hush !
For other subjects call us to employ
Our sportive humour — and we never yet were coy.

LII.

Tom slunk home, heartless — and an empty purse,
Cursing the tilb'ry chaps that won his money,
Nay — what he had not, which was ten times worse,
For credit he had little with Ram Conaye,[16]
A fat rich Baboo, with great wealth — and — one eye,
Through which he saw much clearer than the clearest
Two peepers howe'er daubed with antimony.
Tom groaned in spirit — for ah ! how could *he* rest
When he'd to squeeze of rich baboos the very nearest.

LIII.

It chanced that to his recollection came
His lott'ry ticket, and — the last day's journal
Proclaimed that morn the drawing of the same;
He, therefore, as he eyed the print diurnal,
Swore he would see the wheels, which promptly turn all
Dame Fortune's prizes out — as well as blanks,
And prayed he might not meet her frowns infernal,
As he had smarted rarely from her pranks,
And owed her Goddesship — no tributary thanks.

LIV.

The Town Hall to the fickle matron opes
Its basement floor;—one end, of steps curtailed,
Regardless of proportion, lightless mopes
Cornwallis's fine statue,[17]—robed and mailed,
Like Roman hero,—powdered too, and tailed;
And, at his feet, two lovely forms recline
Of Fortitude and Temp'rance—always nailed
To sculptured heroes—attributes divine,
To shew their virtues, as an inn's are shewn by its sign.

LV.

At th' other end—a spacious platform rises,
Bearing the wheels of fortune—wooden boxes
Which hold the numbers, and the blanks and prizes.
Pandora's box teemed less with paradoxes,
Of good and evil to the wolves and foxes
That crowded 'bout the vortex of her whims,
These, when the sup'rintendant briskly knocks his
Hammer, whirl round so quick, it almost dims
(As Jack would say, perhaps) our visionary *glims*.

LVI.

They pause!—Two bare-armed boys,[18] from the Asylum
Open a small trap-door, and dive within
The bowels of the goddess—so we style 'em;
One crying out,—"Four hundred and sixteen!"
The other—on whom all, delighted, grin,
Gives out a—"twenty thousand"—or "a blank!"
And then you look around to see who win,
Or who have lost, among the motley rank,
For they are always marked by visage short or lank.

LVII.

They were at this work, when our hero entered,
Red hot with hope and strong anticipation,
And, bustling on to where those hopes were centred,
He, firmly at the railing, kept his station;
Each turn the wheels gave — gave him a probation
Of what the rack was. — Blanks, so often, came up,
That he was sure his number's acclamation
Was drawing near,—and then his eyes would flame up,
And, then, desponding — he would almost give the game up!

LVIII.

The moment came! — " One thousand, seven hundred,
" And twenty-four!" shrill issued from the boy.
" That's mine," roared Tom,—nay, we might say, he thund'red,
And his round features gleamed with honest joy,
As, on the other urchin glanced his eye;
The paper was unfolded — and his lips
Pronounced, — " A blank!" — and all Tom's hopes went by;
" Odds rot the jade," he cried, — " she's at her slips"—
" I'm fairly bit," — and off despondingly he trips.

LIX.

'Twas not an easy matter to post haste
Through such assembled multitudes of people,
Of every nation, colour, trade, and caste,
The lean, the fat, the pigmy, and the steeple;
The pallid face, and face that's red from tipple,
The calculating merchant casting odds —
The greasy Baboo — starved Sirkar, he keeps ill
The Scotchman, who deliberately plods,
The lounging dandies, and ill-dressed apprentice clods.

LX.

The Arab merchant with his long black beard,
The fair Moghul, and fairer far Parsee,[19]
The country captain scarce from liquor cleared,
The sun-burnt pilot just from Kedgeree,
The barrister, forgetful of his plea,
With gaping mouths on Madam Fortune wait,
A few delighted visages you see,
The rest — *id est*, the losers, curse their fate
With countenances doleful and disconsolate.

LXI.

Through these, at length, our wrathful hero sped,
Till screwed to agony at his disaster,
He stamp'd his feet, and thumped his luckless head,
Roaring, in desperation, when he past a
Poor trembling lean Sirkar, who, frightened, cast a
Most melancholy glance, as on he goes
Like a stark-staring maniac — faster, faster!
Till his right elbow strikes poor Bhaughbut's[20] nose,
From which a sanguine stream incontinently flows!

LXII.

His equilibrium lost, the poor Sirkar
Stumbles against another of his clan,
Who, rolling on the floor, cries out, Wah! wah!
And, in his turn o'erthrows another man.
So have we seen, in boyhood's thoughtless span
A pack of cards, piled one against the other,
When demolition's busy work began,
All tumbling forward — one against another,
And each of them in turn upsetting its poor brother!

LXIII.

Here we might moralize on public lotteries,
And wail the gambling spirit of the times,
But, when we think the upshot of the matter is
To clear Calcutta from unwholesome slimes,
By making drains — important in these climes,
And other works that cost so many lacks,
We waive the playful impulse of our rhymes,
Lest the conservators should angry wax,
Or we get government, alas! upon our backs.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE FIFTH.

Note 1, page 114, line 2227.

Before we usher in great Ch—n—y!

A celebrated portrait painter, who, in Europe, would rank high among the best artists of the present day.

Note 2, page 115, line 2243.

In Garston's Buildings——

Two ranges of buildings erected to the north of the church by the late chief engineer, in each of which there are six houses adjoining each other.

Note 3, page 115, line 2245.

And just behind the houses of John B—ch.

A gentleman of considerable weight in Calcutta.

Note 4, page 115, line 2260.

"*'Tis a great art — and always practised with* a claw! (*eclât*)."

We must beg our readers to excuse the string of bad puns which we have been obliged to introduce in this canto, as there would be no chance of portraying the character of the eminent painter without them; and the worse they are, the more faithful will be the likeness.

Note 5, page 120, line 2382.

From every soorky stain.——

The red brickdust from the Calcutta roads, being the only material used in their repair.

Note 6, page 120, line 2395.

"*The figure straighter — head turned sharply to the right!*"

All these expressions will be recollected by those who have the pleasure of knowing Mr. C.

Note 7, page 121, line 2406.

Of sudden thoughts — or imitative keys.

By a few touches of charcoal we have seen ably represented a key hanging on a nail, shadow and all.

Note 8, page 121, line 2409.

Prismatic circles——

The artist is very fond of the prismatic system.

Note 9, page 121, line 2409.

——*five dot effigies.*

Five dots being indiscriminately put down on paper (by any one), it behoves the artist to represent a human figure — the five points forming the head, legs, and arms.

Note 10, page 121, line 2415.

Where, erst, in miniatures engaged, he toiled.

Mr. C. originally practised in miniature; but nature, alarmed at his proto typic progress, and fearing he would come up to her, robbed him of one of his visual organs, and rendered the other too weak to admit of his following this branch of the art.

Note 11, page 125, line 2505.

Shrink from their hard mattress, an hour before.

In tropical climates we have nothing to do with feather beds or warming pans.

Note 12, page 125, line 2527.

Nor e'en of — landing or departing Gov'nors.

There is always a great commotion on such occasions. Firing of guns, drawing out of troops, assembling of public functionaries, &c.

Note 13, page 126, line 2545.

One thousand, and eight hundred and sixteen.

The race-stand is a very pretty ornamental building. It is oblong; the lower floor containing a spacious apartment for the meetings of the Jockey Club, and above it an open colonnaded terrace for spectators. A public breakfast and a ball are sometimes given in the lower room.

Note 14, page 127, line 2575.

" Gold mohurs to twenty on the Major's." ——

A gentleman celebrated on the Calcutta turf. As a judge of a horse, and a good trainer, he stands unrivalled.

Note 15, page 128, line 2606.

Of natives, who, to the tumasha throng.

A sight.

Note 16, page 130, line 2651.

For credit he had little with Ram Conaye.

Name of a native.

Note 17, page 131, line 2669.

Cornwallis's fine statue, — robed and mailed.

A very fine statue by Bacon, placed in the basement floor of the Town-Hall. The height of the room not admitting of its erection, without some diminution of the size of the statue, two or three steps of its base were removed, which of course alters the proportion, and the cross lights from a window immediately behind it, and to its right, shew it to great disadvantage. This curtailing of steps reminds us of a bird of paradise, whose chief beauty (its tail) was cut off to fit his body to a small cage, in which he was about to be transported to England; and of a whimsical suggestion by a wise man of the East, to reconcile all difficulties,— viz. to have a hole cut in the upper floor for the purpose of introducing his lordship's head.

Note 18, page 131, line 2684.

—— *Two bare-armed boys, from the Asylum.*

Boys from the charity schools are always employed for this purpose, and are provided for by the lucky possessor of the capital prize.

Note 19, page 133, line 2721.

The fair Moghul, and fairer far Parsee.

Inhabitants of Bombay, remarkable for their fair complexions and handsome features.

Note 20, page 133, line 2736.

Till his right elbow strikes poor Bhaughbut's nose.

Name of a native.

TOM RAW, THE GRIFFIN.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

I.

Who has not, during his short pilgrimage
Of life, experienced some delight in sport?
Fox or hare hunting,—shooting—or a rage
For favours in Diana's sylvan court?—
'Twould seem we're made intuitively for 't.
Children hunt flies—and boys hunt mice and rats;
And oh! their pleasure if the prey be caught!
Youth loves to hunt poor badgers, dogs, and cats;
And men hunt fame, distinction, fortune, and all that 's

II.

To be procured in the world's varying chase;
Nay, age itself hunts for a little more
Of life, when finished, nearly, is its race,
And it has nothing left it to deplore.
Sov'reign examples would you have?—Then pore
O'er sacred writ—King Nimrod led the games.—
Or history?—William Rufus, tumbled o'er
By whizzing dart,—or the Scotch monarch James.—
And, last of all, old George—along his favo'rite Thames.

III.

And has not British sport, the mystic strain
Of bards provoked ?—Oh ! look at Somerville's
Delicious Chase, and—read it o'er again,
Till his sweet song into the breast instils
A love of bounding up the sloping hills,
And sweeping through the smiling vales—beguiled
By bell-mouthed[1] hounds, whose lively music fills
The forest, of its ant'lered lord despoiled,
And wakes lone echo with its intonations wild.

IV.

Mark in his verse the high-wrought manly fire
That fills the sportive breast with fancies bright;
Touched with a playful softness of his lyre,
Which themes domestic never so could light;
On *food* and *kennels*, who, like him, could write ?
Details that seem to spurn poetic powers;
But, though these homely scenes his strains invite,
He wreathes around them such engaging flowers,
That, to a height sublime, the rural subject towers.

V.

Well ! as we think we've proved that sport's a passion
Pervading all, it wont be deemed astonishing
Our hero loved it,—loved to follow dashing
And splashing hunters—as a tonish thing.
He had no friends, on broken heads admonishing,
No trembling mother, bidding him take care,
Nor anxious father, gravely lecturing on a skin
He'd fractured once—hunting in Leicestershire,
But with Calcutta's hounds to sport was his desire.

VI.

Randy was a subscriber to the pack,
And urged our hero to partake their fun.
" Ay! that I will," he cried, my dear friend Jack,
" Think you my buggy nag will sport a run?"
" Of course he will," said Randy.—" Then that's done!"—
" We must be on the road an hour or more
" Ere daylight peeps, and fires the morning gun;
" I'll drive you in my tandem—and before
" The sun is fairly up—we'll be at Barrackpore."[2]

VII.

We've said before that Tom had buckish twitches,
And deemed a hunt as dressy as a ball,
He, therefore, took out his new leather breeches
And neat top-boots, he'd never worn withal,
A smart green coat—a hunting cap—and all
The requisites to rig him for the chase,
And, thus equipped, he strode the outer hall,
With an impatient and disordered pace,
E'er Randy issued forth—wide yawning in his face!

VIII.

The tandem rolled along, as fast as two
Smart bits of blood o'er even roads could trot;
One might have said,—in verity, they flew,
And in about an hour and quarter got
To where, just starting from the meeting spot,
They loosed the yelling hounds—Away! Away!
The party canters,—not well knowing what
Would turn up first to serve them as a prey,
Whether a tiny fox—or jackal—no! not they!

IX.

But soon a lurking Gheedur[3] caught their view,
Creeping among the purlieus of a village,
Who little thought that saib logues would pursue
A thing like him, seeking his nightly pillage;
He never cared for peasants at their tillage,
But men on horseback, with a pack of dogs
With yoiks! and tally ho! was like a steel edge
Pricking him keenly to the marshy bogs,
And deep ravines, and on he fast and faster jogs.

X.

The hounds soon catch his scent—their yell and cry
Commingle with the huntsman's cheering voice,
The whipper-in[4] is seen his lash to ply,
And Glancer makes a most confounded noise;
"Hark forward!—tally ho!—he's there, my boys,"
From various parts are sounded, as their prey,
Emerging from a cate[5]—('twas not from choice)
Over the ploughed-up fields, pursues his way,
Shrill sounds the horn, and all the dewy plains look gay.[6]

XI.

Now pants the jackal, as his brushy tail,
Spangled with morning dew, low sweeps the ground,
His speed, by fear increased, begins to fail,
And, nearer still, the fearful yellings sound;
(He'd compromise for sixpence in the pound)
But—not far off—a field of sugar cane
Engaging his attention, makes him bound,
And, 'mong its knotted stalks, he sneaks—in vain;
For nothing can impede th' enthusiastic train!

XII.

Full many a seer of the incipient syrup
Is lost to poor Nob Kishen,[7] —in five minutes,
By horses' hoofs and desolating stirrup,
And Moolk ke Malicks,[8] tramping all within it's
Precluding fence.—Oh! had the Baboo seen it's
Destruction—he'd have wished them—at the devil!
Though, probably,—according to their tenets,
He would, politely, have suppressed the evil,
And said "*'Twas all their own,*" and been—extremely civil.[9]

XIII.

The jackal got a-head—by this manœuvre,
And o'er a grassy, undulating plain
His course kept on,—the hounds escape the cover,
And the bold huntsman clears the fence.—Again
Their hopes are fired, and every nerve they strain.
Randy o'ertops the twigs, and, by his side,
Tom his first leap is anxious to attain.
(We said, before, he'd not been taught to ride,
Nor leap, of course—nor aught to horsemanship allied.)

XIV.

Ill-fated youth!—how vain are all thy struggles
To clear the bar—thy smart flea-bitten horse,
At his first rise—among the switches boggles,
And throws thee!—(had he not the least remorse?)
Over his head,—with such impetuous force,
That on thy pericranium (fortunate
That it was there—the thickest part, of course,)
Thou fall'st. Oh! love of sport inordinate
That leads thee, headlong, to inevitable fate!!

XV.

And there our hero lay—so tranquilly,
That his companions fairly thought him dead;
And knowing *they* were not so,—Frank—Willy,
And George, from our poor sprawling youth all sped,
For by this time the hounds were far ahead:
"How can we loiter?"—"We shall be thrown out."
"Not in, too, at the death!"—this many said,
With—"What's the use of stopping—when, no doubt
"Remains that poor Tom's vital spark's been clean blown out?"

XVI.

We—being more compassionate,—will rather
Stay by our lifeless friend till,—out of breath,
Randy and all returning, haste to gather
His fate—and come in at a second death.
His friends shook Tom so hard, he cried out—"s'death!
"I'm living still—don't shake me in that manner;"
And, jumping up, and feeling ribs and teeth
To see that all was sound, gave every one a
Shake of the fist, and then, immediately began a

XVII.

"Southerly wind,—wind—and a cloudy sky—e
"Proclaims a hunting morn"—and sung it through;
And if, kind readers, you should ask me why he
Who fell and lost the sport, so sportive grew?
We 'll tell you—he was monstrous glad to view
His friends again, and—hungry for his breakfast,
When, under ground; low laid, full six feet two,
He might have been,—Death busied him to make fast,
And the worms busied, too, their dinner to partake fast.

XVIII.

'Twas well for him — and us, who write his history,
That Tom escaped — for, otherwise, his fate
Would have been settled, and a doleful mystery
Hung o'er our tale — quite as unfortunate!
But he's as brisk as ever, — we as great,
And just as well prepared to introduce
Our hero to a splendid ball of state,
Given at the Government House. — Whereat our muse
Plumes her bright wing, and pants to shew its lively hues.

XIX.

How many bosoms pant exultingly
As various passions agitate the mind,
These fetes to view — while one expects to see
More in them of a character refined,
Another yawns, with every thought confined
To — how much happier he would be at home,
A longing preference to be left, — behind,
In all the stillness of his sleeping room,
And darkness visible of a Cheraug's pale gloom.

XX.

But let us from our moralising strain
Turn — to the ball-room — a far brighter theme,
Where festive sport and music's cheering reign,
And beauty sparkles in the lustre's beam;
Where fashion, swelling to the last extreme,
Displays her rainbow hues and waving plumes,
Where pearls their softness shew, and gems their gleam,
And roseate oils emit their rich perfumes,
Scattering a thousand sweets along the lordly rooms.

XXI.

Here we could dwell for ever on the charms
Of nature, though in whalebone trusses set,
Though the long waists instil us with alarms
Lest they — descending, — may grow longer yet;
And Taste her Grecian elegance forget;
Though silken locks, in cork-screw curls confined,
Bobbing with every turn of the poussette,
Should lose their classic wave and braid behind,
And be — too stiff, in short, to tremble in the wind.

XXII.

Though manly moulds and Herculean shapes
Are frittered into wasp-like breadth of waists,
And, from the staring prominence of capes,
Men look like women — *en profile* — with breasts;
Though Brutus heads are now, no longer, tests
Of fashion, and flat pasting down of locks,
In formal cut, the human skull invests;
Though bulging hips again the vision mocks
With female attributes, — and — altogether shocks;

XXIII.

We, like your showmen who've a great variety
Of things t' exhibit at a country fair,
Must often shift, — lest we provoke satiety,
And, with fresh food, the appetite insnare;
The regal throne[10] be, then, our choicest care,
Which one who knew well how to fill it raised;
It made us hum-drum Asiatics stare
At first a little, but the Lord be prais'd,
We kept dead silence, or we might have been disgraced.

XXIV.

Beneath a canopy, the chair of state
Reposes in magnificent array,
And on it sits —if the occasion's great,
The Ruler of the East, with princely sway,
Such as investitures of knights, — and gay
Processions issuing in some long address,—
Annual examinations on the day
Fixed for the College students, — where much stress
Is laid on talent — and the same on idleness.

XXV.

But on festivities — a semicircle
Of chairs, below the throne, appears, where sit
On either side the chief — and with a smirk all
The Counsellors and Judges, as befit
The country's best support — its props to wit;
And, as the parties come, their salutations
Are thitherward directed — when they split,
And, without any further molestation,
Perambulate the rooms, or fix upon their stations.

XXVI.

At length the fiddles scrape, and the bassoon
With the band mingling, to the dance provoke;
And aides-du-camp, at the inspiring tune
Start up the Burrah Bibbees to invoke
To lead the festive set — the shawl and cloak
Give to th' admiring gaze the charms they veiled;
Then struggle the bon-mot, the laugh and joke,
And pretty nonsense opes her ample field,
And all with harmony the happy moments gild.

XXVII.

The company, of course — is most select,
It should be so, at such a place as this ;
But folks are seen who you may ne'er expect
To see at other houses — and ne'er miss.
For instance the Armenians,(11) — and it is
Quite droll to mark their very odd costumes ;
The women with a jewelled crown a piece,
And muslin robes which every tint assumes,
Extremely fat and fair, and — stinking with perfumes.

XXVIII.

The men — forgive us, readers, if we hurt
Your coyness — for truth oft its limit stretches,
Wear aprons — which resemble much the shirt
Hanging most awkwardly outside their breeches,
Which give to decency some awkward twitches ;
But 'tis their custom — and here custom reigns
Quite undisturbed in cut of habits — which is
Convenient enough — when one complains
Of annual varying modes in Fashion's fickle trains.

XXIX.

Tom was quite thunderstruck at such a sight,
And felt a very kind, good-natured wish
To put them on their guard, and set them right ;
He did so to the nearest — who cried, — "Pish !"
Which made Tom fancy him a queer odd fish.
Old Carapiet — well tempered in the main,
Ran into conversation — "He vas rish,"
And Tom stood, list'ning till — the sweeping train
Of an unhappy dancer roused the youth again.

TOM RAW'S MISFORTUNE AT THE BALL.

Published by R. ACKERMANN, 96 Strand, London.

XXX.

For, so it happened — his unlucky foot
Trampled, unwittingly, upon her flounces,
And, as the music played, and she bobb'd to 't,
The severed muslin the mishap announces,
And, angrily, the panting fair one bounces,
Half crying at the awkwardness of Tom,
Who, when he turns about, and — the poor gown sees,
And calculates — of what it cost — the sum,
Startles — as if assailed by fizzing shell or bomb!

XXXI.

" I beg your pardon, ma'am, — I'm much to blame,
" I'm quite — confounded — shocked," our hero cries;
The maiden's face was in a perfect flame,
And it shot forth in lightning from her eyes.
Poor Tom was also quite in agonies;
Yet still the silvered lancer points his toe,
And still the pliant fair ones sink and rise;
Still figuring in the air, the quivering beau
Is seen to hang, reluctant to descend below.

XXXII.

We 've said enough, we think, on such occasions,
'Twere tedious more to dwell upon a ball,
Which every where's the same — the same collations,
Whether in princely bower, or the Town Hall,
Dainties and sparkling wines — on which folks fall,
After their exercise — then recommencing
On light fantastic toe till three — when all
Who, sitting up so late, find recompense in,
Retire; — much earlier if they've heads with any sense in.

XXXIII.

To sober natives, this great love of dancing
In Europeans seems a foolish thing,
People who pay the nautch girls for their prancing,
And keep whole bands to caper or to sing;
Fancy a baboo in a Highland fling,
His fat sides shaking with the execution,
Or Rajah to a Ranny poussetting!—
Why,—they'd lose caste! — whole ages of ablution
Would not wash out the stain, or scrub out the pollution.[12]

XXXIV.

Of all our galas — playful masquerades
Astound them most — great men inferiors aping,
Who, out of frolic, court deception's shades,
As punches cap'ring, or as fiddlers scraping,
And round the mimic group their gambols shaping;
They deem it the excitement of a trance —
Some periodical delirium — gaping
And calling it — as fearfully they glance,
"Paugul ke nautch" — in English tongue — the Madman's Dance!

XXXV.

One often turns from one play to another,
Like children from their toys, — or butterflies
From sweet to sweet — variety is worth a
Million — and some new thing to set one's eyes
Upon, when, satiated, one utters sighs
Over a tedious gaze — is very pleasant.
One therefore, when tired of assemblies, tries
The theatres, where loud-mouth'd fame encrescent,
Blows her sonorous trump, and bids us all be present.

XXXVI.

For P—lm—r[13] acts — as Garrick did of old,
With half his years, but quite as much of force,
Crying, in tones as monarch-like and bold,
" A horse! — a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"
Amidst a thunder of applause — of course.
O'er Indian boards the mimic dishes spread,
A *Curry*[14] piquant from its rich *Kean* sauce,
His voice monotonous, and awkward tread,
Were praised and clapp'd whene'er Othello clapp'd his head.

XXXVII.

There was an amateur 'twas thought did play fair,[15]
And much our Henderson of old resemble,
In Shakespeare's bloated knight — nay claims to lay fair,
Of beating off the boards — fat Stephen Kemble.
But we pronounce him with the *deux ensemble,*
Such his great strides in histrionic art,
Nor do we at the critics' frownings tremble,
When such opinion we may dare to start,
They *acted* Falstaff — he was Falstaff soul and heart.

XXXVIII.

So W—l—n[16] made a monstrous good essay
In imitating our performers comic,
Of talents such as his we cannot say
Too much, though of our praise we're economic.
His humour acts on us, as acts a tonic,
When spirits flag and nerves are out of order,
And the blue devils, with their fangs satanic,
Stir up our bile — at W—l—n each marauder
Decamps and frees our intellects of all disorder.

XXXIX.

Such are our oriental amateurs,
As eminent upon — as off the stage,
You'd be delighted had you them at yours,
But they have been with us enough the rage
To make us pause, and we'll not stuff the page
With more about them,—let it then suffice
That Tom went there, his tedium to assuage,
And satisfied his greedy ears and eyes,
And clapped and yelled so loud, he filled them with surprise.

XL.

The theatre, with "utile and dulce,"
Amidst a group of mimic bass relievos,
(Which, if you look above, most clearly you'll see,)
Is large enough — *sans crowding* to receive us,
A feeling, in these tropic climates grievous,
And a drop scene, most excellently painted,
By one whose portraits generally leave us
Quite in the dark, what being's represented.
For heavenly works on earth we fear he'll not be sainted!

XLI.

Of all amusements, plays are most agreeable,
When theatres are good, and actors act well,
And when it's so arranged that we're to see able,
Not too much jamm'd, but, altogether, pack'd well;
The parts well conned, and principals are back'd well,
And scenes to look like what they're meant for. — These
Are quite essential to divert and please,
And give th' assembled crowd full change for twelve rupees!

XLII.

One evening Tom was sitting, dull and *triste*,
Twirling his thumbs, — not knowing what to do;
A sound of drums was heard, which much increased,
Mixed with discordant notes — the windy blow
That from cracked trumpets seemed, as crack'd to flow,
And frantic shouts from multitudes in motion,
" What — in the devil's name, is all this row?"
Quoth Tom; " it seems as if the roaring ocean
" Were bursting o'er its banks—some mischief, I've a notion?"

XLIII.

" Oh! no" — his friend replied — " 'tis the Ramzaun,[17]
" That makes the Mussulmauns look out aghast
" For the new moon's scarce yet distinguished horn,
" That pale thin courier of a whole month's fast,
" Yet wishing mightily the sky o'ercast,
" That — for another day — they might devour; —
" But cloudy firmaments can't always last,
" Th' increscent orb will come — to mark the hour
" Of nightly meals, o'er which her brother Sol's no power.

XLIV.

" The season, unpropitious to starvation,
" Increases hunger by its over-roasting,
" And woefully demands alleviation
" Of thirst intense, — after a daily posting;
" Yet may the stomach growl, — they have a boast in
" Denying its appeal: — a drop of water,
" Though near the Gunga's[18] saintly current coasting,
" Would bring perdition on a son or daughter
" Of Mahomet, if Phœbus pounced on him — or caught her.

XLV.

" Hassun and Hossain (grandsons of the Prophet)
" Cause woeful thumps upon the tawny breast,
" And an eternal repetition of it,
" While names so sacred are as oft expressed,
" Both outward symptoms of a soul distressed.
" The Dholes[19] are banged, the Sungs[20] set up a cry,
" And the green banner flutters to the West;
" Marching in mourning garments, they pass by,
" To shew assembled crowds their blest fidelity."

XLVI.

" Randy," — our hero cried — " I feel inclined
" To wander 'mongst these riotous processions."
" Come then," his friend replied — " if you've a mind;
" And, as we walk, I'll give you some more lessons
" In Mussulmaun affairs — I have some fresh ones." —
So off they went, and, in the Chitpore road,
Where best they're seen upon these grand occasions,
They halted, while the frantic current flowed
In numbers numberless — the customary mode.

XLVII.

" What may these painted temples be," exclaimed
Our hero — " carried on those fellows' shoulders,
" At which the people gaze ? — You have not named
" Them — behold how they tickle the beholders —
" What are yon peacocks ? studded thick with gold as
" Those nautch girls' dresses as at Churbee Doss's;
" Those glittering hands — come, come, you have told us,
" And what are those enormous red-tailed horses,
" And crescent dazzling as the glowing sun it crosses."

XLVIII.

" They are the Tazias[21] — varying in devices.
" Some high, some low — some splendid elevations,
" Some humbly covered, others that surprise us
" With gold and silver tinsel corruscations,
" According to their owners' ranks and stations.
" Borne on the shoulders of some thirty fellows.
" A curious passenger the crowded way shuns,
" For of pre-eminence they're very jealous,
" As magistrates' proceedings — and the Thannah's[22] tell us.

XLIX.

" They're bound to sacred shrines, where rest the bones
" Of Shah[23] revered, beneath a Durga[24] holy,
" Where oft most mournful and most melancholy,
" Are heard the Molvy's[25] and the Mulla's[26] groans,
" And, when arrived these monuments of folly,
" The imitative burial commences,[27]
" (I've seen a famous one at Comercolly)
" And mounds of earth are piled, as the pretence is,
" To typify famed Mecca, which — a great way hence is."

L.

But, as we hate discussions as we hate
The devil — most particularly if
They turn on trivial subjects, and create
A tiresome deal of editorial tiff,
Which, after all, — like a tobacco whiff,
Evaporate in very useless smoke,
With such we'll load not our pindaric skiff,
But leave *scribendi cacoethes* folk,
To prose on, as they please — in earnest or in joke.

LI.

The friends, then homewards, (having seen enough,)
Returned: but Tom said, " Tell me, I implore,
" Some more of Moslem faith, and all that stuff,
" I'd like with Indian rites my mind to store,
" I'm mighty fond of mythologic lore!" —
" You'd better store it with the vulgar tongue;
" Indian mythology is nothing more
" Than cut-glass beads — most miserably strung,
" Fit only to amuse the thoughtless and the young.

LII.

" But since you will it — *Shubberauts*[28] ordain
" A decent nightly service for the dead,
" Though once restricted to their heroes slain,
" Whom Mahomet, to death or victory led,
" In one encounter — from his sainted head
" A tooth, (perhaps not over sound or white,)
" Was, by a foe knocked out — (so it is said)
" Which gave conception to the sacred rite
" Practised — e'en now — on this commemorative night.

LIII.

" 'Tis fanciful enough! — and shews how great
" His niceness — how well-*bred* his followers,
" To signify, by soft and pulpy cate,
" The painful state of toothless swallowers;
" 'Twas not like hardy men, the wallowers
" In blood and war: they bound themselves to make
" With flour and cheenee[29] — in a hollow vase,
" Some hundreds of a masticative cake
" For beggars and fakeers,[30] in charity to take.

LIV.

“ And the remembrance of the rotten tooth
“ Of Mahomet still consecrates the bread,
“ While trembling age and animated youth
“ Extend it as mementos of their dead
“ Of every kin. — Of families, the head,
“ Mothers, and sons, and daughters, sisters, aunts,
“ Are mumbled over, when deposited,
“ By priests itinerant, who, in their jaunts,
“ Are amply recompensed for their unmeaning chants.

LV.

“ 'Tis strange that Abraham's filial sacrifice
“ Should be revered among the sacred rites
“ Of Moslem faith — yet, every fact — as nice
“ As in our holy book, the Seer indites
“ And claims their care. — A headless kid requites
“ A load of sin — and millions of fakeers,
“ The Buckree Ede[31] invitingly excites
“ To feed and gobble with their bare compeers,
“ Kyratee[32] being blessed by all their Shaiks[33] and Seers.

LVI.

“ Though Mahomet the sparkling goblet filled
“ With wine Sherauz,[34] which to others he denied;
“ There are who in the Koraun[35] ably skilled,
“ Make salvos, their contempt of it to hide,
“ And stronger drink — to *wine* quite unallied,
“ Roll — unpolluting — down their thirsty throats,
“ In many a fierce inebriating tide.
“ A man of *spirit* this distinction notes,
“ And the great author — most sophistically quotes,

LVII.

" To bear him out in following what he wishes :
" And I have known Nabobs their bellies cram
" With many of the saints' forbidden dishes,
" Waillaitee[36] mutton, styling — Yorkshire ham ;
" And freely eating — what his soul must d—mn,
" If he the true faith owns. — But, if he rich is,
" His deviation from it is a flam ;
" 'Tis the poor wretch without a rag of breeches,
" And starving, who of conscience only feels the twitches.

LVIII.

" He was — in most opinions — not a saint,
" Howe'er he might be thought so by his friends ;
" But admirably political, to paint
" A sensual paradise to gain his ends
" On sensual multitudes. — One oft attends
" To doctrines, in this world, that suit one's fancies ;
" Yet, though denied *earth's* equal dividends,
" Hoories[37] were promised, wine and wealth, and — dances
" To all who faithfully believed his necromancies.

LIX.

" These joys anticipating, nothing doubting,
" The armies of the faithful fought like devils,
" No longer for Earth's meagre comforts pouting,
" Nor apprehension of terrestrial evils :
" Much though they suffered here, they couldn't conceive ills
" Would counterbalance their delicious hopes ;
" They'd rather — if the truth were uttered, leave ills,
" To plant imaginary ladder ropes,
" And scale the highest heavens, despite their mighty scopes."

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE SIXTH.

Note 1, page 140, line 2780.

By bell-mouthed hounds——

A subscription pack of hounds kept by the sportsmen of Calcutta.

Note 2, page 141, line 2809.

"*The sun is fairly up—we'll be at Barrackpore.*"

A beautiful spot on the Calcutta bank of the river Hooghly, about sixteen miles from the city, ascending the river. The cantonments of two battalions of native infantry are here, and a park and country house belonging to the Governors-general. Immediately opposite it, is the Danish settlement of Serampore. More of this hereafter.

Note 3, page 142, line 2828.

But soon a lurking gheedur caught their view.

A jackal. This animal affords as good sport almost as a fox. The Indian fox is similar in form to reynard of the West, but is exceedingly small.

Note, 4 page 142, line 2839.

The whipper-in is seen his lash to ply.

This post, as well as that of huntsman, is undertaken by young men of considerable official rank. It has, we believe, been filled by magistrates and judges of the chief court of judicature in the East.

Note 5, page 142, line 2843.

Emerging from a cate ——

A crop of grain.

Note 6, page 142, line 2845.

Shrill sounds the horn, and all the dewy plains look gay.

" Serena smiles, and all the world looks gay."

Note 7, page 143, line 2856.

Is lost to poor Nob Kishen ——

Name of a native.

Note 8, page 143, line 2858.

And Moolk ke Malicks——

" Masters of the country," a designation used by inferiors to European gentlemen.

Note 9, page 143, line 2863.

And said, " 'Twas all their own," and been — extremely civil.

Or, " every thing we possess is your property, and you have a right to do with it what may seem best to you." A servile mode of address characteristic of the natives. When a native is ordered to be punished, he exclaims, " It is the gentleman's will — his pleasure." — When soliciting favour, he says, " You are my father and mother.—God is above, and you below," &c. &c. &c.

Note 10, page 146, line 3058.

The regal throne be, then, our choicest care.

This throne is in the ball-room, above the Marble Hall. It was erected by Lord Wellesley. It is used only on state occasions.

Note 11, page 148, line 3094.

For instance, the Armenians ——

There are a great many opulent and respectable Armenians settled in Calcutta, their wealth originally acquired in mercantile pursuits. Their complexions are very fair, and their features Jewish. The men wear a costume like the English, with a few exceptions, viz. no neckcloth, a short white cloth apron, a black velvet cap resembling a bishop's mitre, with several points. The women are distinguished by tiaras wholly composed of jewels, very brilliant and costly. Some of them, when young, are handsome. On the news arriving in this country of the late king's recovery from the melancholy attack of insanity with which he was visited, one of the principal Armenians released all the debtors in the Calcutta jail; for which benevolent act our gracious monarch sent him his picture, surrounded by large diamonds, which the grateful Armenian wore on all great occasions suspended round his neck.

Note 12, page 150, line 3152.

Would not wash out the stain, or scrub out the pollution.

The natives consider dancing a great degradation. An anecdote in point is told of Sujah Dowla, when present at an English ball. After looking at the gentlemen and ladies dancing for some time, he turned to his host, and said: "You had better send away your dancers, and I'll call in mine;" conceiving it impossible that dancing was performed by any but professional people.

Note 13, page 151, line 3171.

For P—lm—r acts—as Garrick did of old.

A young amateur performer, whose acting is greatly admired.

Note 14, page 151, line 3177.

A Curry *piquant from its rich* Kean *sauce.*

Another very promising amateur performer, who was a close imitator of the famous Kean.

Note 15, page 151, line 3180.

There was an amateur 'twas thought did play fair.

Of all our amateur performers, this gentleman stood unrivalled, even by the best professional actors that ever graced the London boards. He was said, by the best judges, to perform Falstaff better than Henderson or Stephen Kemble.

Note 16, page 151, line 3189.

So W—l—n made a monstrous good essay.

The most versatile in his talents of all; and, like Garrick, he might have been painted between Tragedy and Comedy.

Note 17, page 153, line 3233.

—— *" 'tis the Ramzaun."*

A Mussulmaun festival. This sect is forbidden to eat or drink during the day-time while the festival lasts, which is a month.

Note 18, page 153, line 3248.

" Though near the Gunga's saintly current coasting."

The Ganges.

Note 19, page 154, line 3256.

" The dholes are banged" ——

Drums.

Note 20, page 154, line 3256.

—— *the sungs set up a cry.*

A kind of trumpet.

Note 21, page 155, line 3278.

" They are the Tazias — varying in devices."

The name of the effigies carried about.

Note 22, page 155, line 3286.

—— the Thannah's tell us.

The watch-house.

Note 23, page 155, line 3288.

" Of Shah revered" ——

A priest or saint.

Note 24, page 155, line 3288.

—— beneath a Durga holy.

The burial-place of a saint.

Note 25, page 155, line 3290.

" Are heard the Molvy's" ——

A religious preacher.

Note 26, page 155, line 3290.

—— and the Mulla's groans.

A religious preacher.

Note 27, page 155, line 3292.

" The imitative burial commences."

The Mussulmauns pile up mounds of earth in imitation of the tomb of Mahomet, with shouts of wailing, and then throw the Tazias into the Ganges, or some pool of water near a Durga.

Note 28, page 156, line 3314.

" But since you will it — Shubberauts ordain."

Night festival.

Note 29, page 156, line 3329.

" *With flour and cheenee — in a hollow vase.*"

A kind of coarse sugar.

Note 30, page 156, line 3331.

" *For beggars and fakeers, in charity to take.*"

Holy pilgrims, or beggars.

Note 31, page 157, line 3347.

" *The Buckree Ede invitingly excites.*"

Festival of the Goat.

Note 32, page 157, line 3349.

" *Kyratee being blessed*" ——

Charity.

Note 33, page 157, line 3349.

——*by all their Shaiks and Seers.*

A religious title.

Note 34, page 157, line 3351.

" *With wine Sherauz, which to others he denied.*"

A town in Persia, famous for its wine. We have tasted it very old, and thought it palatable. It is a dry white wine, and has much of the flavour of raisins.

Note 35, page 157, line 3352.

" *There are who in the Koraun ably skilled.*"

The holy book of the Mussulmauns.

Note 36, page 158, line 3362.

" *Waillaitee mutton, styling — Yorkshire ham.*"

Waillaita literally means Europe, but is applied by natives to European articles: so " taza waillait," or new from home, may well designate a Griffin or Johnny Newcome.

Note 37, page 158, line 3375.

" *Hoories were promised, wine and wealth, and — dances.*

They are represented as celestial females, but of a substantial form, to console the faithful who die in the Prophet's cause.

TOM RAW, THE GRIFFIN.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

I.

The time arrives when Superstition opes
Her glitt'ring wings, and shews her tinsel hues;
And exhibitions glaring as the Pope's,
With scenes as meretricious as you choose,
Display their fooleries — of little use
At all, — but which, *au contraire,* harshly grate
'Gainst decency, and in their nonsense lose
The cause they're summoned to facilitate:
Such flippancies we very naturally hate!

II.

Yet when comparisons are made between 'em
And Romish carnivals and masquerades,
One cannot wonder (those, at least, who've seen 'em),
That folly these poor wretches so pervades,
Groping blind-folded 'mong the murky shades
Of ignorance — when just as senseless pranks
Are play'd at Rome, where all distinction fades
In saturnalian revels by all ranks,
And scandalising yellow Tiber's classic banks.

III.

When famed St. Peter's is illuminated,
And rockets from St. Angelo are hurled,
(Like bulls upon the wicked fulminated,
The dread and terror of the bigot world,)
Is not the flag of folly as unfurled
As it is here? — when by confusion, riot,
And dissipation, are her vot'ries whirled? —
Religion 's with them any thing but quiet —
If you won't give us credit, — prithee, turn, and eye it!

IV.

Our hero hugely longed for Hindoo nonsenses,
As children do for cakes and gingerbread;
And 'twas no wonder such a funny sconce as his
Should turn on them like those in India bred:
The spark of folly oft will singe a head
That to her cap and balls is predisposed;
Tom was by her, not as a stranger — led,
And all her merriments to see — disposed,
Well then — to Randy he, his anxious plea proposed.

V.

Quoth Randy, — " As I'm now completely in for it,
" Hindoo mythology I will recite,
" But hope, in doing so, I may not sin, — for it
" Unrobes Idolatry's unhallowed rite,
" But it will throw some little sort of light
" Upon these worshippers of plural deities, —
" Above three hundred million — as they write,—
" Yet still this host (enormous as you see it is),
" All adoration crave — ay! — on whatever plea it is.

VI.

" But — to proceed, upon the wild tradition
" Of Madam Doorga[1] — 'twill my prowess shew,
" And of my learning be an exhibition."
Tom answered with a quick assenting bow.
" But you must bear with me as on I go
" Through the grave history of your selection;
" Sober I'd wish to be — serious, and slow,
" To speak with solemn tone and circumspection
" Of Indian research and critical connexion.

VII.

" Once on a time, of giant gods renowned,
" Doorgu's,[2] exalted in celestial spheres,
" His empire held, by bloody conquest crowned;
" Three worlds he vanquished — followed by the tears
" Of throneless potentates, who countless years
" Were doomed, 'midst gloomy forest haunts, to hide
" Their abject heads — while, with unwonted fears,
" Their blooming queens to worship him complied,
" Obedient to the call of his o'er-bearing pride.

VIII.

" Religion was abolished at his nod,
" And pious Brahmins[3] sorrowful forsook
" The worship of each venerated God,
" Shut up their Vedas,[4] and renounced the book;
" Alarmed — the playful source of every brook
" Turned from its wonted channel — Fire lost heat,
" And all the trembling stars, at his stern look,
" From sight retired — for Doorgu held his seat
" Within an ebon cloud, that shadowed his retreat.

IX.

" The baneful influence of the giant showered
" From out his airy palace ; — yielding trees
" Unseasonably budded, bloomed, and flowered,
" And fruits were ripened by a feverish breeze,
" Before their time, his fantasy to please :
" All nature, labouring at his mad command,
" Strained her exhausting powers to give him ease,
" And, at his daily calls, th' impoverished land
" Was sinking fast beneath his subjugating hand !

X.

" No longer could the gods unmoved remain,
" Nor fearless view the horrors of their state,
" To Shivu[5] all with one accord complain,
" And against Doorgu's bondage remonstrate,
" (It was ordained so by resistless fate.)
" He heard their prayers, and — prithee, Tom, forgive me,
" If I break out amidst the troubles great
" Of heavenly things — I must awhile relieve me
" From epic fetters, or shall lose my wits, believe me.

XI.

" What think you followed ? — doubtless that he summoned
" His parliament, and placed the case before 'em,
" And when he saw the grave assembly come, and
" Settle themselves like justices at quorum,
" Spout like a Roman senator at Forum !
" But no — he did — what all men would, who've spouses
" That rule the roast, and love extreme decorum,
" He begged his wife's assistance — (this arouses
" Pride feminine — 'tis always so in married houses.)

XII.

" He heard their prayers ! and straight Parvutu[6] sought,
" His lovely queen, — twice wedded — twice adored,
" Who, from her youth, in necromancy taught,
" Was fitted best to wield th' avenging sword,
" And bade her to the task. — The mandate heard,
" Parvutu, with obedience meek complied,
" Yet strove with wily arts — (as lures a bird
" The cunning fowler) to subdue his pride ;
" So ladies clothe in smiles the fell intent they hide.

XIII.

" Arrayed in loveliness that mocks the power
" Of mortal pen to trace, she quick ordains
" Fair Kalu-Ratree[7], — fresh as summer flower,
" When bathed in pearly dews or gentle rains,
" To seek the giant's haunts among the plains,
" And with her beauties to enthral his soul ;
" Deeming that female blandishment attains
" O'er savage bodies more complete control
" Than the assassin's poniard or a poisoned bowl.

XIV.

" Yet were her beauties scorned ! — unmoved by arts
" Of fascination, Doorgu's fierce commands
" Were sent to seize this vanquisher of hearts.
" But, in a moment, by Parvutu's hands,
" To ashes were reduced his myriad bands ;
" And now full thirty thousand giants rose
" Against the goddess and her magic wands,
" Who, — on herself, to ward away their blows,
" A body-guard of twice five hundred arms bestows."

XV.

" Ah! me — a goddess with a thousand arms! —
" When two in women are most dreadful weapons
" To tear out eyes, or guard assaulted charms,
" Inflicting very grievous wounds, and deep ones,"
Cried Tom; " the thought alone's enough to keep one's
" Blood curdling.' — Randy said — " So runs the story;
" Thus armed — th' unequal enemy she cheapens,
" Each arm supports a sword of dazzling glory,
" And loud she laughs at all his giants grim and gory."

XVI.

Our hero seemed aghast—and turned from red
To a pale pink, and then from pink to white;
His eyes were rolling wildly in his head,
And his teeth chattered purely out of fright:
" Upon my soul"—he gasped, " I see her — quite
" Distinctly — look! — look! — there — upon a cloud
" She rides, and all her thousand arms in sight! —
" Lord, how the vixen swears, — and cursed loud!
" She's a virago — and abominably proud!"

XVII.

While Tom was in the imaginary trance,
Randy looked round, for though he neither saw
Nor heard the goddess, he observed, by chance,
A milliner but late arrived from France,
With brandished arms and open tongue advance,
Scolding, like mad, because he had returned
Some flowered cambric handkerchiefs. — The glance
At once revealed the spectre Tom discerned,
Which vanished when Madame from out the room was turned.

TOM RAW MISTAKES A FRENCH MILLINER FOR A HINDOO GODDESS.

XVIII.

Randy went on.—" Her spirits came—but not
" Those little bustling feelings that in man
" Are sometimes raised by wine—as in a sot,
" Who sucks in valour from a brimming can;
" Nor are depressed, as in the case of Nan,
" Deserted by her faithless village swain,
" Looking dejected, sorrowful, and wan:
" But spirits—little devils—a whole train
" Of most incongruous imps, her magic to sustain.

XIX.

" Their names would fill a decent pocket volume,
" But suit not with the terseness of my tale;
" I'll just however give you a short column:
" Foul-mouthed—malicious scab—pestiferous gale,—
" Terrific-eyed—pig-faced—and tiger-nail,—
" Then, from her body flies a thousand brands
" By different names distinguished—such as—hail,
" Thunder,—and lightning—smoke dry—bloody hands,
" Of horrid countenance—cow-faced, and—scatter-brands!

XX.

" The goddess having—as I said before,
" Brandished her weapons,—on her victim prest,
" And e'er he could his muddled sense restore,
" Placed her light foot upon his iron breast;
" Some say she sat down squat, and sore distrest
" His heaving lungs—what was her actual station,
" I know not—but my version is the best,
" I think, as smacking less of ostentation,
" And a more modest triumph o'er her foe's prostration.

XXI.

" After a grievous struggle, Doorgu burst
" His female bonds, and, rising in a fury,
" Parvutu's thousand swinging long arms curst,
" And, being resolved her tender nerves to flurry,
" Assumed a hatee's[8] semblance in a hurry,
" Large as a kibet mountain, and prepared
" The startled Queen ungallantly to worry,
" Who, at the metamorphosis much stared,
" Rubbed both her eyes, and to the fight his prowess dared.

XXII.

" His ponderous legs she bound with cunning art,
" And with her nails (so females always fight,
" And she had full five thousand, to impart
" More mischief than a Billingsgate in spite,)
" She tore him to her very heart's delight;—
" When he, transformed into a buffalo,
" Threw mountains, trees, and stones, with all his might;
" For, as he was a very tough old beau,
" He thought that who he was he thus might make her know.

XXIII.

" But neither this availed ; a trident flew
" With long barbed points against his tawny hide,
" And reeling to and fro,—as drunkards do,
" He quickly laid his horny suit aside,
" Standing in all his majesty and pride,
" A giant with a thousand arms endow'd !
" Parvutu seized them all, and spreading wide
" Her ample wings—soar'd up beyond the cloud,
" And bore th' unwieldy god upon her pinions proud.

XXIV.

" As, in the regions of unbounded space,
" A soaring eagle cuts the yielding air,
" Grasping a ravening wolf, that, in the chase,
" Had fallen a gory victim in her snare,—
" Parvutu gripes the giant with much care,
" Then, with her utmost force, propels him down,
" Hoping to dash his brains out for her fare;
" But he had such a thick unyielding crown,
" That—(though the fall was great) 'twas sound as was her own.

XXV.

" At last an arrow to its head she drew,
" (From better bow than e'er Toxophilite
" Of Kent or Sussex, from the pliant yew,
" Or supple ash, or hard box—of a slight
" And yielding nature, ever brought to sight,)
" All muttered o'er by spells and incantations.
" With barb that Brahma once had hurled in fight,
" Filling his foes with deadly trepidations,
" And only used on most particular occasions.

XXVI.

" 'Gainst Doorgu's breast it drove.—Deep in his frame
" The weapon entered,—and the vital spark
" Belched out with clotted blood, and such a flame
" That 'twould have lit the world, had it been dark!—
" So near the butt—so very large the mark,
" One cannot give her credit for her shooting;
" But—for a queen 'twas very good,—but hark!
" How all heaven's convocation are disputing,
" Which shall most honour shew to one who's so acute in

XXVII.

" The art of giant killing!—great as Jack,
" The giant-killer—with his fee—fa—fum,—
" At Doorgu's death, sweet peace came, smiling, back,
" (It was—I'm very positive—no hum)
" The Brahmins, now again their vedas thumb,
" And sacrifices on the altars smoke;
" Her name to Doorga changed, was reckoned some
" Faint recompense—and Hindoos since invoke
" The goddess Doorga, who destroyed the tyrant's yoke."

XXVIII.

" Well done"—quoth Tom—" she was a daring woman,
" I do declare, to fight with such a giant;
" Heroines—like her—at present are uncommon,
" And, if so pitted, would most surely die on't.
" I've seen exceptions too—there's Molly—my aunt,
" Who once knocked down a very pressing lover,
" Because he wished her to be too compliant;
" But though to this alternative he drove her,
" They afterwards were married, housed, and lived in clover!"

XXIX.

Randy proposed their going to Nob Kishen
That very night, who was to give a nautch
In honour of the goddess,—Tom was wishing
That selfsame thing, and then pulled out his watch:
" 'Twill not be thought," he whispered—" a debauch?"
" Not in the least," his friend replied—" I've seen
" People of great distinction, thither search
" Amusement,—folks who very wrath had been
" To be accused of favouring pagan rites, I ween"

XXX.

" The gallant Major Longbow dines with us,
" You know"—he added—" and he doats on nautches;
" Too old a qui hi now, to care a c—se
" For English balls,—or Lacy's glees and catches,
" When Nickie[9] her shrill pipe to 'r utmost stretches,
" And graceful Munnoo[10] moves her pliant hips;
" He'll make you goddesses of all the wretches,
" And roll his goggle eyes, and smack his lips,
" And flirt the whole night with the dusky demi-reps."

XXXI.

All Chitpore road is lighted—as with gas,
In this prolific era of new lights,
London is lit—making night day surpass
In splendour—and with red mussauls invites
A motley crowd to see the Hindoo rites.
The banging Tom-toms drum monotonous,
And squeaking pipings usher in these nights
With unharmonious and discordant fuss,
Than Bedlam's maniac intonations, ten times worse.

XXXII.

For these the pampered Baboo has been lurking
Whole months at auctions, and at foreign shops,
At green glass lustres amorously smirking,
And licking at French mirrors his fat chops:
Were he as great a man as was Cheops,
He'd bargain, and he'd barter for the trifles;
Money, though plenty with him—falls like drops,
Yet—though a parting pang his av'rice stifles,
The goddess conquers, and his brimming coffers rifles.

XXXIII.

He 's rivals and competitors in plenty
To vie with him in splendour—at these fetes,
And 'tis a feather in his cap, that gent'ry
Of *high* distinction (these he highly rates)
Should eat their supper off his China plates,
And view th' interior of his massive dwelling;
Perhaps e'en more—his cunning contemplates,[11]—
He has a son, or brother, who'd be well in
The great man's office—somewhere—yet there is no telling.

XXXIV.

Imprimis—then. He feels no degradation
In aping European etiquette,
E'en in his formal cards of invitation,
(Nor in some others—we would lay a bet,
If bigotry, relaxed, would warrant it,)
Nob Kishen deals his compliments about
To all the folks, to honour his poor set
Of nautches—just as they'd be issued out
By Lady Killtime, for a London ball or rout.

XXXV.

Nob Kishen spreads his table with profusion
Of English dainties, cakes, white soups and hams,
Turkeys, ragouts, and stews, in nice confusion,
And, with rich custards, all blank spaces crams:
Then there's a heap of marmalade, and jams;
The tout ensemble admirably tells.
And plated dishes which the silver shams;
Wines such as Tulloh, at his auction, sells,
Ullaged champaigne, stale port, and corky carbonells.

XXXVI.

But we're anticipating—long before
The supper comes—To curious Europeans,
The Baboo, of tumashas, shews a store,
Foreign—but nothing like your Io pæans—
Fit only to amuse the little wee ones.
Nautches and mimics, and the rare glass-eater,[12]
(Of which one only wishes a good clearance,)
But to a native ear, what can be sweeter
Than " dil pur tukea," either in its tone or metre.

XXXVII.

Rooms are thrown open, canopies are spread,
Striped purdahs[13] hung, with blue and white cannauts,[14]
While pond'rous lustres swing above the head,
With chandeliers and shades of various sorts,
Pictures—the worst of prints—here you may find,
Purchased at auction for their—fine gilt frames;
Mirrors so bright, they strike the gazers blind;
With foreign porcelain, that our English shames;
Dazzle amidst the glare of wax and tallow flames.

XXXVIII.

Beneath the feet a snow-white cloth is laid,
Pure—till quite blackened by the tramp of men,
As all things are, by vulgar contact made
Polluted—unwiped soles will sully, when
They have been wading through the gutters—Then
Our boots and shoes, by the same token tarnish,
And oiled mussauls[15] shew stains that all can ken,
And, added to the Paun's vermilion garnish,
Dye it with various tints—light serving for a varnish.

XXXIX.

Here oval tepoys and blue china jars,
And Cleopatras lined with yellow leather,
With figure termini of bronze or brass,
And chairs — (once Clive's) are mixed confused together,
The worse for wear and inj'ry from the weather;
Long tables from the Town Hall stock of Gunter's,
And smart epergnes, and cut glass bowls that rather
Ill match with Gov'nor Hastings's decanters
And Gov'nor Varelst's most antiquated soontahs.(16)

XL.

But hark, at Nickie's voice — such, one ne'er hears
From squalling nautchnees, straining their shrill throats
In natural warblings, how it greets our ears,
And brilliant jingling of delicious notes,
Like nightingale's that through the forest floats;
She has a taste, which, under Mrs. Lacy,(17)
Would much improve (and she shall have our votes
To be her pupil, — Ma'am, she'll not disgrace ye),
Nor so excel, we think as — ever to displace ye.

XLI.

See! how invitingly the creatures dance!
What elegance and ease in every motion!
Not as the ladies do at home, or France,
So turbulent and full of strange commotion;(18)
Of this our Indian fair have an odd notion;
Their step is slow and measured — not a caper
That lifts them from the ground, — but grave devotion
To time, and suppleness of figure's taper,
It is no doubt the modestest — at least on paper!(19)

XLII.

The Indian dress too's so demure and pretty,
Contrasted with the *bareness* of our belles,
That if 'tis not adopted 'tis a pity,
When it, in grace, so very much excels
Robes that are bought where Dame Balmanno dwells.
Besides — 'tis subject to no change of fashion,
Which great extravagance and cost impels;
How many husbands would be saved a passion,
If ladies always wore the same cut dress and sash on!

XLIII.

An ample robe of fine transparent muslin
Encircling their slight forms, dependent flows,
O'er silken trowsers, hanging loose and rustling,
That scarce a little naked foot expose.
Then, from the head — down to the very toes,
A cobweb veil descends in many a fold,
(These, you may say, are curious kinds of clothes),
Trimmed with deep borders of refulgent gold,
Which now they droop, and now, fantastically hold.

XLIV.

Their hair no wreaths of gaudy flow'rs bedeck,
But, richly oiled, and neatly parted too,
Meets in a knob above, or down the neck,
Behind, falls, dangling, in a plaited cue;
(Just like — a China shoemaker's to view)
Proving th' enormous length of their jet locks;
One would much rather see them as they grew.
Tails — now-a-days, — save Highland tails, — one's vision shocks!

XLV.

What shall we say of nose encircling rings,
Or the rich pendants of the loaded ear,
Armlets, and all those curious sorts of things
That Indian females on their persons bear?
But chief the bells they round their ankles wear,
That, to the motion of their well made feet,
Jingle in cadence to the native air,
And mark the time — now solemn and now fleet,
As on the echoing floor they tremulously beat?

XLVI.

Or how describe the graceful play of arms,
Which, beautifully waving, as they move,
Reveals, at every step, a thousand charms;
Expressing terror, languishment, or love;
While their dark, speaking eyes, unceasing rove
O'er all around. — Few know the ditty's meaning:
And — to speak truth, 'tis ten to twenty you've
Not learnt the language, though — your dulness screening,
You shout applause, as if the tongue *au-fait* you'd been in.

XLVII.

See the Circassian — 'tis a pleasing sight,
With uplift arms her filmy veil is spread,
Like a transparent canopy, and light
As cobwebs on the lawn on which you tread,
Rolling from side to side her airy head
Swift as the agile roe's elastic bound;
Then, in a giddy evolution led,
Her full robes, whirling, gracefully around,
She sinks amidst her sparkling drap'ry to the ground.

TOM RAW AT A HINDOO ENTERTAINMENT.

Pub. by R. ACKERMANN, 96 Strand London.

XLVIII.

Still, to the cadence of the sprightly air,
Her supple limbs and waving head she plies;
Now, drooping forward, bows with modest care;
Now, backward bending, flash her beaming eyes;
And, midway, now her form is seen to rise,
Till, once more, standing, she resumes the dance:
And many a varied attitude she tries,
And many a winning smile, and am'rous glance,
That — lost on us — might even Mahomet entrance!

XLIX.

Their songs are not, like opera singers, thrilling,
There is not half the quivering and shaking,
Deep modulative intonations, killing,
The rush of ecstacy and bliss awaking;
But yet when nautch girls their shrill squalls are making,
" Taza be taza"[20] is a plaintive ditty,
And, if the ears are not quite stunn'd — they take in
A natural warbling exquisitely pretty—
And — can for ten rupees be got in any city.

L.

But from these scenes we must, alas! now start,
And to another (inner) chamber fly,
For what we have described 's the smallest part
Of this night's elegant festivity:
Though you may think you've had the best, yet I
Must, notwithstanding, shew you other things,
And — yet a little more, your patience try.
Lo! let us skim on Fancy's sportive wings,
And contemplate the metamorphoses she brings.

LI.

Here, in an arched recess, the goddess squats,
In different colours daubed, and overlaid
With gold and silver leaf, — One knows not what 's
The matter with her face celestial — shade
Had better suited, than the glitter made
By all the lights that, twinkling, shine before her,
She's not in beauty's softest charms arrayed,
Nor is her visage lovely — she is more a
Bold painted Jezabel — though Brahmins so adore her.

LII.

Ten arms — (a thousand had been incommodious
To give an idol, though they deck the goddess,)
Rise on each side, in attitude most odious,
Covered with tinsel gew-gaws — as their mode is,
Each holding deadly instruments of slaughter,
One " Red right hand," grasped firmly, — as they shew'd us,
A frightful spear with which, one day, she fought a
Stout battle with the giant who would fain have caught her.

LIII.

Into the centre of his trunk it pierces,
From which the blood, in gory currents, gushes ;
His look, though ghastly pale, exceeding fierce is,
He seems to shake like agitated rushes,
But — unconcerned — the poor stuck pig she pushes,
Pinned to her lance, as one would pin a spider —
Without compunction — and his entrails crushes :
When we observe the fallen god beside her,
And her indignant countenance — we can't abide her !

LIV.

And there she sits — so tranquil, bending down
Benignantly a look upon the heaps
Of motley gifts disposed before her throne;
From which the pious Brahmin heaven reaps.
Many a female goat her consort weeps,
Extended a poor lifeless sacrifice.—
What cry is half so plaintive as a sheep's,
When her young lamb, with mournful bleeting, dies;
Yet here it bleeds, to glut the savage Doorga's eyes.

LV.

And buffaloes in troops — (Alas! for ghee
How many gwallors[21] annually pine,)
Are tendered yearly, with ferocious glee,
As tributes suited to her bloody shrine,
For Hindoo Deities that may incline.
Soruta fancied that for every hair
Thus offered, as a sacrifice divine,
One year heaven's rapt'rous blessings he should share!
You may depend upon 't — they were not slaughtered bare!!

LVI.

And here, in varied hues, and rich perfume,
Garlands of flowers mix with luscious fruits,
The guava's[22] fragrance, and shereefa's[23] bloom,
And khela,[24] which the vulgar palate suits,
(The season is too early, yet, for toots),[25]
With sesamum and rice, and koosha[26] grass,
Pig-nuts, and other sorts of tender roots,
Before fair Doorga in high heaps amass.
What use to her, — poor thing of wood?—But let that pass!

LVII.

Having described the goddess's ten arms,
We must descend — Bards of our northern countries,
When they dilate upon a lady's charms,
Descending, make excuses for effront'ries,
But 'tis impossible to say, — till one tries
How well legs feminine to view are brought:
Besides, we're on a sober theme that none tries,
And in a region, where, by general vote
Legs are not forced to hide beneath a petticoat!

LVIII.

Of female legs we sing — since we must sing 'em,
In spite of all our readers may observe,
Since Madam Doorga *will* before us bring 'em
In a most graceless, unbecoming curve,
From which — like tailors' legs they never swerve.
She sits — as natives sit in this hot climate,
Cross-legged, which quite as well as couches serve,
Saved from the bare ground by a soft and high mat,
Which 'twould be great pollution, e'en in us to climb at.

LIX.

A shaggy lion — (they are found at Hansi,[27]
And towards the jungle confines of Lahore,)
Leans peacefully (for such her necromancy,
The fiercest beast will tamely crouch before
Divinity, aye, and will that adore),
Against her fair right leg. — Of sense bereft,
A giant — (for of giants she'd a score,)
Whose tough scull she 'd unmercifully cleft,
Reposes his great carcass plump against her left.

LX.

Before the goddess moves the wanton dance,
With attitudes that savour not of piety,
But rather other passions to advance,
Unfitting much for our polite society;
And, though the public justly may decry it, we
Must sing (we trust without being deemed censorious,)
An act of much admitted impropriety,
For, though it is so flagrant and notorious,
It is considered by the Hindoos — great and glorious!!

LXI.

When all the bustle of the night is o'er,
And the next morn rides on with speedy wing,—
That's, in plain English, — at the hour of four,
The lights put out, and nautch girls no more sing,
The outer crowd, vociferating ring,
Burst through the narrow door, and, — in a trice,
Scramble for every sort of offering,
And fairly sweep off every sacrifice,
Insulting Doorga with their irreligious cries.

LXII.

Would'st hear the rest? — the end of such a show
Must be surprising! — yes, it very strange is,–
The goddess to the river 's forced to go,
The sacred Hindoo stream, the sainted Ganges,
Where the rude hands of boatmen and of manjees,[28]
Plump the poor idol in the stream beneath.—
This is her end — alas! how great the change is,
From being honoured by the votive breath
Of Hindoo crowds fanatic — to a watery death!!

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

Note 1, page 169, line 3432.

" *Of Madam Doorga* ——

A Hindoo goddess.

Note 2, page 169, line 3441.

Doorgu, exalted in celestial spheres.

A celestial usurper, answering somewhat with his Satanic majesty.

Note 3, page 169, line 3450.

" *And pious Brahmins*" ——

A sect of Hindoos.

Note 4, page 169, line 3452.

" *Shut up their Vedas, and renounced the book.*"

The holy book of the Hindoos.

Note 5, page 170, line 3469.

" *To Shivu all with one accord complain.*"

The king of heaven.

Note 6, page 171, line 3485.

" *He heard their prayers! and straight Parvutu sought.*"

His queen.

Note 7, page 171, line 3496.

" *Fair Kalu-Ratree — fresh as summer flower.*"

The goddess of beauty.

Note 8, page 174, line 3570.

" *Assumed a hatee's semblance in a hurry.*"

An elephant.

Note 9, page 177, line 3651.

" *When Nickie her shrill pipe to 'r utmost stretches.*"

A very celebrated native singer of the present day.

Note 10, page 177, line 3652.

" *And graceful Munnoo moves her pliant hips.*"

A celebrated dancer.

Note 11, page 178, line 3680.

Perhaps e'en more — his cunning contemplates.

Plates, contem*plates.* The author has to apologise for many such rhymes as these, which, although allowed in French verse, are scarcely legitimate in English. Still as Boileau says, " *La rime est une esclave, et ne doit qu'obeir.*"

Note 12, page 179, line 3706.

Nautches and mimics, and the rare glass-eater.

We have heard of such in Europe, but never of one with such a voracious vitreous appetite.

Note 13, page 179, line 3711.

Striped purdahs hung ——

Screens for doors, made of woollen or other stuffs, and lined with cotton. The natives are very fond of having them of various colours intermixed.

Note 14, page 179, line 3711.

—— with blue and white cannauts.

Screens about six feet high, and as long as you choose. These are used in making enclosures to tents.

Note 15, page 179, line 3725.

And oiled mussauls shew stains that all can ken.

A flambeau.

Note 16, page 180, line 3736.

And Gov'nor Varelst's most antiquated soontahs.

A silver stick, borne in state like the chobe and assar. The servants who carry them are designated by the termination of "burdar," or carrier.

Note 17, page 180, line 3742.

She has a taste, which, under Mrs. Lacy.

A celebrated professional singer, who has for the last five years enchanted us with her warbling. It is said that some of the most opulent Baboos in Calcutta made her and her husband large offers to sing at their sets of nautches, and that their assent was only withheld by their following the advice of some of their Indian friends. Mr. and Mrs. L. sometimes engaged in the establishment of the King of Oude; but his majesty, according to report, getting very tired of harmony unsuited to his unpolished ear, and preferring the rude squalling of his own singers, made them a present, and a request that they would depart.

Note 18, page 180, line 3749.

So turbulent and full of strange commotion.

The author has here to repeat the apology contained in note 11, which the reader will please to accept in full for all offences of the same nature.

Note 19, page 180, line 3754.

It is no doubt the modestest — at least on paper!

The Indian dance, or rather slow-time movements, does not accord with the European taste, and yet there is decidedly very great grace exhibited in the joint play of legs, arms, &c. &c. &c.

Note 20, page 183, line 3822.

"*Taza be taza*" ——

A favourite Persian song in common use among the professional native singers. There is a translation of it by Sir William Jones.

Note 21, page 185, line 3871.

How many gwallors annually pine.

Cowherds.

Note 22, page 185, line 3881.

The guava's fragrance ——

A high-flavoured fruit, with a most powerful scent, the taste resembling, in some degree, strawberries. It makes an excellent jam; and baked with claret, resembles the pear in the same predicament.

Note 23, page 185, line 3881.

—— *and shereefa's bloom.*

The custard apple, a very delicate fruit.

Note 24, page 185, line 3882.

And khela, which the vulgar palate suits.

The plantain, or banana.

Note 25, page 185, line 3883.

The season is too early, yet, for toots.

The mulberry.

Note 26, page 185, line 3884.

With sesamum and rice, and koosha grass.

A soft, wiry, and fragrant grass, forming part of the usual votive offering made to Hindoo Deities.

Note 27, page 186, line 3906.

A shaggy lion—they are found at Hansi.

One of our western stations, where a branch of the Company's stud establishment is fixed. The lions are dissimilar to those of Africa, having very scanty manes, and of a duller colour. They give battle, when roused, like the tiger.

Note 28, page 187, line 3937.

Where the rude hands of boatmen and of manjees.

Master or helmsman of the boat.

TOM RAW, THE GRIFFIN.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

I.

THESE are delicious scenes to youth's light bosom,
And Tom enjoyed them very much indeed,
Hugging them tight, as if he feared to lose 'em,
As he would do a favourite dog or steed
Of some particularly famous breed:
But duty called him off, and her shrill voice,
Though — just now — grating, he prepared to heed:
Honour and martial acts had been his choice,
And in obedience he was — scrupulously nice.

II.

Genius, they say, has omens at its birth
Of various kinds — as various as it's owners,
Giving a promise to the sterile earth
Of heaven-born talents, heroism, and honours:
At Alexander's birth, the sage proponers
Of signs, observed an eagle, fluttering o'er
The god-like infant — a celestial bonus;
'Twas well that he, for their presaging lore,
Turned out a hero — as they'd prophesied before.

III.

Prediction still has ushered, in most ages,
Your great men, and there seemed some value in it,
But then we know not if these wise presages
Were really made at that auspicious minute,
Or afterwards ; — if afterwards — why then it
Materially affects a wond'rous omen :
We find none in the present period, when it
Might happen with us, as with Greek or Roman ;
Perhaps because our real heroes are less common!

IV.

But this we know — Tom would be thumbing o'er
And badly spelling Cæsar's Commentaries,
(Thinking all other classics a sad bore,)
And, in his battles, every moment were his
Eyes deeply centred — capes and promontories,
Triremes and bucklers, catapults and fasces,
Swords, helmets, armour, were brought in to share his
Daily and nightly thoughts — while guarding passes
Was practised each morn 'mongst his father's pigs and asses.

V.

This shewed his predilection for the army,
And it was well he made it his profession,
For, thinking it had every kind of charm, he
Gave quite a loose to all his soul's possession.
But, — not to follow up our long digression,
He set about, in a prodigious bustle,
To make his preparations — with a lesson
From his friend Randy — though 'twas yet a puzzle,
How he should fairly get up into the Mofussil.

VI.

Fort-adjutants are useful kind of people
In sending Griffins to their distant corps,
They hire them boats, which manjees always keep ill-
Furnished, — half rotten, and devoid of stores;
And budgerows, quite eaten by the scores
Of rav'nous worms[1] that on their bottoms feed,
(Like honeycombs their round and hollow bores.)
To *get* them — not *examine* them's their creed;
They may be good, or bad — or very bad indeed!

VII.

Then the poor boys are packed together — close
As bales of merchandise in a ship's hold,
With scarcely room to turn, which plainly shews
That it is done to keep them from the cold,
Though where *that*'s found, remains yet to be told,
When the thermometer, in such a season
Rises to ninety-five at least, — as old
Fahrenheit will prove it. — But, perhaps 'tis treason,
In print, for public evils to produce a reason?

VIII.

Th' "*incipiens puers*" being somewhat unruly
In general, — lads of metal and of spunk,
With buoyant dispositions, and — caught newly,
Might go a-shooting, gamble, or — get drunk,
If left alone — be ruined — shot, or sunk;
So they've a private tutor — not in shape
Of big-wigged domine, or frowning monk,
But of some Qui-hi captain from the Cape,
Who undertakes the job, — his boat-hire to escape.[2]

IX.

And he, who o'er th' uproarious crew presides,
(More difficult to drill than a battalion,)
Is mostly to be pitied, for he guides
The wildest rogues that ever went out sallying;
For, if he stood one moment shilly-shallying,
They'd play the very devil on th' occasion:
He might as well be prisoner a galley in,
As lead such youngsters to their destined station,
They cause such daily rumpusses and irritation.

X.

Well then you see Tom, starting in his budgerow,[3]
Down-hearted, sorrowful, and very cross,
Without the slightest breath of wind to trudge—or row,
The stream's so strong it gallops like a horse,
And he must wait, or creep along per-force,
Among the shipping, up from Chandpall Ghaut,
Lucky if, in an hour, he gains a coss,[4]
And, if he looks abroad, his eyes are caught
By the long line of city southwards, to the fort.

XI.

Which is a sight that a departing traveller
Would give the world to shut his eyes upon,
Of rent delights a wearisome unraveller,
A reminiscence-offerer of past fun.
Tom swore before a storm he'd rather run,
Despite a thump on Gunga's muddy shoals,
Then creep a snail's pace, when the morning gun
Or evening, like a knell funereal tolls,
And, on his startled ear, its echoing thunder rolls.

XII.

The regal palace,[5] on fair Hooghly's stream,
Slumb'ring he passes, the green shelving shore
Dotted with trees, that in the sunshine gleam,
With varied hues of blossoms studded o'er.
And, opposite—enchanting Serampore,[6]
Kissing the waters with her snowy walls,
Beneath the Danish ensign now, once more,
Waving its forky tail.—The fact recalls
That murderous war no longer foreign states appals!

XIII.

Here from the cares of government released,
Our Indian governors their ease enjoy,
In pleasures, by the contrast—much increased,
Their intermediate moments they employ.
Wellesley first stampt it his. He was the boy
For making ducks and drakes with public cash,
Planned a great house, that time might not destroy;
Built the first floor, prepared brick, beam, and sash,
And then returned and left it in this dismal hash.

XIV.

'Twas here, from wars returning, Hastings spent
His happiest Indian days, amidst the smiles
Of wedded love and infant blandishment,
And friendship that made light his anxious toils;
Happier in dealing justice than in spoils
Of conquered nations—he dispensed around
Blessings unnumbered, hushed dissension's broils,
And o'er oppression those fell fetters wound,
That had, for ages past, her wretched victims bound.

XV.

Fond memory —while it gives his virtues back,
Gives, too, a pang that his career is o'er,
Like a bright comet, whose celestial track
Is looked for with delight, though seen no more,
Leaving its absent brightness to deplore.
Oh ! passing deep his glory is impress'd
On the mind's tablet, by affection's score,
And fondly will the animated breast
Dwell on those visions which it loved and cherished best!

XVI.

The fleet spreads forth its canvass to the gale,
The crew are chanting, "Poorba howa dà,"[7]
And bawling manjees trim the swelling sail,
As o'er the Hooghly's stream they scud away.
Ghiretty's[8] fallen greatness, and the bay
And church of Bandel[9] speedily are past.
Buretto's dwelling at Sooksagur[10] may
Be seen, though sinking into distance fast,
And Chogda's[11] flames funereal bring them up at last.

XVII.

Tom had his letters like the other boys,
And contemplated dealing them about
Whene'er they halted, to secure the joys
Of getting from his floating prison out,
Where he had nothing done but fret and pout
After joys left behind at the metropolis,
And, passing Burhampore,[12] he gave a shout
Of pain to see a place so very populous
Left clean behind their backs—and where they might n't stop, alas!

XVIII.

But 'twas an error—which was quickly rectified
By the half-sleeping leader of the fleet,
Who his poor manjee very near electrified,
By roaring in his ear the words—" Hum peet
" Ke chumra nicklounga," in a monstrous heat;
Which, being translated, is—" I'll peel the skin
" From off your back"—a sentence not quite meet
For English gentlemen to use—or in
The Hindoos' tongue, or ours—for sober reasoning.

XIX.

I grieve to say our youngsters give this usage
To their inferiors—e'er they understand
The meaning of th' indigenous abusage,
Which, planted by the natives' iron hand,
Bears such foul weeds in this tyrannic land.
Instead of rascal, fool, or—dash my wig,
Or some such exclamations soft and bland,
They in religious prejudices dig
For epithets obnoxious, such as—" Out, you pig !"[13]

XX.

To Mr. B.'s our hero's steps were bent,
The moment he could find his newest clothes;
For, as he was the oldest resident,
He took some pains his person to dispose
In proper order,—which his breeding shews.
A lower roomed house, with verandas crown'd,
Flanked at each end by two enormous bows;
A plot of flowers, and soorkey[14] walk all round,
He, very greatly to his satisfaction, found.

XXI.

A file of silver sticks announced the host,
From his sanctorum striding,—Tom made way
Before the glittering train, in wonder lost
At Anglo-Asiatico array.
No sovereign prince, or mock king in a play,
Behaudured it more haughtily than he;
And Thomas once conceived it wrong to stay;
But then he could not recollect a plea
To offer—that might screen his importunity.

XXII.

But, as he pondered,—his broad ruddy visage
Attracted the great man, who stopped awhile.
It is the privilege of men, at his age,
To eye all over,—stare—nay even smile,
And so he did it, saying, " Who 're you—I'll
" Be much obliged if you will tell me?"—" Sir!
" I'm Ensign Thomas Raw—I've walked a mile
" From yonder budgerow—close to the bur,[15]
" And bring a letter"—(fumbling in his pocket)—" there!"

XXIII.

" Ah! from my good friend A?"—reads—" pleasure to—
" Um!—Mr. Raw—to your polite attentions,—
" Glad if you'll—um!—in some small measure to—
" Um!—favour him—a youth—um! um! pretensions.
" Going with a party of young boys—intentions—
" To join his regiment—um!—far as Mhow"—[16]
To Tom—" I find, Sir, that the writer mentions
" His interest in you"—then a formal bow,
With, " walk in, Mr. Raw"—and—" hazree jeldee low."[17]

XXIV.

'Twould be a desultory task to run
Through such a day as our young soldier spent, —
'Twas lamentably dull, devoid of fun,
And suited not to give him much content.
Fat native Baboos — out of compliment,
Paid their somniferous visits, — dozed or yawned,
And eructated, which an odour sent
Of undigested garlic — richly pawned,
Shewing wide mouths, with teeth of black and red adorned.

XXV.

Next day the Nabob of Bengal had settled
For a durbar,[18] and Mr. B. was bound
To be there, — lest his highness should be nettled,
For all courts with caprice are compass'd round.
Our hero was invited too, and found
Some sort of stimulus on the occasion,
As folks, in quakers' meetings, hail the sound
Of human voices, after a vacation
Of some hours' silence in a dozing congregation.

XXVI.

A very old, low-hanging family coach,
Built in the year one thousand seven hundred
And ninety five, now rolled up the approach,
Drawn by four horses, lank and lean and found'red,
Whose very meagre look might have made one dread
Their incapacity to pull its weight:
A gaunt firinghee[19] on the coach-box floundered,
And, on the leader, a young caffie sat,
With red and blue striped puggree[20]—serving for a hat.

XXVII.

And — drawn up — not in milit'ry array,
A body-guard, on starved tatoos, were waiting;
Their dresses scarlet, which had seen their day,
And jockey caps adorned with tinsel plating,
From which there hung dependant cow-tails, mating
With greasy trowsers, and half-tanned jack boots,
Through which great toes, like tongues, their cover hating,
Were lolling out — the lamentable fruits
Of ill-formed military establishments — and suits.

XXVIII.

Tom scarce could keep from laughing at the vehicle,
It was so droll and comical a set-out,
His risibility was felt to tickle,
And he much feared the impulse he must let out;
But he was hindered by the numerous rout
Of menials, when the resident appeared,
In calling all his Persian titles out
In Asiatic order — Jehangheered,[21]
As one might say, perhaps, — if coining words one dared.

XXIX.

The coach moved on, most heavily and slow,
Like a great coal-barge on the river Thames,
Or hearse that must a pace funereal go,
Which irks the impatience both of squires and dames.
The lash is heard to crack, but has no claims
To usefulness, — so callous are the hides
Of the poor brutes, no lash their speed inflames.
But now the Nabob's courtiers pour in tides
To greet the Burra Saib, and — Thomas Raw besides.

TOM RAW REJECTS THE EMBRACES OF THE NABOB OF BENGAL.

XXX.

Arcaded rooms, rich satin purdahs, cheeks,[22]
And squares with well-trimm'd trees and fountains fizzing,
And marigolds — the place, *without*, bespeaks;
A load of wretched prints and paintings is in
Th' interior, and the wall shades there's no missing.
There is, besides, a splendid tuckt or guddy,[23]
Studded with gems, its radiance much increasing,
On which the great man sits with intellects muddy,
And all the court assemble round him in a body.

XXXI.

Tom was presented — the Nabob advanced,
To give him — par usage — th' embrace fraternal;
But, from the hug, he shrank with fearful glance,
Deeming such salutations most infernal.
The Omrahs, at this strange demeanour, burn all
With wonder, gazing on our hero — who,
In struggling with the prince began to squall;
His sword, too, swung, and nearly ran quite through
His majesty's phouzdar[24] — who set up squalling too.

XXXII.

At this tuckrar,[25] th' attendants — knowing little
About mistakes, conceived poor Tom a spy,
Or an assassin, and unsheathed their metal,
But fell back when they found it — all my eye:
The Nabob still preserved, unchang'd, his gravity,
Though the court grinned, and Mr. B. began
To simper at our hero's want of suavity,
And all to deprecate the uncouth man,
Who from the princely arms so unpolitely ran.

XXXIII.

" I hug the filthy fellow? — no, not I,"
Cried Tom — " I think it—hang me—a disgrace;
" And if he says another word on 't,—by
" The Lord! — I'll spit in the black rascal's face!"
" Hush! hush!" said Mr. B., " regard the place
" And consequence of doing foolish things."
" Nay" — murmured Tom — " I am not of a race
" That will be slobbered o'er by native kings,
" Despite his cloth of gold and all his sparkling rings."

XXXIV.

Thus ended the Durbar, with many an oath
That he would visit native kings no more;
The fleet was ordered off, and, feeling wrath,
He scraped a cool farewell, and reached the shore,
When, in a moment, every sail and oar
Was put in requisition to make way;
And they accomplished—so 'twas said—a score
Of miles, — (but whether true I cannot say) —
Before the final close of that auspicious day.

XXXV.

Now Jungipore(26) is left — and the blue hills
Of fair Raje-mahl(27) upon the vision burst,
The sight of which Tom's mind with England fills,
And thoughts of home, by recollection nurst,
Which had not felt the slightest taint of rust.
Mem'ry is like your Dollond's spying glasses,
Reflecting, — as all spying glasses must, —
However distant, all that o'er them passes; —
'Tis a doorbeen,(28) indeed, to which optics a farce is.

XXXVI.

And at the foot of this delightful range
The fleet came to. A cook-boat had gone down,[29]
And 'twas expedient some woollacks[30] to change;
Besides, a budgerow's sail was nearly blown
To rags, and crews and manjees tired were grown.
These, it was said, were casual disasters,
Which navigators met—without a groan;
Evils which could be rectified as fast as
A scratch is healed by your diachilon plasters.

XXXVII.

They were surprised to find a hunting party
Encamped within a stone's throw from the shore,
All coming down to give a welcome hearty
To Captain Bundook[31] and his youthful corps,
Who, at the incident were pleased the more,
As they had long—in budgerows confined,
Been moped to death—unused to bonds before.
They all exclaimed the party monstrous kind,
And scampered to the tents, like chaff before the wind.

XXXVIII.

Among the rest, a gaily dressed civilian,
Whom Tom had seen with Randy in Calcutta,
Approached, and offered questions by the million,
To which he scarcely could his answers utter,
His heart was in so very great a flutter.
" I little thought to 've met you here"—at last
He said.—" No, faith"—the beau replied—" I cut a
" Poor figure here to what I did—lost caste!
" By being a Mofussilite[32]—but that's all past.

XXXIX.

" This is the only pleasure I enjoy,
" Away from the metropolis and fun;
" The zillah courts one's spirits quite destroy,
" And nothing here but mar-peet[33] causes run;
" Away from them, with horses, dog, and gun,
" My leisure time I manage to employ.
" But as the season is beginning, one
" Must think of hog-hunting,—and now, my boy,
" I'll shew you famous sport, and sport that ne'er can cloy."

XL.

" But I—alas! have not a horse to ride—
" I sold my nag to get a little ready,
" Before I left Calcutta," Thomas cried.
" Phoo!" said his friend, " I've three, there's first old Steady."
" Steady I know," bawled Tom—" and what a head he
" Carried when last we followed the deer hounds."
" Well, you shall ride him, and I'll ride miss Teddy."
" Shall I though!?—thank you kindly—but—odd zounds,
" I must ask leave!—I'd not be balked for fifty pounds!"

XLI.

The leave was asked, and—given in a trice;
Our hero quite on thorns to gather fame,
When his friend's hunter Steady, and his syce,
As ordered, to the shore-tied budgerow came.
Tom started up, in hopes of starting game,
Was mounted soon, and gallopped to the field
With his young friend,—Will Sprightly was his name,
Where, striving to discover what would yield
The smiling coverts, with wild hopes their bosoms reeled.

XLII.

Hog hunting, of all hunting bears the bell,
'Tis such a noble and courageous calling;
It *must*, indeed, all other sports excel,
Though sometimes very dangerous and appalling,
Entailing risks of being ripped up, or—falling;
But Englishmen are made of such odd stuff,
They feel a relish for the chance of mauling,
Encounters and adventures rude and rough,
And hair-breadth 'scapes, to give them stimulus enough.

XLIII.

Our Indian boars have not a curly tail
Like the fat monsters that at home we breed,
That grunt and fatten o'er the swashy pail,
And waddling through our farm yards stoutly feed:
They are quite straight, and cock—with wond'rous speed,
When their huge bristles elevate with ire,
And turning round—they squat amidst the weed,
And filth and dirt, the brambles and the mire,
With gnashing tusks and eye-balls sparkling full of fire.

XLIV.

'Tis somewhat odd to introduce a tail
As the first feature of a sporting story,
And critics may impertinently rail,
That we have placed the nauseous thing before ye;
But, in *straight* tails, the best hog-hunters glory,
And would not have them *curled* for any thing.
It is a trophy—grisly though—and gory,
That—when they hunt alone, convictions bring,
That they have bravely fought, and—conquered the grim king.

XLV.

Oh! 'tis a sight to cheer the dullest breast,
When morning's dappled birth shuts out the night,
To see the sportsman starting from his rest,
Hail, with anticipated joy, the light,
Forerunner of a day with pleasure bright;
To see him mounted on his prancing steed,
Poising his lance—dread weapon of the fight!
And pricking nimbly o'er the dewy mead.—
We must be—gentle readers—on this point—agreed.

XLVI.

A very numerous and exulting train
Of servants follow, with the sounding rattle;
For hogs delight not in its boist'rous strain,
('Tis much the same, too, with all other cattle),
And when they hear the war-hoop to the battle,
They, grumbling, quit their snug and miry hole,
Where they have lain, and listened to the prattle
Of twenty little pigs, that squeak and roll—
'Tis very cruel to disturb them—'pon my soul.

XLVII.

The readiest place to find a fierce wild hog,
Is in the reedy confines of a tank,
Or where, amidst the grassy plains, a bog
Exhibits its foul bosom, green and rank;
These shelters many a sportsman has to thank,
For here they wallowing lie, or delve for roots.—
(When roots are scarce, and boars are lean and lank,
They are the fiercest—all your rustic fruits,
And fat'ning sugar-canes, but stupify the brutes.)

XLVIII.

The tom-toms sound, the rattles[34] rend the skies,
The hog, disturbed, pricks up his pointed ear,
His bristles stand on end—his glaring eyes
Express—perhaps his rage—perhaps his fear—
And both perhaps—though that's not very clear—
However—this is certain—out he pops;
The sportsman grasps, with double force, his spear,
And gives his courser rein—who never stops,
Till, in the dread encounter, one or other drops.

XLIX.

Now is the time to have your wits about ye,
Or you will surely overrun the monster,
And he, unceremonious, hack and cut ye,
If once he makes his fierce and grisly sconce stir,
And, forward you're inclined to venture one stir.
But of his charge, the moment coolly eye,
And, to the left inclining, boldly on stir,
Then, as he passes—your exertions ply,
And at the grunting foe your murderous shaft let by.

L.

If well and scientifically aimed,
Just at the shoulder, and beside the bristle,
His fierceness, in an instant, will be tamed,
And the spear enter clean as any whistle,
For there 'twill meet no sinew, bone, or gristle,
To counteract its laudable intent;
It is the surest of all weapons missile,
And often through the belly finds a vent,
Pinning him to the ground—if forcibly 'tis sent.

LI.

Yet some there are who, inexperienced, throw
The loaded shaft, and, wounding, deeper wake
The angry passions of the wrathful foe,
Who, writhing in convulsions, tries to shake
From his tough hide the long and quivering stake;
With maddened rage oft seizing it, his tusks,
Fresh whetted for the charge, he strives to break
It,—and he craunches it like oaten husks,
Or, in some hungry mouth, well dried and crackling rusks.

LII.

Renew the war!—his wound denies him flight,
But cautiously approach, lest fury urges
The wild boar still to charge with frantic might,
When from his stupor he again emerges,
And rushes on you like the foaming surges:
Oh! if he gets beneath your startled nag,
For ever rung his last funereal dirge is;
He will not of his belly leave a rag,
But rip it open with full many a wicked jag.[35]

LIII.

With converse, such as we have now been giving,
Sprightly delights our hero, as they jog
Across the plains; and Thomas, in receiving
The lesson, fancied he could kill a hog
As easily as he could stick a frog,
So satisfied he was that he had parts;
But theory is like a puzzling fog
Enveloping an object—and one starts
When practice clears it, and the real truth imparts.

LIV.

" Zounds ! what is that ?" exclaimed our valiant hero;
" What's all that rustling just below my nose ?"
Sprightly, examining the matter near, " Oh !"
Replied he then, " A hog — Yoiks ! there he goes!
" Come on ! come on ! come on ! or we shall lose
" This royal fellow !" — and away he flew :
Tom, at his horse's heels kept following close,
His ruddy colour changing into blue,
Not knowing, from sheer apprehension, what to do.

LV.

Upon the panting hog the riders gain,
Whose grunts, redoubled, loud his rage bespeak;
And looser now is held the courser's rein,
And now the monster gives a fearful squeak,
More pallid grows our trembling hero's cheek,
When stopping — dead short — in his mad career,
The hog turns round — and they their progress break ;
Tom, who before was bringing up the rear,
Cried, " 'Pon my soul, this is no fun — that's very clear !"

LVI.

The spear was thrown, and dealt its deadly work,
The grunter fell, exhausted, on the sod :
Tom thought 'twas luck, and then began to perk
His face up, and roar out, " Rare sport, by G—d !
" Ha ! ha ! well done, my boy ! — it would be odd
" If, after this, I could not stick one too."—
And — at that instant — from his snug abode,
Another monster started into view,
And at poor Thomas with impetuous violence flew.

LVII.

Alas ! that we should be obliged to bring
Tom into such a sad predicament;
But Truth's our pole-star, and clips Fancy's wing,
Which might have given our flights more incident.
On the outrageous hog his eyes were bent,
With feelings which to fell despair incline,
Groaning, he viewed his murderous intent,
And horror made his locks — once serpentine,
Stand up, like " quills upon the fretful porcupine."

LVIII.

The steed, which was accustomed to unanimous
Feeling — on such occasions — with his rider,
Conceived our hero had grown pusillanimous,
And struggled to escape — perhaps from pride, or
Animal instinct — or for reasons wider
Than we imagine — but in his exertion
Left Tom behind him — sprawling like a spider,
Not quite well satisfied with his subversion,
Being just ten yards from the source of his aversion.

LIX.

The hog was rushing fiercely on—his latitude
Decreasing every instant — till, quite near
He stood — but, whether 'twas poor Tom Raw's attitude
Recumbent, or his hideous face, or spear,
Which he presented, is not very clear;
He sidled off, and made straightway for Sprightly;
And Tom got up — still shaking with his fear,
Convinced he ought not, after such a fight, lie
Longer upon the ground, in such a guise unsightly.

TOM RAW MOUNTS AN ELEPHANT FOR THE FIRST TIME

LX.

The blazing sun had now its influence shed
More than an anxious sportsman prudent feels,
And Sprightly had been laughing, till his head
Was aching at its irresistless peals ;
Our hero such a fund of pleasure gives,
The mirth still keeping up — excelling most in
The subject which within his cranium lives,
Alias — adventures and ill-founded boasting,
Despite his friend's unmercifully roasting.

LXI.

Upon an elephant the sportsmen get,
Not without some more fun, — for Tom decided
He would not mount one, as he'd never yet
Such huge, unwieldy animals bestrided,
'Twas such an uncouth beast, he could n't abide it :
Vain were the supplications — once to try,
Fruitless th' assurances that, when once tried, it
Would be delightful — " No, 'twas all his eye
" And Betty Martin," he declared—" he'd sooner die."

LXII.

At length, when told that he must walk on foot
Six miles at least, — the horses being sent off,—
If he refused — he thought it would not suit
Him, and, although of servitors the scoff,
Ventured to mount, despite their jeers and laugh ;
But when upon th' enormous brute once seated,
He found its paces so exceeding rough,
That he cried out amain at being so treated,
And this to Sprightly's mind the game of mirth completed.

LXIII.

To do our hero justice though, — we must
Make some allowance for his apprehension ;
None of us like, at first, our bones to trust
On such a very formidable ascension
Of fleshy mountains, — nay, nor their declension:
'Tis only when we study the good beast,
And scan his character with due attention,
That confidence in safety is increased,
And then we never fear him — no, not in the least.

LXIV.

But, haste we now to other scenes of sport,
For still our Muse on such fond themes delights,
And, as keen vot'ries of fair Dian's court,
We may be pardoned some more favourite flights,
To celebrate her fascinating rites.
Besides, our hero *says* he will require
To see a tiger-hunt, and such queer sights:
And though we do not credit much his fire,
We'll, in the following canto, feed his wild desire.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

Note 1, page 197, line 3992.

Of rav'nous worms that on their bottoms feed.

A species of worm of the most destructive nature to the bottoms of ships and vessels. The bore made by this insect is even, round, and regular.

Note 2, page 197, line 4013.

Who undertakes the job, — his boat-hire to escape.

Fleets of juvenile heroes annually pass up the country to join their respective corps, under the charge of an experienced officer. We have seen and known many youths of high birth and excellent education: of course there will be some among the number of wild and untractable dispositions, but in general they are fine, spirited boys.

Note 3, page 198, line 4023.

Well then you see Tom, starting in his budgerow.

A native accommodation boat, well suited for the navigation of the Ganges. It contains two spacious cabins, is flat-bottomed, and has from eight to sixteen oars. These boats go admirably before the wind, but drop to leeward when it is not quite aft.

Note 4, page 198, line 4029.

Lucky if, in an hour, he gains a coss.

A coss is two English miles.

Note 5, page 199, line 4041.

The regal palace, on fair Hooghly's stream.

The country-house of the Governors-general, situated on the banks of the Hooghly, and surrounded by a fine park of some miles in extent, tastefully laid out. The general face of the country in Bengal being a dead flat, the artificial undulations observed in the park give it a novel and pleasing character. The present dwelling was built by Lord Wellesley as a temporary abode while a magnificent palace was building. The basement floor had been finished, and all the materials collected, so that a small additional sum would have completed the splendid mansion. On Lord Cornwallis's succession it was abandoned, and in the following reign, such of the materials as had escaped a devouring fire in the vicinity of the depôt, and ultimately reached it, were, we believe, sold by auction for little or nothing. The walls of the house remained untouched during the administration of Lord Minto, and were only removed during the latter part of that of the Marquess of Hastings, who once contemplated the completion of the palace on a reduced scale.

Note 6, page 199, line 4045.

And, opposite — enchanting Serampore.

A Danish settlement, situated immediately opposite the cantonments of Barrackpore. We have formerly seen ships of 500 and 600 tons laying off the town, but latterly the sands have blocked up the navigation of the river for large craft, and they can only reach Ishurah, a place about four miles below it. Serampore forms a refuge for debtors.

Note 7, page 200, line 4078.

The crew are chanting, "Poorba howa dà."

Anglicè, "Give us an easterly wind;" an invocation of the native boatmen, to save them from the tediousness of rowing or tacking.

Note 8, page 200, line 4081.

Ghiretty's fallen greatness ——

There are the ruins of a French factory here; but in a few years there will be no trace of them.

Note 9, page 200, line 4082.

And church of Bandel speedily are past.

A town belonging to the Dutch, situated on the banks of the Hooghly, in a spacious bay. Chinsurah, Chandernagor, and Bandel, form almost one continued line of foreign settlements.

Note 10, page 200, line 4083.

Baretto's dwelling at Sooksagur may.

A very large and handsome dwelling on the opposite side of the river, about ten miles above Hooghly, belonging to Joseph Baretto, Esq. a native Portuguese merchant and banker of enormous wealth in Calcutta.

Note 11, page 200, line 4085.

And Chogda's flames funereal bring them up at last.

A village to which all the dead bodies of the Hindoos are brought to be burnt.

Note 12, page 200, line 4092.

And, passing Burhampore, he gave a shout.

A military cantonment for a king's regiment, about eight miles from Morshidabad, the metropolis of Bengal.

Note 13, page 201, line 4112.

For epithets obnoxious, such as—"Out, you pig!"

One of the most offensive epithets of abuse which can be used to a native, but especially to Mussulmauns, as swine were considered unclean by their prophet, and they were forbidden to eat its flesh.

Note 14, page 201, line 4120.

A plot of flowers, and soorkey walk all round.

Pounded brick, a substitute for gravel.

Note 15, page 202, line 4138.

" *From yonder budgerow — close to the bur.*"

A species of banian tree, or Ficus Indicus.

Note 16, page 202, line 4145.

" *To join his regiment—um!—far as Mhow.*"

A military station in the Company's provinces.

Note 17, page 202, line 4148.

——" *hazree jeldee low.*"

Bring breakfast quick.

Note 18, page 203, line 4159.

For a durbar ——

A native court — regal levee.

Note 19, page 203, line 4173.

A gaunt firinghee on the coach-box floundered.

The term for native Portuguese and country born, though sometimes improperly used to designate Europeans.

Note 20, page 203, line 4175.

With red and blue striped puggree — serving for a hat.

A turban.

Note 21, page 204, line 4192.

——*Jehangheered.*

Jehangheer was one of the emperors of Delhi. We know not whether we are warranted in making use of his name to express what we wish to do, but when we recollect the common use in India of behaudered and behaudering, we think we may be pardoned.

Note 22, page 205, line 4203.

Arcaded rooms, rich satin purdahs, cheeks.

Screens made of fine split bamboo, used at doors and windows to deaden the glare and prevent the sight from penetrating into the interior from without, and at the same time to admit the air to pass through them.

Note 23, page 205, line 4208.

There is, besides, a splendid tuckt or guddy.

Cushions of state used by sovereigns as thrones.

Note 24, page 205, line 4220.

His majesty's phouzdar ——

Head officer of the police.

Note 25, page 205, line 4221.

At this tuckrar, th' attendants ——

Row, confusion, dispute.

Note 26, page 206, line 4248.

Now Jungipore is left ——

A civil station, where there is one of the Company's commercial residences.

Note 27, page 206, line 4249.

Of fair Raje-mahl ——

A range of hills of no great magnitude, running north and south. It was once the capital of Bengal, and a regal residence. The ruins of its splendid palaces, mosques, and residences, washed by the Ganges, are very picturesquely situated. The sight of the first rising ground we see in India forcibly recalls to the passing traveller the remembrance of his native country. The Nuwab of Moorshidabad annually visits Rajemahl, for the purpose of hunting and shooting in the vicinity, and it is accounted an excellent country for sport of all kinds.

Note 28, page 206, line 4256.

'Tis a doorbeen, indeed, to which optics a farce is.

A telescope.

Note 29, page 207, line 4258.

—— A cook-boat had gone down.

A boat attendant on pinnaces and budgerows, in which the meals are cooked.

Note 30, page 207, line 4259.

And 'twas expedient some woollacks to change.

A species of baggage boat: besides these, there are patellas and pulwars, distinguished from each other by their peculiar forms.

Note 31, page 207, line 4269.

To Captain Bundook ——

Bundook means a gun or musket.

Note 32, page 207, line 4283.

" By being a Mofussilite — but that's all past."

This term is applied to all residents in the interior, or far from the metropolis.

Note 33, page 208, line 4287.

" And nothing here but mar-peet causes run."

Literally, " blow on the back;" but applied to all petty complaints for assault, and generally tried in native courts, by the register or subordinate judicial officer.

Note 34, page 211, line 4365.

The tom-toms sound, the rattles rend the skies.

Something like a watchman's rattle, and used to scare the hogs from the jungles.

Note 35, page 212, line 4409.

But rip it open with full many a wicked jag.

Hog-hunting is considered by many of the best sportsmen as far superior to fox or hare-hunting, as shewing greater skill, and being attended with personal risk, which kindles emulation.

TOM RAW, THE GRIFFIN.

CANTO THE NINTH.

I.

" I WOULD," cried Tom, " hear how your great men sport,
" Natives I mean — your nabobs and your rajahs."
" I'll tell you," Sprightly said ; " I've been at court,
" And know as well as if I'd lived there ages,
" Its sports and pastimes through their various stages."
" Do, my good friend," quoth Tom, " before I try it ;
" To learn a thing before one ventures, sage is :
" Ecce—hog hunting."—Sprightly adds, " Be quiet ;
" Don't boast about your prowess — or I will deny it.

II.

" When native princes take it in their heads
" T' enjoy a hunting scene, they set about it
" In very earnest, and the rumour spreads
" (Naught can be done in Hindostan without it,)
" Over the country — peasants hear and shout it,
" To Zemindars, who tremble in their skins ;
" Alas ! they've cause to rue, though not to doubt it,
" And think it is a judgment for their sins,
" And so the fête — the royal fête of sport, begins.[1]

III.

" From every quarter, at the monarch's voice,
" In rich habiliments and robes arrayed,
" The grandees of the court, who share his joys,
" Flock to his throne — courtiers of every grade.
" Where, when prostrations and salaams are made,
" They anxiously await his high command.
" 'It is our royal will — see it's obeyed —
" 'To murder all the game on this our land—
" 'Sewarree lou!'[2] he cries, and waves his princely hand.

IV.

" Camps, in extent like canvass cities, spread
" Their snowy bosoms on the verdant plain;
" And elephants, in troops of hundreds, led,
" Are called the sylvan warfare to sustain;
" Steeds that for numbers you might count in vain,
" With silver bits, and saddle-cloths of gold;
" And strings of camels join the bustling train;
" Dogs bark in packs, and hawks their wings unfold;
" While from his cage is led the spotted cheeta[3] bold.

V.

" How bright the colour of its glossy skin!
" Like velvet rich, and beautifully soft:
" And agile seahgosh,[4] which pur within
" Their splendid cars, and pant to spring aloft,
" Though from the light debarred, and chastened oft
" To curb their wild desires. These, when a string
" Of bounding deer across the country waft,
" Loosed from their bonds, upon them nimbly spring,
" And quickly to the ground the trembling victims bring.

VI.

" The grandees lowly bend, pleased with humility,
" And bow their very heads upon the ground,
" Expressing in the dust their great civility,
" And fawning like a Pomeranian hound.—
" But now throughout the camp the trumpets sound,
" The numerous cavalcade is marching on,
" And all the forests with the clang resound;
" Discordant noises burst from every one,
" For now the dreaded work of plunder is begun.

VII.

" When lordly followers hasten to the plain,
" Whether for war or sport—they harbour thought
" Of plund'ring—' rogues in spirit and in grain.'
" And as the country is the sov'reign's, nought
" Of any kind is paid for, as it ought
" To be. Sufficient is—a threat or two,
" A hasty snatch or—grapple at the throat,
" To get whate'er they please:—let peasants rue
" The theft—redress of grievance is a lesson new.

VIII.

" And they would rather give up all they had
" Than bellow out *dow-aee*,[5]—since, for their pains,
" They would be counted men stark staring mad,
" Whipped, *jeremana'd*,[6] or else thrown in chains.
" To wake a sleeping king the court refrains,
" Or pester with complaints his princely ear—
" And so, though plundered—not a soul complains;
" Which proves, past contradiction, that they bear
" The yoke of tyranny with patience passing rare.

IX.

" Proceed we, with more pleasure, to the line,
" That, sweeping o'er the country, in extent
" Far as the eye can reach, doth brightly shine,
" All on th' exterminating warfare bent;
" The bulky phalanx to the van is sent,
" A moving crescent, — a broad fleshy wall,
" A long impenetrable battlement,
" That, in its progress — whether great or small,
" Drives on the game, yet holds them in its circling thrall.

X.

" The monarch, in the centre, sits, prepared,
" With stores of double barrell'd Mantons — (Joes),
" To prove his prowess, when a partridge, scared
" By noise discordant, his bright plumage shews;
" Or, startled from his long-enjoyed repose,
" The nimble hog-deer rushes through the brake,
" Striving t' elude his persevering foes,
" While his faint nerves with trepidation shake,
" Stunned by the thunders that his startled senses wake.

XI.

" The agile antelope, with swifter flight,
" And higher bounds, provokes the sportsman's aim,
" Now, o'er the waving grass, with motion light,
" Skimming, or sinking — safety seems to claim
" Low in the shady coverts of the game,
" Or, re-appearing on some rising mound,
" Again exposed, he dares the deadly flame,
" Receives a ball, and rues, too late, the wound
" That, in an instant, brings him bleeding to the ground!

THE ROYAL HINDOO HUNT.

XII.

“ A florikan,[7] on soaring wing ascends,
“ In airy circuits, from the gun secure;
“ Loosed from his hood, a hawk his progress wends,
“ True to the objects which his passions lure;
“ He hovers o'er his foe, with vision sure,
“ Now pouncing on the fluttering bird — now soaring;
“ After a fruitless aim, — again a truer
“ Succeeds — he grasps him, with a force o'erpow'ring,
“ And to his keeper bears his prize, 'midst plaudits roaring.

XIII.

“ Roused from his covert, 'midst the prickly briar,
“ The royal tiger's[8] seen; — awhile he stands,
“ With head erect, and eye-balls flashing fire,
“ Gazing upon the formidable bands
“ That threaten him around; — his breast expands
“ With fury, as the leaden bullet wings
“ Its rapid progress from the sportsman's hands;
“ Loudly he roars, — the wound his entrails wrings,
“ And to the open plain indignantly he flings.

XIV.

“ Again the thunders of the guns resound,
“ Again he hears the whizzing bullets fly,
“ And louder roars — lashing the trembling ground
“ With his long, spotted tail; — and now his eye
“ Fixing upon the foremost enemy,
“ He springs upon his head, and digging deep
“ Within his fleshy front — to agony —
“ His sharp, envenomed claws — struggles to reap
“ Revenge, and his unslaked hatred in blood to steep.

XV.

" With heavy rolls, the elephant essays
" To shake the furious monster on the plain ;
" The sportsman, clinging close, his fear betrays ;
" Tossed to and fro, at every heaving strain,
" The tiger still holds firm his grasp. In vain
" All efforts to remove him, — till a blow
" Across his eyes, stuns, with excess of pain,
" Then dropping from his hold, the dreaded foe
" Sinks, stupified and welt'ring in his gore, below !"

XVI.

" Oh Lord !" cried Tom, " this is indeed amazing !
" I never knew they sprung up like a cat :
" Much danger — 'pon my soul, this hunting lays in.
" And I don't patronise the sport — that's flat ;
" Not that I should be apprehensive that
" I could not end the tiger with great ease,
" But to be subject to his coup de pâtte
" Is rather awkward sporting — if you please ;
" But is it always so?" — Our hero to appease,

XVII.

Sprightly laughed loud, and then resumed his flight.
" Now from the left a spotted leopard[9] bounds
" Across the line of elephants, — the sight
" Elicits a new war, and sweet the sounds,
" (Sweet as the music of a pack of hounds,)
" Of his loud roarings, on the listening ear.
" In yonder tree he climbs — trees are his towns,—
" The line is formed — proceeds — and, drawing near,
" Surrounds the leafy covert which conceals his fear.

THE FEROCITY OF THE TIGER.

XVIII.

" Awhile the courtiers peer beneath the boughs,
" Above—below—they guide the anxious eye;
" But, in a forky stem, he lies so close,
" That scarcely they his shining coat espy:
" A thousand random shots, in vollies, fly
" To rouse him,—and succeed, for—now enraged,
" A lower branch he gains, and with a cry
" Of savage ire, he scorns to be encaged,
" And boldly ventures in the war to be engaged.

XIX.

" Just in the act to spring,—it matters not
" Whether it was the monarch's or his party's,
" But 'twas a very providential shot,
" And savouring very much of Buonaparte's
" Sharp-shooters—those determined brave old hearties,
" That sniped off marshals, generals, colonels, majors,
" Each one, in short, whose uniform most smart is—
" Men who would pause to lay their comrades wagers
" Which was the surest shot among the veteran stagers.

XX.

" But to resume.—Just in the act of springing,
" Nay more, when in the spring, and rushing near,
" This happy ball came fizzing by, and singing
" A death-knell to the flying leopard's ear,
" And pierced his heart. He dropped, but could not clear
" The howda[10] of a black-beard general,
" Filling his daring soul with very fear;
" He'd rather have engaged a host, or all
" The royal guard, than in a leopard's funeral.

XXI.

“ Stunned with the blow, Trimbuckjee looked aghast,
“ Not quite convinced his visitor was dead ;
“ But as he moved not, was assured at last,
“ And, smiling at the queer adventure, said,
“ (For old Trimbuckjee was a man well bred,)
“ ‘ Oh ! king ! may you exist a thousand years,
“ ‘ And thus behold your foes before you laid,
“ ‘ And may I, when the fates so use their shears,
“ ‘ Be ever ready — thus — to furnish them with biers !’

XXII.

“ The day is spent, and downward sinks the sun,
“ Exhausted nature calls out for relief,
“ And they had done as much as could be done
“ In twelve short hours : — thus circumstanced, the chief
“ Proclaims a truce — proclaims it too with grief;
“ For sportsmen never tire of killing game,
“ And, were it light, and they had dined — as lief
“ Would they remain, all following the same
“ Enchanting entertainment, fresh as when they came.

XXIII.

“ But so it is in this, as every thing
“ Besides, — one can't eternally pursue
“ The same enjoyments, in an endless ring ;
“ One cannot eat one's cake, and have it too ;
“ No ! 'twould be doing that which none can do.
“ Fatigue is soothed by rest, as a good dinner,
“ Or breakfast, soothes the stomach ; when anew
“ The spirits rise — the faculties are keener,
“ In bodies so refreshed — be he a saint or sinner !

XXIV.

" 'The fleeting moments of enjoyment pass
" 'Like fleecy clouds across a summer's sky,
" 'Or Hoori's lovely form before a glass,
" 'When love has flushed her cheek and fired her eye;
" 'Far, far too quickly do they hasten by,
" 'When crowned with roseate peace, free from distress,
" 'And vainly do we call them, as they fly,
" 'Their rapid evolution to repress,
" 'They heed us not, nor loiter at our wretchedness.

XXV.

" 'Yet mem'ry counterbalancing their flight,
" 'E'en in our pains recalls the glittering toys
" 'That once enchained us with supreme delight;
" 'Nay, she will look a look, and breathe a voice,
" 'That have long fled, and lead us to rejoice;
" 'While Hope, light poising on her vermil wings,
" 'With cheering smiles the drooping bosom buoys,
" 'Before our eyes her lively wreath she flings,
" 'To soothe life's care with her auspicious offerings.

XXVI.

" 'This glorious day of sport, O king! at last
" 'Is past — its dawn how sweet — its prime how bright,
" 'And, in its course, thy prowess has surpast
" 'All that the mind can grasp, or pen indite.
" 'Thou, like the sun, hast run thy heavenly flight,
" 'In majesty resplendent, and hast veiled,
" 'Like him, thy beams before the shades of night;
" 'But soon, again, thy splendour shall be hailed,
" 'To shew the wond'ring world how nobly thou 'st prevailed!!!'

XXVII.

" So sung another Sadi,[11] as the king
" Turned homeward to his camp — 'twas not so bad
" To hear a hunting poetaster sing,
" When twilight ceased, and night, in sables clad,
" Veiled Nature in her garments dark and sad.
" Perhaps you'll wonder how the deuce he came
" To join the cavalcade, and think him mad;
" But bards are always *paid* to puff the fame
" Of royal hunting — here, all padshahs[12] do the same !"

XXVIII.

The story had been interrupted not,
By indications of approaching foes ;
But they'd just entered a most happy spot,
And Sprightly hallooed out to all to close,
And th' elephants adroitly to dispose,
That nothing might escape. 'Twas prudent too,
For coward tigers creep beneath the toes
Of the compactest line, — and so get through,
Disliking, most exceedingly, the sportsman's view.

XXIX.

Yet seldom, either, does the potent smell
Of forest beast escape an elephant;
His fine olfactory nerves know, passing well,
And keenly feel, the overpow'ring scent :
When such assails — to trouble he gives vent,
Beating the ground with sensitive proboscis,
And stunning with shrill cries[13] the firmament;
Then in the air th' uplifted trunk he tosses,
And starts at every thing his trembling frame that crosses.

XXX.

There was a rushing as — of mighty waters,
Close at Tom's nose — there was a frightful roar,
As of whole savage armies, deep in slaughters,
Or cataracts that down high mountains pour;
There was a clear shrill sound, which echo bore
Across the welkin; there were tingeless cheeks,
And, if 't had been permitted, — something more
Of fear, — though, when a single person squeaks
With scores of declamators, one can't tell who speaks.

XXXI.

Confusion's babel sounds had now begun
To spread around, a kind of anarchy,
Which threatened ruin to the royal fun;
Till he, who ruled the sylvan royalty,
Thought it but right to give each man a key
How to conduct himself. — " You! Thomas Raw!
" Don't loiter so — come to the van, hark ye!
" And you, mahouts[14] — toom ceda line benou,
" Hummara guddy hatnee, jeldee, jeldee, lou!"[15]

XXXII.

The crackling reeds give way before the rush
Of mighty elephants — and even trees,
Th' unwieldy animals beat down, and crush
Like supple twigs, and with an equal ease;
(Readers, we crave your credence, if you please.)[16]
When, from the patch, the lordly tiger springs,
With fearful noise, and o'er the grass plain flees,
Just like a cow, when, skittishly she flings
After her new-born calf, with plaintive bellowings.

XXXIII.

But not so did they mark his awkward gallop;
Quick to the shoulder's prest each double barrel,
And all the skill the sportsmen have, they call up,
To end, successfully, the sylvan quarrel.
The sun shone fierce on the foe's bright apparel,
Which, for its vivid tint 's so justly famed :
They could not shoot — when he was not off, far, — ill,
And soon, by wounds, his savage heart inflamed :
By wounds — except death-wounds — the brute is never tamed.

XXXIV.

" He's hit," cried Sprightly, — " on, my comrades — on !
" Depend upon 't he will not quit his station,
" In some lone bush he lies — another gun
" Will do his business well on this occasion."
Tom now advanced, — he didn't the dangerous way shun,
Thinking all risks were over, — till, approaching
Quite near, he saw, with fear and consternation,
The tiger in the very act of crouching,
Preparing for his spring, — as one would jump a coach in.

XXXV.

There was no time for Tom to say his prayers,
Nor e'en to think how he should make his will ;
There was no time to ascertain his heirs
Nor even death-bed wishes to fulfil :
He groaned, and murmured, — " This is cure or kill,
" To a *dead* certainty," — when the fell shock
Came, with a vengeance, — which no human skill
Could have avoided. 'Twas as if a rock
Had split a ship in two, and shattered masts and block.

TOM RAW IN DANGER.

XXXVI.

His howdah's frame received the grisly paws
Of the fierce beast, and they clung firmly there,
And, just below, his wide and bloody jaws,
Roaring his funeral dirge, — the gun he bare
Exploded in his trembling hand, when on it,
As the last chance of safety he depended.
Thus circumstanced, one course remained alone, — it
Was, to see if some happy luck befriended
His tottering step, while from the howdah he descended.

XXXVII.

Just at that moment, from a Griffin friend,
Behind him, he hears sounds of bullets whizzing,
And his mahout's shrill cry bespeaks the end
Of such a fire from one so famed for missing;
His wounded knee is shewn, and there he sees in
Its very cap a ball — while, from the rolling
Of Cumpereully[17] — such a tremor he's in,
That he reels too and fro like drunkards strolling,
Or fishing skiffs upon the troubled ocean bowling.

XXXVIII.

But 'twas not Tom's hard fate to be devoured
By savage beasts: — most providentially
Sprightly came up, — the animal's o'erpowered;
Which favoured him, indeed, essentially,
And cured him, as was seen eventually,
Of poking wounded tigers out of brambles;
He bows to him most reverentially,
And while,—though dead,—he scuds from him and trembles,
His apprehension — very prudently dissembles.

XXXIX.

Tom bade adieu to Sprightly and to sport,
Thanking him kindly for th' initiation,
And for the lessons which he had been taught:
This was, to Sprightly, some propitiation
For being such a dunce on the occasion;
However, he declared he'd had much profit
In merriment and glee at his probation.
We cannot add that Tom indeed did love it,
But rather that he thought he'd had sufficient of it.

XL.

The Rajemahl Hills receded from their view,
Fainter and fainter, as they onwards sailed,
Till just descried in faint ethereal blue,
And then, alas! they — altogether failed;
And Patergotta's[18] mosque-crowned mount they hailed;
The insulated rocks of fair Colgong[19]
They passed, and here the current most prevailed;
And now by Baglipore[20] they speed along,—
Where far-famed Palibothra[21] stood, or—Francklin's wrong.

XLI.

Where Jehangeera[22] rises from the stream,
By snow-white buildings picturesquely crowned,
On which the sun plays with his sparkling beam,
And lights the insulated rock around,
Our fleet arrived, — and Tom new beauties found;
Sketching — not over-masterly nor true,
With Brookman's pencil, the commanding mound,
And — satisfied he'd made a charming view,
Put it in his portfolio, and commenced anew.

XLII.

A tempest here 's a dreadful business — for
The elements all battle, tooth and nail,
And seem to glory in the raging war,
Each striving o'er the other to prevail,
Wind, thunder and forked lightning, rain and hail,
Right in the teeth of Gunga's furious course,
Whose billows mounting, as her foes assail,
Roll with astounding and impetuous force,
And utter dreadful sounds, terrific, loud, and hoarse.

XLIII.

Naught can resist it — trees are hurled in air,
Crops bite the dust, and houses roofless stand,
Cattle drop down, and the poor people stare,
And huddle round in many a shivering band,
Viewing the desolation of the land ;
While those — upon the stream, all look aghast,
Imploring Allah[23] with uplifted hand.
Shattered is every sail — crack goes the mast,
And oft they 're in a wat'ry grave immersed at last.

XLIV.

It is quite horrible ! — it is indeed !
And makes e'en poets, entering on the matter,
For such unparalleled misfortunes bleed,
And all our sympathising grinders chatter,
As ruin comes, with clatter, clatter, clatter,
On the affrighted world : — and when we think
What's brewing for our luckless hero, — what a
Dread storm that brings him to the very brink
Of a wet grave, — we almost in despondence sink !

XLV.

But we must bear him through. — He'd fought with hogs
And tigers — threat'ning him an early grave,
And yet escaped, as many lucky dogs
Have done before, — and we the youth must save
From such a fate beneath the muddy wave,
Spite of the proverb which so oft has rung
Upon our ears, touching a youthful knave—
" They ne'er can drown," (so it is said and sung,)
" Who enter into life predicted to be hung."

XLVI.

Amidst the raging of the tempest, he,
The hero of our tale, — stood on the deck,
Watching the furious blasts and raging sea,
And every moment viewing a new wreck.
He could not, in the least, his anguish check,
The manjee's powerful outcries of Bis'm'allah,[24]
Made his faint, " Lord, preserve my hapless neck !"
Sound very poor,—for, though a potent squaller,
The manjee's was at least full ten gradations dismaller.

XLVII.

Tom was bewildered at the fearful sight,
And drenched with rain, — when full, upon the bow,
And with a force that might the brave affright,
A dreadful billow struck — the budgerow,
Which, reeling at the unexpected blow,
Opened her seams, and filled amain so fast,
That he was seen his trembling form to throw
Clean in the waves that, tumbling, o'er him past,
As by the current he was hurried down aghast.

XLVIII.

" Oh! my poor mother," sobbed the struggling boy,
" What wilt thou say when thy poor Tommy's dead?
" Thy favourite baba, too, thy only joy;
" Upon the Ganges' stream he rests his head,
" Snapp'd, snapp'd for ever life's too fragile thread:
" And my poor dad — I see him curse the star
" That to a fate like this his darling led:
" Oh! luckless 'twas, that hither from afar
" I ever came," — and then — he seized upon a jar,[25]

XLIX.

Which, floating past him, just as he was drowning,
He grasped with all his might, in either paw,—
As shipwrecked sailors in the deep — death frowning,
Are said to grasp at feather, stick, or straw.
Necessitas non habet *legs*— that's law:
He soon was mounted on the water holder,
In which there was not, luckily, a flaw;
And having — by his cock-horse — become bolder,
He to the wheel of safety firmly put his shoulder.

L.

He cared no more for manjees and the crew
Than they for him—each had a life to save;
And natives, when they're wreck'd, have naught to do
But plunge, undaunted, in the boiling wave,
And swim to shore, — for fear they never have
Of drowning: — women too and children swim,
Like ducks, from infancy, and are so brave,
They often practise it for very whim.—
Well! Tom got safe on shore, — and they, as safe, with him.

LI.

And now the shipwreck'd youth began to think
Of what he'd lost, and thus enumerated
His little all, with somewhat of a blink,
Knowing he should not be remunerated.
First then, his spoons and teapots — (they were plated),
His knives and forks, and all his crockery ware,
His single-barrell'd gun — (he overrated
The value of the piece), — his chiefest care
Was 'bout a large sea-chest of Welch and Stalker's, there,

LII.

In which two dozen shirts, six coloured waistcoats,
Four pairs of pantaloons of kerseymere,
Two cord'roy breeches (brown and white), two best coats,
And two that had been worn about a year;
His regimentals — (how supply them here?)
His regulation-sword, so bright and clear;
His shako, too, which he so longed to wear;
Powder and shot — some port-wine and some beer—
And Vicky — when he thought of her, he cried,—Oh de-ar!

LIII.

In short, he'd nothing left him but a raggy,[26]
Out of the elbows and exceeding threadbare;
His boots, too, by the wet were loose and baggy,
So that he might — with equal comfort — tread bare;
And, having lost his hat, he was quite — head bare.
The budgerow o'ersetting before dinner,
He'd not enjoyed his poor diurnal fare,
He felt, in truth, like a poor starving sinner,
For all his stock of provender had sunk within her.

LIV.

Here leave we, readers, Thomas Raw awhile,
As dismal as a half-drowned man can be,
Who could not yet to hunger reconcile
His stomach, or his mind to — misery.
One ray of comfort shone, (a poor one,) — he
Procured a hut, a charpoy,[27] and some fire,
Drank a brass lota[28] full of milk with ghee,
And crammed, most lustily, a ripe papaya,[29]
And then, as soundly slept as he could well desire.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE NINTH.

Note 1, page 225, line 4535.

"And so the fête — the royal fête of sport, begins."

So great a train sweeping over a country must naturally prove very destructive to its cultivation; and we are sorry to record the little attention paid by native sovereigns to the devastating course of their hunting or military followers. How different are the marches of European governors and generals, who strictly forbid such practices, and require every article to be fairly purchased!

Note 2, page 226, line 4544.

"Sewarree lou!" ——

Bring my retinue.

Note 3, page 226, line 4553.

"While from his cage is led the spotted cheeta bold."

A panther, a beautiful animal of the feline race, smaller than a leopard; the skin a bright yellow, fading into white at the belly, and covered by small deep black round spots. It is kept hooded till a deer is roused, when its cap is removed, and it bounds after and usually springs successfully on its prey. Raw meat is always at hand to appease its fury, should it fail in catching the object of its pursuit.

Note 4, page 226, line 4556.

" *And agile seahgosh*" ——

So named from *seah*, black, and *gosh*, ear. The lynx. The colour of this animal is gray, and its ears are pointed, and terminate in a small tuft of black hair. It is used in the pursuit of jackals and foxes, and springs on birds.

Note 5, page 227, line 4582.

" *Than bellow out dow-aee*"——

Justice. When a native considers himself injured, he calls out to superior authority, " Dow-aee sahib, dow-aee sahib," or, " Give me justice, sir, give me justice."

Note 6, page 227, line 4584.

" *jeremana'd*"——

Fined.

Note 7, page 229, line 4617.

" *A florikan, on soaring wing ascends.*"

A species of bustard, the finest game-bird in India, nearly the size of a pheasant. The colour of the male is jet black, the inside of his wings snow white, with a tuft of feathers on his head. The female is speckled brown, black, and white.

Note 8, page 229, line 4627.

" *The royal tiger's seen*" ——

The tiger is naturally a timid animal, and conceals himself from view. When wounded, he never quits the spot, and may be easily destroyed. The occurrence of anecdotes similar to the one here mentioned is not infrequent.

Note 9, page 230, line 4663.

"Now from the left a spotted leopard bounds."

The leopard is more agile, and very often has recourse to trees for protection, into which he climbs like a cat. The story narrated in the following cantos is founded on fact; so that one might say, without exaggeration, that leopards are sometimes shot — flying.

Note 10, page 231, line 4694.

"The howda" ——

The seat on which people sit on an elephant. The native howdas are square wooden frames, about eighteen inches deep, with bedding, and pillows behind and on each side. They sit in them cross-legged. Those used by European sportsmen are like the body of a buggy, sometimes with hoods and a high splashboard in front, against which they rest when standing.

Note 11, page 234, line 4752.

"So sung another Sadi" ——

A celebrated Persian poet.

Note 12, page 234, line 4760.

—— *"here, all padshahs do the same!"*

Kings.

Note 13, page 234, line 4776.

And stunning with shrill cries the firmament.

It might have been expected that the voice of so large and powerful an animal would correspond in depth and loudness to his size; but it is far from being the case:—a shrill, weak cry is his usual note of fear or surprise.

Note 14, page 235, line 4795.

"And you, mahouts"——

The drivers of elephants. They are armed with an instrument of steel, very sharp at the point, with a crook equally so, which they use perpendicularly or horizontally on the head, when the animal is refractory.

Note 15, page 235, line 4796.

——" *Toom ceda line benou,*
" *Hummara guddy hatnee, jeldee, jeldee, lou!*"

This sentence may be thus translated: " Make a straight line; quickly, quickly bring my female pad elephant." Elephants with merely a pad on attend sportsmen to beat the bushes and to carry the game.

Note 16, page 235, line 4801.

(*Readers, we crave your credence, if you please.*)

It is astonishing with what facility elephants break down trees of some size. At first they bear upon the stem with their shoulder; if it resists, they place one foot on it and rock it, and then two, raising themselves on their hind legs, and giving the whole force of their bodies to break it, which they generally do at last.

Note 17, page 237, line 4848.

Cumpereully——

Name of a female elephant.

Note 18, page 238, line 4873.

And Patergotta's mosque-crowned mount they hailed.

A picturesque hill between Raje-mahl and Colgong, crowned by a snow-white Mut, or religious building of the Hindoos, which is finely relieved by the dark luxuriant foliage which covers the hill.

Note 19, page 238, line 4874.

The insulated rocks of fair Colgong.

Three isolated rocks at some distance from the shore, where the current of the river is exceedingly strong.

Note 20, page 238, line 4876.

And now by Baglipore they speed along.

A civil station on the banks of the Ganges, where there is a corps of Hill Rangers.

Note 21, page 238, line 4877.

Where far-famed Palibothra stood, or — Francklin's wrong.

Vide Colonel Francklin's work on the supposed site of the ancient city of Palibothra. Other places have been brought forward against the worthy Colonel's assumption, such as Allahabad, and the city of Gour, near Malda.

Note 22, page 238, line 4878.

Where Jehangeera rises from the stream.

About fourteen or sixteen miles from Baglipore is an insulated rock, on the summit of which there is a Hindoo Mut and buildings occupied by Pakers. A similar pile of rocks, also crowned with sacred edifices, projects from the bank fronting it, which, in progress of time, may also be cut off from the land. The view of these rocks, with the sun setting behind the long range of purple hills, bounding the western horizon, and running from the south to Monghyr, and reflecting its splendour on the broad face of the Ganges, is worthy of delineation.

Note 23, page 239, line 4902.

Imploring Allah with uplifted hand.

The Mussulmaun name of God.

Note 24, page 240, line 4928.

The manjee's powerful outcries of Bis'm'allah.

Praise be to God.

Note 25, page 241, line 4949.

—— he seized upon a jar.

Large jars used in river voyages for the store of drinking water.

Note 26, page 242, line 4986.

In short, he'd nothing left him but a raggy.

A short undress regimental jacket.

Note 27, page 243, line 5000.

Procured a hut, a charpoy, and some fire.

Literally " four feet," meaning a native bed, formed of a square frame of wood, with four low legs, one at each corner, not more than a foot in height, with a rude net-work of cords laced across to support the body in a reclining position.

Note 28, page 243, line 5001.

Drank a brass lota full of milk with ghee.

A brass pot.

Note 29, page 243, line 5002.

And crammed, most lustily, a ripe papaya.

A species of fruit something similar to a melon. It grows in clusters on a tree of some height, the leaves of which are very large. The pulp is of a bright orange colour, very insipid ; the seeds, similar in appearance to capers, taste like water-cresses. It is more esteemed by natives than Europeans.

TOM RAW, THE GRIFFIN.

CANTO THE TENTH.

I.

In writing plays, romances, tales, and novels,
Authors delight in bringing into scrapes
Heroes and heroines, — they've their lonely hovels,
Benighted travellers, twinkling lights, and shapes
Of spectral indistinctness — thin as tapes,
Flitting before them — thieves in grim array
Pouncing upon them, and their great escapes;
Desponding lovers piping a soft lay
To win fair ladies' hearts, who dare not say them nay.

II.

Disguised innamoratoes, — serenades,
Baronial castles, and usurping lords,
With persecuted damsels and pert maids,
And pictures moving of their own accords,
And faces grinning out of sliding boards;
With many other strange, incongruous things,
Which a prolific fancy, from its hoards
Chaotic, on the public wildly flings,
Pleased at the profit, if not at the fame, it brings.

III.

Uninfluenced by either of these ends,
We've given you instances enough, in truth,
To shew our Muse the system much befriends,
Since in so many scrapes she's brought our youth;
In these, however, — though sometimes uncouth,
Reality has led us more than fiction;
And so we'll jog contented on, forsooth,
Hugging ourselves with the supposed conviction
That you have for th' adventurous the same predilection.

IV.

Tom was no brilliant oriental linguist,
Being much of th' opinion of old Horsley,[1]
Who, though in literature and taste distinguish'd,
Turned from the native languages most crossly;
And if you asked him why? he'd say, jocosely,
That, if within the forest of famed Arden
A wand'ring traveller's unpleasant course lay,
His progress on he'd think not of retarding,
To learn the howlings of its wolves.—We claim your pardon,

V.

Indulgent readers, for this little sally,
Our only plea is—that it is a fact;
Not that we do conceive the reasonings tally,
Or that the simile ought to be backed.
Tom smarted for his ignorance, and racked
His brains to make the peasants understand
His griffin jargon; some few words, ill tacked
Together, formed a very sorry band
Of sentences, e'en for these ploughers of the land.

VI.

He used — most frequently — Humara now[2] —
Toom deckho![3] — hum[4] — G—d d—m me, and Kiswasti,[5]
Sub doop gea,[6] — and nooksaun,[7] — and manjee lou![8]
In intonations very cross and hasty,
Which made the Ryutts laugh—and then, at last, he
Said something of rupees — and surely there's
A magic in its sound — so great and vasty,
It tingles, from pure instinct, in the ears,
And — hocus pocus like — all understandings clears.

VII.

A Chowdry,[9] on whose tympanum it sounded,
Stept forward — pointing with his little finger
To a neat house, by mango trees surrounded,
And harangued loudly as a belfry ringer,
Chanting his words, like a cathedral singer.
One Thomas caught — 'twas that of Thannadar,[10]
And not a moment more was seen to linger;
But hurried up — it was not very far,
And hailed the native police magistrate of Bar.[11]

VIII.

On a chabootra[12] this grave person sat,
Lolling cross-legged upon a patna mora,[13]
Loose his attire — pyjama'd,[14] and all that,
And, neatly spread beneath the terraced floor, a
Banse ke chetai[15] — on which the greasy snorer
At night reposed, wrapt in a stuffed labador;[16]
A muslin skull-cap, fringed with gold, was o'er a
Clean close-shaved crown — and, waiting for his order,
A dozen burkendozes[17] stood round the behaudur![18]

IX.

A kullean[19] of brass, and bright enough
To shew the brightness of the servant's servant,
He smoked, and, at each furnace-reeking puff,
In the Columbian leaf seemed very fervent,
(His mouthpiece,[20] for convenience had a curve in 't);
And, as our hero came — his dress all muddy,
He gave a glance which had much of reserve in 't;
A youth so meanly looking and so ruddy,
He took for some deserter, roaring drunk with toddy.[21]

X.

This man, like all our native functionaries,
" Armed with a little brief authority,"
To catch a thief — his head erectly carries,
And aping very great superiority,
Lords it sublime o'er all inferiority,
With haughty gait, and loud imperious voice;
And ever being sure of a majority,
Rules the poor grists[22]—as pedagogues their boys,
Preferring rods of birch to — patting heads and toys.

XI.

Assistance was demanded — but not gained;
Entreaties followed, — threats — the fellow grinned,
And Tom's red cheeks resentment deeper stained.
A burkendoze, now stepping up behind,
Drew out his tulwar,[23] and our hero pinned,
Who, roaring out — " Hum Comp'ny ke lupteenant.
" Bhote khubberdar!"[24] — as if they all had sinned
Beyond redemption, they quick lowered their pen'ant,
And made salaams — as to the landlord does the tenant.

XII.

The scene was changed completely ; — threats and huffs
Slid into smiles and servile adulations,
And haughty looks, and frowns, and rude rebuffs,
Transmuted into friendly salutations,
Larded with many soft ejaculations.
Tom was now seated on the patna stool,
Provisions called for, and sherbet[25] potations,
The kullean tendered, with new-lighted gool,[26]
While, like an abject slave he stood — this man of rule.

XIII.

Preliminaries settled, Tom was seated
In an old palkee of the Thannadar's,
And a few relics of his traps — secreted
Before, were now produced and stowed. — " My stars,"
He cried, " if there's not my petarrah,[27] as
" Sure 's I'm alive, — ay, and my sword to boot,
" And my shako, and history of the wars."
And though this mode of travelling did not suit
His taste, twelve bearers bore him off without dispute.

XIV.

Those who've been jumbled, in a shut-up box,
Some days and nights, in a recumbent posture,
May, perhaps, think it quite a paradox
To say its pleasant — when so rocked and toss'd you 're,
And dusted, forced to be, — and when you have lost your
Stomach — and though you had it — naught to eat,
Save a few biscuits, which have barely cross'd your
Lips, and some brandy pânee[28] — oh, how sweet !
When sickness makes the whole day's meager meal retreat.

XV.

Yet — sure — in trips of some odd hundred miles,
Despatch is solace to the traveller;
The very thought his misery beguiles,
And he soon changes, from a sceptic caviller,
To an admirer of time's quick unraveller.
Tom was, however, not of this conviction,
And often wished the palkee at the devil, or
At Jericho — so great his predilection
For journeying without such bodily affliction.

XVI.

Gyah[29] was past in safety — he just gained
A glimpse of her far-famous Bishenpud,[30]
When the clouds congregated, and — it rained,
And he was splashed all over by the mud.
Sheergotty[31] was in sight — he chewed the cud
Of misery still — for all his bones were aching,
And to his head he felt his feverish blood
Fast rushing, and his brains like jelly shaking;
While sun and rain, in turns, were broiling him and baking.

XVII.

And now across the Ramghur Hills he speeds,
The new road gaining — when a crack he hears
Beneath him — this, at first, he little heeds;
But now the sound begins to raise his fears,
And then, at last — for time all mysteries clears—
The rattan'd bottom of his palkee burst,
And down he dropped — stern foremost — filled with fears,
Sprawling his length amidst the dirt and dust,
Which he — without the slightest ceremony — curst.

TOM RAW CARRIED UP THE COUNTRY.

XVIII.

And other things save rattan bottoms gave
With the rude shock, which we should blush t' indite
Since Griffin's wardrobes suit not with the grave
Commemorative tale we have to write;
Fancy, however, may supply you quite
As well, — when knowing where the greatest strain
Was, — and that on his head he didn't alight.
You can't of ambiguity complain,
So, — from all further explanations — we'll refrain.

XIX.

Suffice it that of all his odd mishaps
This was the most provoking and unpleasant,
And he, the most unfortunate of chaps,
His evils seeming to be still increscent,
Where might they end, if he o'ercame the present?
Ten miles he trudged along upon his feet,
Holding his hand behind him to be decent;
At last he heard, of sheep, the welcome bleat,
And found a village near which favoured his retreat.

XX.

Here, while he changed his—fye-for-shames—he spied
An ekka — to his very great delight, —
" An ekka — what is that? — to what allied ?"—
We hear our readers ask, — and well they might,
So we must tell them. — 'Tis a sort of light
And handy one horse chaise — but not on springs,
A most strange looking carriage to the sight,
But goes, as if the vehicle had wings,
With galloping tattoo, and — harness made of strings.

XXI.

A seat that is just large enough for one,
O'er which a canopy of small dimension
Is perched, — to keep the riders from the sun,
And, further, I'll say nought of the invention,
Save that 'tis sans pretensions altogether.
The fare being settled — Tom sprung in — his traps
Were stowed, and firmly fastened with a leather,
The palkee, with its fundamental gaps,
Was sent to Bar — which place it never reached perhaps.

XXII.

Crack went the chabuck ![32] — coachee loudly cried
" Chull! bheeta chull ![33]" — the tattoo onward bounded.
Tom was, at first, o'erjoyous with his ride,
And sung a song — till every note resounded
Double and treble, as the motion pounded
His quivering frame, and e'er he sung it through,
Some grievous jerks from stones, which there abounded,
Catching the wheels — made him sing out anew,
But to a different tune his voice was forced to screw.

XXIII.

Away the ekka speeds ! — the Ramghur Hills
Are left behind, and Baroon's[34] sandy shores,
The Soane[35] is ferried, — her once lucid rills
By mountain torrents swelled, burst forth in roars,
(The sight of water Tom again deplores,)
And then through Sassuram[36] they gallop fast,
And th' insulated mausoleum, o'er
The little finger of Sheer Shah, — surpast
By nothing but Egyptian pyramids. —— At last, —

XXIV.

But why should we our rattling hero follow
Through all the stages of his mad career?
We'll rather pause, — and give you time to swallow,
And, in a moment, all obstructions clear,
Making him at his destined post appear;
Just mentioning, by way of episode,
That, shaken to a jelly, very near,
In his uncomfortable small abode,
He once more took to dawking[37] up the Comp'ny's road.

XXV.

We said our hero's station was at Mhow,
At least so said the introduct'ry letter
Of Mr. A. to Mr. B., — and how
'Twas so, we cannot say — perhaps, it better
Accorded with the current of our metre,
Or that the lower stations were in want
Of his battalion — but 'tis no great matter,—
We find it at Benares[38] — and we pant
To introduce old Colonel Kyan, — Commandant.

XXVI.

He was, like many more of his gradation,
A jolly, red-faced — weather-beaten veteran,
Who, after fifty years of hard probation
In climates tropical — despised a better one,
Ruled his battalion with a fetter on,
Yet loved his ease, his curry and his hooka,
And was, notoriously, a setter on
Of boisterous merriment, drank deep, could cook a
Most famous Devil, as he'd hash up a fierce Goorka.[39]

XXVII.

He never harboured thoughts, — they were express'd
As soon as coined within his bosom's mint:
Whether they pleased, or whether they distress'd,
He cared not a rupee — " The devil's in 't,"
He used to say, " if talking one must stint,—
" If it's not liked, why, zounds, sirs! I don't care,
" People may make wry faces, frown, or squint,
" 'Tis all the same to me — or foul or fair;"
Most people styled him — Ursus Major — the Great Bear.

XXVIII.

He was a privileged man — excessive blunt,
And so, allowed to do whate'er he pleased,
And now he'd shake his sides, — and now he'd grunt,
And now he squeezed a hand — and now he teased.
He'd never thought on marriage — it displeased
Him mightily to see a soldier wedded,
Yet every year *his* family increased,
And ties parental to his duties added,
Though he would soon knock down the advent'rous wight that said it.

XXIX.

Little he cared, forsooth, about his dress,
His regimentals were all curry stained,
His epaullettes expressed his slovenness,
They hung down loose, — for smartness he disdained,
His hands were seldom washed, and they retained
(Specially in the nails) dirt deep engrained,
For never thoroughly, but when it rained,
And nought protected Thomas from the shower,
Of water did he know the cleansing power.

XXX.

Of all his dingy squad — his eldest daughter,
A girl of sixteen, pretty too, though brown,
Was living with him. — Many, too, had sought her,
Among the list, for every one must own
The Colonel's daughter would for much atone.
Promotion's a great thing, one can't deny,
For banished youths, who mope about and groan
Under the influence of this fiery sky,
And in its search no price whate'er is deemed too high.

XXXI.

Her intellects were not surpassing clear,
Though she had sense, too, of that common sort
That made her in some companies appear
Rather the theme of pity than of sport.
She'd never been " at home,[40]" — that is, in short,
She'd never been abroad, — a paradox
Apparently — but we've a reason for 't,
But prudence places on our strain her locks,
And we'd not, willingly, get into the wrong box.

XXXII.

At Mrs. B—ks[41] the damsel had been placed,
When, as a hoyden girl, she got too free,
And romped with the young men, which much disgraced
The Colonel's boasted scrupulosity
In female manners, — this was his sole plea,
And she'd been broke in like a skittish filly,
With many a lash and chucker[42] from Dame B.,
To make her more correct — and not so silly,
And she continued at the seminary, till he,

XXXIII.

Tired with the *diccut*[43] of his household duty,
Resolved to place her at his table's head;
And Charlotte, — though, by no means a great beauty,
Began her reign, and seemed to be well bred.
Her vanity of person often led
To compliments from giddy beaux, — her rank
As Colonel Kyan's daughter, oftener spread
Around her ancient lovers, lean and lank,
Peeping, most lovingly, into her father's bank.

XXXIV.

The maid preferred the former, — well she might,
For spinsters always reckon that their charms
Will sooner lure admirers, than the weight
Of silver or of gold. — And then they've qualms
When age or ugliness their beauty warms,
Thinking that youth and comeliness are best,
For every fear of sordid views it calms.
Love in a cottage gives a wond'rous zest
To youthful preferences — so let the matter rest.

XXXV.

But Charlotte, — while so many suitors pant
To gain her hand, — gets callous to their pain,
And — having such a choice — resists to grant
That which would bid them look about again,
But put a final period to her reign;
For now she rules over some dozen hearts
That sigh, and flutter, and lament in vain,
While she delights to renovate her arts,
And watch the various pangs her fatal eye imparts.

XXXVI.

But to our hero are we bound to turn.—
He had arrived, all covered o'er with dirt,
So that his features you could scarce discern,
Or that once white was his new ruffled shirt.
The Adjutant,—who always was alert
In aiding Griffin boys who joined the corps,
Received poor Tom, and at his troubles hurt,
Soused him into a bath, and tumbled o'er
His head, large brimming kedgeree[44] pots by the score.

XXXVII.

Thomas, who even now cold water dreaded,
So fatal had it been to him indeed,
In vain against this copious splashing pleaded,
But, to a post, as well might Thomas plead,
And so he bore it — since it was his creed
To suffer what he could not counteract;
And rising from the bath — it was agreed
That he should dress — he quick his trunk unpacked,
The Adjutant supplying what his wardrobe lacked.

XXXVIII.

And now, full dressed in regimental trim,
They posted over to the Commandant's,
Sent in their names and compliments to him,
And were informed, that he their wishes grants;
A clank of swords was heard, when in Tom flaunts,
With his new friend, and scrapes an awkward bow,
Is introduced — the Colonel gives a glance,
And when preliminaries of "How d' ye do,"
Were over — bids them take a chair.—The men brought two.

XXXIX.

It was a Sunday, and, as no parade
Occurred that morn, the Colonel, who, besides,
Had felt a little bilious — lay in bed
Till twelve o'clock, and, waking, furious chides
His bearer, for not rousing him betides,
Thund'ring and roaring in a manner shocking,
Throws on his dressing gown, and careless slides
Into pyjamas, without shoe or stocking,
Drinks bowls of chicken-broth, and then betakes to smoking.

XL.

Just settled, and with spectacles on nose,
Poring o'er ord'ly books — the message came,
He was just feeling one of his great toes
That seemed to threaten gout — it burnt like flame,
And murmured out a curse — " Well, Mr. Gra'am,
" And who is this recruit?" — then gaping wide
His mouth enormous, — " prithee, what's his name ?"
" They ca' him Maister Raw," the Scotchman cried,
" He has been wrecked, I trow, and what not a' beside."

XLI.

" Odd's blood," — addressing Tom, " 'tis monstrous trying;
" Dids't lose much, — 'tis a most infernal river :
" Charlotte ! come in — My daughter, Charlotte Kyan !
" Our new recruit, girl ! — Mr. Raw — dids't ever
" See such a shameface ?" — " La ! papa ! I never
" Thought you'd receive folks in this dishabille." —
" Curse your French words, girl—though you're dev'lish clever,
" You jade, to say the truth — Go fetch my pill,
" 'Tis time to take it — Mr. Raw, you've not been ill ?"

XLII.

Such was our youth's reception — rather queer
For one like him who'd seen the world but little,
And he expressed surprise. — " Oh ! dinna' fear,"
The Adjutant replied, — " the man has mettle,
" Prodigious civil, too, although his wit ill
" Pleases you, I think, sir ; but then ye need
" Na fash your thumb — just let the dregs o' 't settle,
" And ye 'll be unco friends — ye wull indeed,
" Tak my advice, an' a' my admonitions heed.

XLIII.

" He's what ye ca' a man o' preeveleege,
" And waxes wrath at any contradiction,
" E'en let him gang his gait, and ne'er abreedge
" Aye thing for which he shews a predeeliction,
" But smile, and boo, and always own conviction,
" Howe'er ye doot, and — harkee, praise his bairn,
" She's unco blank, ye ken, that's some restriction ;
" But then she's siller; and ye're not to learn
" That siller, says the proverb, makes the mill to turn."

XLIV.

Tom listened with attention to his friend,
And thanked him kindly for his good advice,
Resolving firmly that he would attend,
And did so — for he had no other choice.
A round of visits followed in a trice,
Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, Cornets, Majors,
Were all made known to Tom, and seemed a nice
Set of fine fellows, on the world old stagers,
To mix in any sport or frolic prompt engagers.

XLV.

The Colonel gave an introduct'ry party,
And Miss presided, smiling sweet around,
The host laughed loud, and gave a welcome hearty,
Cracked dirty jokes which — with him — ne'er lost ground,
And from his guests, due admiration found,
Pledged lumba[45] peallas of fresh carbonell,
Swearing 'twas monstrous good, high-flavoured, sound,
And not a headach in a hogshead — Well ?
What more? — why that beneath the board some topers fell.

XLVI.

And all the rest — fair Charlotte's self excepted,
Were more than half seas over with the claret,
And, when they joined her, as she had expected,
They made fierce love and chattered like a parrot,
E'en the douce Adjutant, with locks of carrot,
Simpered, most tenderly, upon the maiden,
Till she was tired, and could no longer bear it:
Into her room, then, quickly retrograding,
She stole away, and soon her downy bed was laid in.

XLVII.

We left Tom's budgerow cronies 'fore the gale,
In mutual ignorance of each other's fate,
One Griffin only harped upon a tale,
That he saw Tom go down, — at any rate
His budgerow upset — and it was so late
That the odds were poor Thomas Raw was drowned,
And Captain Bundook's sorrowings were great.
But, as it couldn't be remedied, he found
Much consolation that on *him* death had not frowned.

XLVIII.

They reached Benares full of this dread story,
And to the Commandant their grief express'd,
While Tom, in all his military glory,
Hailed his lost comrades with uncommon zest;
Their joy at meeting him was ample test
Of friendship — though two lads had scratched him off,
(As dead and gone), the Bengal army list,
Flattering themselves, with many a jocund laugh,
They'd got a step, and were — too fortunate by half.

XLIX.

And we have seen — we say it without dread
Of contradiction — right good-natured fellows,
Their legs upon their own camp tables spread,
Poring o'er annual almanacks — as well as
Quarterly registers, with feelings callous,
Making odd marks against each senior stager,
Of whose long sticking they were very jealous.
As *D.* for death, and *T.* turned out — his age or
Infirmities, to see how soon they'd be a major.

L.

We've seen the same among your rich civilians,
With calculations on the probabilities
Of seniors' constitutions — silly ones!
Lasting so many weary years — to kill it is
A very favourite occupation — till it is
Twenty to ten they drop off from their perch
The first of all — shewing their poor abilities
In deep prognostication, and the search
Of rising o'er their peers — themselves left in the lurch.

LI.

It is not callousness of feeling!—no!
For here it owns a sensitiveness strong
As in the mother country with a flow
Of generosity, that bounds along
Even beyond prudence in the old and young.
What is it then?—th' habitual fuss and rout
For higher situations in the throng;
The constant hearing of death's blowing out
The tapers of men's lives that brings the thing about.

LII.

Tom had, as yet, in tactics no great skill,
And was an ignoramus at his trade;
So, in a few days, he was put to drill,
And taught the goose step on the field parade.
The awkward figure which our hero made
Obliged the havildar(46) to curb a smile,
By putting up his dusky hands to shade
His risibility at Tom's hard toil,
Puffing and blowing with the strenuous turmoil.

LIII.

And sometimes, as ill luck would have it, he,
While practising — his toe well pointed down,
And arms stiff plaistered to his thighs, would see
From half shut eyes—by elevated crown,
Directed to the skies—and with a groan,
The Colonel and his daughter fair returning
Home from their morning's airing — and (poor clown!)
Catching him the said famous goose-step learning,
And, at their tittering, felt his cheeks, like hot coals burning.

LIV.

But this would pass off when his drill was over,
And he was sitting by her — *tête-à-tête,*
He then felt many symptoms of a lover,
His youthful bosom often felt elate
With strong emotion, and went pit a pat:
He could not keep his eyes from off her beauties,
And — when she smiled — he sighed at such a rate
That she began, — as usual — to impute his
Tremors to certain proofs of ardour, — so acute is

LV.

The eye of woman when a youthful swain
Is caught by loveliness — hid to him the dawn
Of the soft passion that creates his pain,
Or of the shaft which Cupid's hand has drawn
In sportive playfulness — his look forlorn,
The mantling blush that o'er his features strays,
The sparkling which his bashful eyes adorn,
The smile that o'er his mouth delighted plays,
The energetic penetration of his gaze.

LVI.

But ah ! if flattered at the youthful flame,
She feeds each kindling spark, and leads him on
By winning arts, too numerous for a name,
He deeply rues the end ; — his peace is gone.—
But if she checks it, e'er it has begun
To rankle in his heart, th' incipient fire
That has so many sorrowing youths undone,
Will, by her prudent treatment, rise no higher,
And in its unexcited tenement expire.

LVII.

But we are growing very sentimental,
And may forget we 're on realities.
Miss Charlotte, then, whose taste was bent on men tall,
Thought Tom too short for sent'mentalities,
Or making love — but such are our fatalities
That she felt something like affection creeping
Within her heart — nor very strange at all it is
When Thomas Raw was daily at her peeping,
That she dreamt also of the youth when sleeping.

LVIII.

In short, they ogled morning, noon, and night;
Or, as the vulgate has it — cast sheep's eyes
At one another — and, at every sight
Their bosoms heaved with many bursting sighs.
Both tried to speak — but in its honey dies
Each falt'ring word — when their warm hands united
They gave a squeeze — Oh, force of sympathies!
And then they seemed so very much delighted,
As if they, tacitly, their vows together plighted.

LIX.

And so they went on, languishing and doting;
The loving pair! — Tom like John Dryden's Cymon,
Felt intellect awake, which had been floating
On seas of stupor — Love's the thing to try men,
And once he actually betook to rhyming,
Penning a sonnet on her glossy hair:
Cupid indeed seemed introducing Hymen
Into the bowers of my lady fair.
We'd give you the first stanza of it, did we dare.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE TENTH.

Note 1, page 252, line 5032.

Being much of the opinion of old Horsley.

A gentleman long resident in Calcutta, and much esteemed for his literary talents. His aversion to acquire the oriental languages was notorious; and after spending half a life in India, he could scarcely make himself understood in the common colloquial dialect of the country.

Note 2, page 253, line 5049.

—— *Humara now.*

My boat.

Note 3, page 253, line 5050.

Toom deckho!——

Do you look.

Note 4, page 253, line 5050.

—— *hum* ——

I.

Note 5, page 253, line 5050.

—— *and Kiswasti.*

What for.

Note 6, page 253, line 5051.

Sub doop gea ——

All is sunk.

Note 7, page 253, line 5051.

—— *and nooksaun* ——

Loss.

Note 8, page 253, line 5051.

—— *and manjee lou !*

Bring the manjee.

Note 9, page 253, line 5058.

A Chowdry, on whose tympanum it sounded.

Head inhabitant of a village.

Note 10, page 253, line 5063.

—— *'twas that of Thannadar.*

A native officer of police. His employment is to see that peace and order are preserved within a certain range of villages placed under his jurisdiction, to apprehend public offenders, and to make regular reports of his proceedings to the magistrate of the district.

Note 11, page 253, line 5066.

And hailed the native police magistrate of Bar.

A town about thirty miles from the city of Patna. We have selected this place for the scene of our hero's disaster, as it is notoriously famed for accidents.

Note 12, page 253, line 5067.

On a chabootra this grave person sat.

A brick terrace plastered with lime, used by the natives to sit on, and enjoy the fresh air.

Note 13, page 253, line 5068.

Lolling cross-legged upon a patna mora.

A stool. It is of various sizes, so as to admit of being used to sit upon, as well as to support the feet; composed of rattan covered with leather, painted in brilliant colours, representing different subjects, principally hunting scenes.

Note 14, page 253, line 5069.

—— *pyjama'd*

Pyjamahs are loose drawers, used in bed, composed of grass cloth or light silk.

Note 15, page 253, line 5071.

Banse ke chetai ——

A mat made of bamboos.

Note 16, page 253, line 5072.

—— *wrapt in a stuffed labador.*

A loose gown.

Note 17, page 253, line 5075.

A dozen burkendozes ——

Subordinate police officers.

Note 18, page 253, line 5075.

—— *stood round the behaudur.*

A title of distinction.

Note 19, page 254, line 5076.

A kullean of brass ——

A small kind of hookah, differing from those used by the higher class of natives.

Note 20, page 254, line 5080.

(*His mouthpiece, for convenience had a curve in 't.*)

Called by the natives moonal. It is placed at the extremity of the snake, through which the smoker inhales the fume; and composed of gold, silver, or a composition called vidry.

Note 21, page 254, line 5084.

—— *roaring drunk with toddy.*

The fermented juice of the fruit of the palm-tree, a very intoxicating liquor.

Note 22, page 254, line 5092.

Rules the poor grists — as pedagogues their boys.

Labourers of the soil. The native functionaries are usually great tyrants, and misuse the authority with which they are invested. We fear they are for the most part not only tyrannical, but corrupt.

Note 23, page 254, line 5098.

Drew out his tulwar, and our hero pinned.

A native sabre.

Note 24, page 254, line 5100.

" *Bhote khubberdar*" ——

Anglicè, " I am a Company's lieutenant, mind what you're about." Kuptan and lubtenant being ranks generally understood by all who are very apprehensive of provoking the military orders.

Note 25, page 255, line 5109.

Provisions called for, and sherbet potations.

Sherbet is a favourite beverage among the natives, composed of sugar and water, to which lime-juice is sometimes added.

Note 26, page 255, line 5110.

——*with new-lighted gool.*

The fire ball of a hookah, formed of the charcoal of certain trees and rice starch, and then dried in the sun. A few of these made red-hot, and placed on the opposite side of the piece of earthenware to which the tobacco is attached, lights it, and produces the smoke which is inhaled.

Note 27, page 255, line 5116.

——*" if there's not my petarrah."*

A round or oval covered box, made of rattan and leather, with a padlock, used to carry clothes, &c. in travelling.

Note 28, page 255, line 5128.

—— *some brandy pânee.*

Brandy and water.

Note 29, page 256, line 5139.

Gyah was past in safety ——

One of the most sacred cities of the Hindoos, to which pilgrimages are made from all parts of India. The Government derive a revenue from a tax on pilgrims; and to superintend the collection, a gentleman (not in the Company's service) is paid a large monthly salary.

Note 30, page 256, line 5140.

A glimpse of her far-famous Bishenpud.

A magnificent black stone temple at Gyah, to which the pilgrims repair to perform their religious ceremonies. The sculpture of the walls and pillars, and of some of the idols, is ably done.

Note 31, page 256, line 5143.

Sheergotty was in sight——

A station about thirty miles from Gyah, on the Company's new military road.

Note 32, page 258, line 5193.

Crack went the chabuck——

Whip.

Note 33, page 258, line 5194.

"Chull! bheeta chull!"——

Move on, my son, move on. Bheeta, or son, is applied by the natives to animals.

Note 34, page 258, line 5203.

——*Baroon's sandy shores.*

A village on the banks of the river Soane, which intercepts the Company's road at this spot. The bed of the river in the dry season in breadth is calculated at five miles.

Note 35, page 258, line 5204.

The Soane is ferried——

A fine clear river, which has its source at Sohagepore, and disembogues itself into the Ganges at Moneah, about ten miles from the military cantonment of Dinapore. Moneah is celebrated for a beautifully sculptured mausoleum and tank. The water of the Soane is as clear as crystal in the dry season, and the pebbles over which it runs bear a beautiful polish, and are much esteemed for the variety and delicacy of the fragments of petrified vegetation found in them.

Note 36, page 258, line 5207.

And then through Sassuram they gallop fast.

An ancient town, celebrated for the insulated mausoleum erected to Sheer Shah, which covers the little finger of that sovereign, having been the only part of him found on the field of battle, in which he perished, and distinguished only by the royal signet. There are the remains of another mausoleum, begun by Sheer Shah to his father, which is also placed in the centre of a large deep pond.

Note 37, page 259, line 5219.

He once more took to dawking up the Comp'ny's road.

Travelling post in a palankeen.

Note 38, page 259, line 5227.

We find it at Benares ——

A sacred Hindoo city, in which is the finely sculptured temple of Vishvesar, of which there are plates, from drawings made by the late chief engineer, Colonel Garstin. Benares is also remarkable for two very elevated minarets. At Secrole, about five miles from the city, there is a large civil station, and cantonments for two or three battalions of native troops.

Note 39, page 259, line 5237.

—— as he'd hash up a fierce Goorka.

The Goorkas are usurpers of the Napaul country. The aborigines are styled Nawars.

Note 40, page 261, line 5278.

She'd never been "at home"——

"At home," in India, is generally understood to mean "in England."

Note 41, page 261, line 5283.

At Mrs. B—ks the damsel had been placed.

One of the many respectable governesses of schools for the education of girls born in India.

Note 42, page 261, line 5289.

With many a lash and chucker from Dame B.

Chucker is literally a wheel, but, as here used, applies to breaking-in young horses, gallopping or trotting them in a ring or circle.

Note 43, page 262, line 5292.

Tired with the diccut of his household duty.

A Persian word signifying trouble.

Note 44, page 263, line 5327.

—— *large brimming kedgeree pots by the score.*

Large earthen water pots, used for bathing. We know not why they are called kedgeree pots, except that Kedgeree is the place where they are usually manufactured in the vicinity of Calcutta.

Note 45, page 266, line 5405.

Pledged lumba peallas of fresh carbonell.

Anglicè, long wine glasses.

Note 46, page 268, line 5468.

Obliged the havildar to curb a smile.

A rank in the Sepahi corps, answering to our serjeant.

TOM RAW, THE GRIFFIN.

CANTO THE ELEVENTH.

I.

WE now approach that most eventful era
Of human life — when matrimony closes
The reign of freedom — Oh ! what can be dearer ?
When, caught by sparkling eyes, or Grecian noses,
Lips like the rosebud, on which dew reposes,
And figures round, and plump, and elegant,
Men take — as children take gilt pills or doses
Sweetened with sugar — what they do not want,
And — afterwards, they try to free themselves — but can't.

II.

We 've heard it called a lottery of bliss,
In which there are few prizes — many blanks,
And if the first, unhappily, we miss,
The chain of tyranny most fearful clanks,
Which galls and festers its ill-omened ranks.
But if we 're fortunate, and draw a prize,
To Hymen we 're indebted many thanks
For paradise on earth. — But are men wise
To take a ticket with this chance before their eyes ?

III.

We speak as others do — but nought against
The wedded state — for we have never tried
Its boasted sweets — or cares. It never chanced
To fall into our way, and to deride
That which we're ignorant of, would be allied
To some such folly as your blockheads shew
Who rail at masonry, its pomp and pride,
Themselves, too, uninitiated — Oh !
They 've both their secrets which — till brethren — none may know.

IV.

Of Tom's fierce love so ardent were the glows,
That, like poor Paddy's in the Irish song,
It grew red-hot, and burnt through all his clothes.
You will allow that it was passing strong,
When, 'midst a gay and *fashionable* throng,
At Colonel Kyan's house — to their amaze
He caught young Charlotte as she tripped along,
And, pouncing on her arm — he had the face
To pop the question, — or, in other words — his case.

V.

The damsel blushes scarlet as his coat,
And places her fair hand before her lips,
Drops both her eyes, as bashful maidens ought,
In whose quick ears a proposition slips,
And then — *selon la règle* — sighs and weeps.
" By Heaven !" our hero cried, " I'm clean jewaub'd"—
While his whole frame a quivering motion keeps.
" No ! Thomas Raw," the startled fair one sobbed ;
" But ask papa," — and then a sliding curtsey bobbed.

TOM RAW GAINS THE VICTORY.

Published by R. ACKERMANN, 96 Strand, London.

VI.

"Huzza! huzza!" the honest youth exclaimed,
"She's mine, she's mine—I scarcely can conceive."
"Is she indeed?" the Colonel said,—"I'm d—d
"Though, if she is—before she asks my leave"—
Shaking his portly sides: "why, you're a thief,
"Tom Raw, come sneaking to purloin a bird
"Out of my poultry yard!"—But to be brief,
Although papa conceived the thing absurd,
Tom was successful.—Readers! have you ever heard,

VII.

In tales like ours, so brisk a *coup de main*
As Tom accomplished?—To keep int'rest floating,
Marriage is, usually, a work of pain—
A cross-grained father, or a mother brought in,
And some fierce rivals on the heroine doating,
Richer and better matches than the one
To which the thoughtless girl's herself devoting.
Then follow duels—Oh, the glorious fun
Of lovers pistolled, or—right through the body run.

VIII.

You may not have the first, because our Colonel
Cared little who espoused his daughter Charlotte,
And 'mongst the dying Strephons could discern ill
Which for his girl would prove the better varlet;
They were to him alike, these lads of scarlet,
He said—and—let her please her inclination;
He'd quite enough indeed to snap and snarl at,
Or crack his jokes upon, at that great station,
And therefore to the union gave his approbation.

IX.

But for a duel — faith we have a nice one,
As you shall hear. — A Captain of artillery,
A tall, gaunt hero, talked to her of splicing;
And when she scorned his hand — to wound or kill her, he
Swore, on his faith, despite of rope or pillory;
And the scared damsel kept at home a week,
Until aroused by her papa's coarse raillery.
But when on Tom's successful suit they speak,
On him the Captain vowed his deep revenge to wreak,

X.

And penned the following letter: "My dear sir!"
(For so men write to foe as well as friend,)
" I'm led, from common rumour, to infer
" That you have had th' assurance to pretend
" To marry Miss Kyan; — but now, to end
" At once your most audacious hopes, — I swear,
" By the great god of war — a ball to send
" Into your vitals: of my wrath aware,
" And prosecute your nuptials — now, sir, if you dare!

XI.

" Should you abandon your presumptuous views
" On the receipt of this determined note,
" 'Tis well! — but, if you don't — why then you'll choose
" Pistol or sword — for I must cut your throat,
" Or pass a bullet through your fine red coat:
" The bearer is my second — Major Shannon,
" Who'll settle, in a moment, all about
" The time and place," — and so the letter ran on;
Signed—" Your obedient humble servant—Patrick Cannon."

XII.

Lost in a reverie of fond delights,
Anticipating joys for ever blooming,
And — setting all his furniture to rights, —
Tom turned, and saw a stranger his small room in,
And, wond'ring at his unexpected coming,
Begged him to take a chair. — The Major knew
His errand better, and so kept not Tom in
Suspense, but gave him (what else should he do ?)
His friend's unceremonious letter to read through.

XIII.

The seal was broke, and read the fearful scrawl,
And Tom was pale as death, and trembled greatly,
So much so that he leaned against the wall,
And scarcely dared to view the features stately
Of Major Shannon. " Och ! it's done him nately,"
He said aside — and Thomas thus address'd,
" Sir, I perceive you've not been very lately
" Engaged in such affairs. It would be best
" To ask some friend — upon my shoul, you look distrest."

XIV.

" Oh ! no, sir — Major Shannon — pray sit down,"
Said Tom, his courage rising. " You 're aware,
" No doubt, of the contents of this high-flown
" Epistle ; — but don't think, sir, that I care
" A farthing for his threats : you need not stare ;
" I'll write an answer, if you'll wait a minute.
" Distressed indeed ! what is there, pray, to fear ?
" I'm just as good as he, and — brisk's a linnet,
" And stand as good a chance, or else the devil's in it !"

XV.

" I'm glad to hear you say so, Mr. Raw ;
" I knew that you'd be after thinking fit
" To meet my friend. Why, what's a duel — pshaw!
" I've fought some twenty in my time, and hit
" Nine out of ten. Faith, I delight in it,
" Och! just to bother fellows for abusing
" Swate Ireland. By my sowl, a little bit
" Of lead is most exceedingly amusing—
" But write on, my dear boy—the precious time we're losing."

XVI.

" There!" cried Tom, drawing to his utmost height,
" Take that, sir, to your friend, and tell him too,
" That Ensign Raw will still maintain his right,
" And marry Charlotte Kyan in a few
" Short days, in spite of all that he can do
" To mar our union. As to time and place,
" I'm quite indifferent, and leave both to you."
Astonishment o'erspread the Major's face,
Who, bowing, went away — to undertake the case.

XVII.

Such a fine evening, as the rainy season,
About expiring, leaves, — the sky serene,
And the sun casting his bright beams the trees on,
Was fixed upon for this momentous scene.
Tom had a friend—his facings were of green,
No matter to what regiment belonging—
A comely youth, with an engaging mien,
Who long to see a fight had felt a strong in-
Clination, and ne'er cared who th' affair was wrong in.

XVIII.

Arrived, twelve paces soon the seconds measure;
The pistols are both loaded, and they stretch
Their arms, and for the signal wait at leisure.
Tom had screwed up his courage to that pitch
Which inexperienced youngsters do, and which —
Considering this his first debut in war—
Might not have been expected, — for the itch
Of killing his antagonist was far
From his intentions — but then his unlucky star,

XIX.

Which had such powerful ascendancy
Over his fortunes, and had frowned so often,
Again his actions ruled ; — a tendency
To downright fear — we really will not soften
The term ('tis nervousness nine times in ten),
Crept over him ; the blushing rose expired
Upon his cheek ; the smile went, straightway, off in
Dudgeon ; and long before the sign required
Was made, he turned his head round to the right, and—fired.

XX.

One leg was horizontal — some one said
So placed to guide his aim — some that his toes
A kind of muscular convulsion made
By the recoil. One hand (the left one) rose,
Covering his face — the reason no one knows,
Though rumour had been busy too in this :
But fate ordained a victim to his blows,
His bullet — certes — did the Captain miss,
But killed a hovering crow — omen of ill, I wis !

XXI.

Then was a pause, — there always is, when things
Unlooked for break, at once, an anxious man on;
But 'twas of short duration, for now rings
The welkin with the roars of Major Shannon:
Tom's friend held back in shame, while Captain Cannon,
Stiff as a poker, at his being befool'd,
Insisted boldly to advance again on;
His friend, however, was not to be ruled,
And, to say truth, indeed — the Captain's ardour cooled.

XXII.

Meanwhile, Tom stood, expecting every minute
To feel the leaden vengeance of his foe;
He heard the jocund laugh, and — might have seen it,
Had not his eyes, fixed steadily below,
Watching, of knocking knees, the frequent blow.
At length the Major cried, — "Och! by the powers!
" The lad has done his duty — not quite slow
" Enough — but he's a garsoon — therefore now, as
" He has fired in the air, — we'll end this fight of ours."

XXIII.

The Captain, thinking 'twas a weak affair
To fight with such an inexperienced boy,
Declared his readiness to end it there,
And shook Tom's hand, which trembled now with joy.
" I've been to blame, for such a foolish toy
" To make this hubbub — prithee wed the maid,
" I aim not now your union to destroy;
" My friends, good evening to you all," — he said,
And, in good humour, both the parties homeward sped.

XXIV.

" Well," murmured Tom, when in his chamber seated,
" I have escaped, indeed, miraculously,
" And if, in future, such a scene's repeated,
" I'll stand my ground, egad, most famously:
" I acted this time cowardly; that I
" Must needs confess — but what of that? — the fame
" Of this great duel will, none can deny,
" Make people tack some laurels to my name;
" Particulars they will not peach — for very shame.

XXV.

" But — 'tis the devil, to be thus embroiled,
" Because one happens to 've been fortunate
" Among the girls. Had I, indeed, been foiled,
" I should have lived in peace, at any rate.
" Oh! Charlotte, how you rule my wayward fate!
" A few more fleeting days — but who's afraid ?—
" I shall be married," — and he stroked his pate —
" What then will follow ?" — and a stride he made —
" Why then the die is cast — and I can't retrograde !"

XXVI.

Meanwhile, in preparations for the marriage,
The bride elect employed each passing morn,
('Twas very natural, too, we think, at her age,)
With all becoming finery to adorn
Her youthful person. Every thing she'd worn
Was brought for her inspection, — her pelisses,
Her silk and satin gowns, her lace and lawn,
Of Dacca[1] muslin some transparent pieces,
And she smoothed nicely down their rumples and their creases.

XXVII.

Here Valenciennes its filmy net displays,
And Blonde its flossy flow'rs and patterns shews,
And ribands various as the sun's bright rays,
Blue, scarlet, violet, and — couleur de rose,
Their beauties serpentine and long disclose;
And here Parisian stays — a dicky there
Of vulgar flannel, side by side repose,
Claiming, by turns, the maiden's anxious care,
All very old, and — very much the worse for wear.

XXVIII.

The Colonel had — and much the people wondered,
Presented Charlotte with a good bank note
Of Hindostan,[2] for sic' rupees one hundred,
To buy her— as he said —a petticoat,
Or some gew-gaw, on which all females doat,
In honour of th' approaching bridal ceremony,
For which she thanked him as a daughter ought,
Whose dear and kind papa's habitual care o' money
Allowed him— e'en on such events as these—to spare her,— money.

XXIX.

The note was not a day in her possession,
But — cut in two — on two successive days,
Were travelling to Calcutta in progression
To Dame Balmanno—with a chit which prays
The vet'ran milliner, without delays,
That might be dangerous — (and then she hints
The great occasion which it 's meant to grace),
To make her up a wedding suit —(nor stints
Expense, as far as this would go)—of snow white tints.

XXX.

By the same dawk, our hero, who had spent all 's
Own ready cash, and moved in borrowed suits,
Ordered a set of bran new regimentals
From Simpson, — and from Watts[3] a pair of boots;
He, also, to save creditors' disputes,
Informed them of his very happy views:
On tick his wardrobe thus the youth recruits.
All fears of debt he had begun to lose,
For now the Colonel's money bags his mind pursues.

XXXI.

The day arrived, as did — the bridal dresses,
And the fond pair were mutually hailing
That morn which plighted couples so distresses,
Though late its tardiness they 'd been bewailing;
They 're feelings which all lovers' breasts prevail in.
Time creeps before accomplishment of joy,
And flies when snug within the golden paling
Of certainty. — So sighed the love-sick boy,
As Charlotte cast on him her full, assenting eye.

XXXII.

Robed in canonicals, with book in hand,
The padree[4] enters, — and the anxious lovers
Are called on to approach, and, bashful stand,
Waiting the seal of happiness. They prove as
All lovers do — quite passive — which discovers
A deal of tameness in this sort of thing;
And she pulls off her snow-white left-hand glove, as
Soon as the bridegroom shews the magic ring
That binds them faster than all human fastening.

XXXIII.

Tom pledged himself, most heartily, to cherish
His lovely Charlotte, — and obtained full credence,
As though he'd said — if I don't — let me perish;
The lady murmured out a faint obedience,
Meaning, of course, to let it have precedence
O'er all her duties. They were both quite serious,
And meant to nurse love's delicate ingredients.
But what if he turned cruel and imperious,
Or, that bad temper rendered her delirious?

XXXIV.

And now the rosy lips of Charlotte — prest
First by the happy Thomas, — then papa,
And then in due rotation by the rest,
Declare her joy. Then followed the ha! ha!
In merry peals, — (the Colonel's louder far
Than all the others), from each mirthful grinner.
The jovial host for food began to care,
And having, by long fasting, felt much keener
His glorious appetite, — bade Graham call for dinner!

XXXV.

Announced, he led the way, and by his side
The bride and bridegroom placed. The groaning table
Sustained, of his farm-yard, the fattened pride —
Beef, mutton, pork, as thick as it was able
To stow the smoking joints. The noise of Babel
Was not more stunning nor diversified,
Than, on that morn, dinned in the yard and stable;
Bellow — and grunt — and *baa* — and cackling, tried
To sound the loudest, as each throat-cut victim died.

XXXVI.

Then followed the dessert. The marriage-cake
Pre-eminent uprears its snowy head,
In Alpine dignity ; and jellies shake
Their yellow bosoms ; and rich gingerbread
Is seen, in humbler guise, its cause to plead ;
Nor does the raspberry, or the pure cream ice,
Of being recommended stand in need ;
Puddings and tarts, and home preserves and pies,
Made by the bride's fair hand, complete the rich supplies !

XXXVII.

Hodgson's pale ale — kind produce of our hops,
The more substantial mastications aids ;
While on the ear resound the constant pops
Of corks from costly wines of different grades,
Both red and white, in all their loveliest shades,
In quick succession they're revolving fast :
Such wines as those in which famed Wiltshire trades,
Or which, at Colvin's Ghaut — (by none surpast),
Are found — and justly recommended by — De Bast ![5]

XXXVIII.

" Silence !" the Colonel roars, — " a bumper toast !"
The company, obedient to the order,
Fill to the brim each glass, and, to the host,
Graham, the Adjutant, in accents broader
Than usual, cries — " We 're fu'." — In some disorder
The bride and bridegroom sit, — while from each chair
The rest get up — for all of one accord are.
" My lads ! I drink to the new-wedded pair,
" All happiness be theirs ! the gallant and the fair."

XXXIX.

The stunning toast re-echoing now was heard
With four times four — in honour of our king,
Though three times three served poor old George the Third
As well: — Lord! if the French their cheerings ring
In that numerical manner, what a string
They'd have! — why it would make their topers hoarse
Before they'd finish their long bellowing.—
The happy couple bowed their thanks — of course;
But the old Colonel, dragging Thomas by sheer force,

XL.

Declared he'd have a speech. There was no shrinking
From such a mandate. He in vain implored
The predetermined host: — " Sir, I've been drinking."
" Why so have we — ye blockhead." — " I've no word
" To utter." — " Oh! you have n't — by the Lord,
" Though, you shall speak."—" Prithee, excuse my speaking."
" No, — d—me, but I won't!" — Tom was abroad,
And felt himself, unluckily, so weak in
His oratory, that his voice was faint and squeaking.

XLI.

" Quite unaccustomed as I am," — a pause—
" To public speaking — lade's and gentlemen! —
" I feel — that is — I think — in such a cause,
" That" — and he gave a most prodigious hem,—
" I, — tell me, prithee," (whispered he to Gra'am),
" What I'm to say?" — " Ken unco weel my duty,"—
" Well know my duty," — " Thus wi' loud acclaim—
" Then gie a touch aboot the lassie's beauty—
" And Colonel's valour—the deil's in 't if that wont suit ye!"

XLII.

" To beauty and to valour to incline
" My humble voice." — Loud peals of laughter burst
From all around. " D—me, that's very fine,"
The Colonel said — " Come, Valour, to your post!—
" For Beauty here's been blushing from the first."—
Thomas resumed, —" I cannot for the wealth
" Of India speechify — may I be cursed,
" This is my toast—I give it not by stealth—
" To Colonel Kyan and all present I drink health!"

XLIII.

" Bravo! a famous speech!" with one accord
The company exclaim,—" a famous speech."—
Tom lowly bows his thanks as they applaud.
And now the ladies earnestly beseech
The host to let them go without the reach
Of noises stunning every female ear.
" Oh! to be sure," he said with mimic screech;
And after a few bottles more, they hear
The merry drum and fife, and quickly disappear.

XLIV.

Our hero wedded! — and still longer flows
Our sportive tale? —Yes! this must be its fate,
For doubled is the interest which now glows
Upon his fortunes. The blest marriage state
Makes him — besides his own, — (which have been great,
As all our cantos feelingly express,)
In his wife's troubles to participate.
On honey-moons we would not lay a stress—
They're evanescent periods in man's happiness.

XLV.

Cupid and Hymen are a fickle pair
Of mercantile adventurers in — hearts;
They make unmarried people, we declare,
Quite foolish with their fond and wheedling arts:
The one with pointed and deluding darts,
The other with his fiercely blazing flame;
One scorching, and the other giving smarts,
Still persevering in their cruel game,
Till both the victims — as their lawful prize—they claim.

XLVI.

What then? — like idle children they enjoy
Their plaything for awhile, and then grow sated,
And cry their eyes out for some prettier toy,
Quitting their couples dull and unelated,
In misery which neither contemplated:
Yet some there are who chain the rosy urchin
With his own bowstring, and he, (so 'tis fated,)
Forgets his love of rummaging and searching
For foreign sweets, and leaving wedded folks the lurch in.

XLVII.

We will not say our hero and his spouse
Were quite deserted. No! 'twould not be right,
For each was quiet as a tame church-mouse,
And passed their days in conjugal delight,
Unmindful of time's very rapid flight,
Till further blessings there was every room
T' expect, — at least if sashes feeling tight,
Allowed them on such prospects to presume:—
At length she had a boy — the image of her Tom!

XLVIII.

And in the course of time she had another,
And the old Colonel swore there'd be no end on 't,—
Which petrified the father and the mother,
Their circumstances being so dependant,
And, in promotion, Tom not being ascendant.
He often nursed his babes and gave them pap,
Cooked messes for his wife,— which many men don't
Much like to do —and watched her evening nap,
Combed out and curled her fronts, and—aired her morning cap.

XLIX.

In short, he was a husband quite domestic,
Though quizzed by all his fellow-subs and cronies,
Who oftentimes entreated that he'd less stick
To his wife's petticoat.— " Why zounds ! she bone is
" Of my bone,— flesh of my flesh too ; and none is
" Entitled to say aught about the matter,"
Cried Tom ; — yet, secretly, would he bemoan his
Estrangement from his friends; but would not chatter
To her about the squibs they always flung out at her.

L.

His pay was small. — Charlotte again gave signs
Of further gifts,— children would cry and squall,
And she to threats and scoldings now inclines,—
And worn-out clothes his empty purse appal,—
Expenses rise — he liked it not at all,
Nor tailors' bills, which poured in thick and long,
With dunning letters to excite his gall.
The Colonel bleeds not — which they both think wrong,
Considering the cares that, yearly, on them throng.

LI.

Whole days he'd sit — legs cocked à l'Asiatic,
Upon the table — gazing at his spouse,
Who, groaning grievously with pains rheumatic,
Vented her spite on all within the house:
Now little Tommy got a cruel douse
Upon the chops, which set him in a roar;
And now poor Hubby she'd attempt to rouse,
While the poor man — conceiving it a bore,
Sat still and silent. What the devil could he more?

LII.

To crown their misery, the strange old Colonel,
Who'd deprecated marriage 'bove all things,
Swearing it was a state the most infernal, —
To their astonishment and dread, begins
To fancy otherwise — and kicks and flings
If any one derides the wedded life;
And — in a fortnight afterwards, he brings
A stale old maid — numerically rife,
And proudly seats her at his table — as his wife!!

LIII.

Miss Girsy Macnamara was a virgin
Of forty-five, a most enormous creature,
The sister of a Scotch assistant-surgeon,
Without a charm of person or of feature:
One of those hurried works of fickle Nature,
Composed, 'twould seem, when she was out of humour;
And, independent of her awkward stature,
Upon her shoulders she'd a kind of tumour,
And — as she older grew — the morbid swelling grew more!

TOM RAW IN THE MIDST OF DIFFICULTIES.

LIV.

Like all your persevering undertakers,
Who never let an opportunity
Escape—she seized on all—as well a rake as
The sage. She thought that continuity
Of effort sooner gained immunity
From virgin thraldom, than inactive war;
And in our sequel we'll propone it t' ye
That she was right—and that her lucky star
On our deluded Colonel glittered—above par.

LV.

She wheedled the old man, and made comparisons
Between a green old age and worn-out youth;
She'd rather *fathers* wed than marry sons,
She said,—and simpered in his face, forsooth;
Till Colonel Kyan thought she uttered truth,
And chuckled at the conquest he had made.
She loved *blunt* manners, which folks call uncouth,
And then appropriate compliments she paid,—
Such arts old damsels use to age—when others fade.

LVI.

She'd make his tea—and rub his smooth bald pate
With a clean towel,—and arrange his pillows,
When gouty twinges would preponderate,
Or fits of bile, which do so oft instil us
With fears of death,—and with dark fancies fill us.
Whole hours she'd read the nonsense of John Bull,
(We mention not the journal—or she'd kill us,
For we have got a penetrable skull,)
Or th' Hurk'ra, as the rest, somnif'rous to the full.

LVII.

And then she'd pause, and deprecate the scandal
Of the vile times — that had already taken
Their innocent *tête-à-têtes* up as a handle,
The most injurious rumours to awaken.
And she must leave him — lonely and forsaken,—
She could not bear it ! — Oh ! 'twould break her heart !—
The Colonel's resolutions were quite shaken—
And — oh ! the triumph of the virgin's art !
They wedded — simply, that they never more might part.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE ELEVENTH.

Note 1, page 287, line 5767.

Of Dacca muslin some transparent pieces.

Dacca was once very celebrated for the fineness of its muslins, but the manufacture has greatly deteriorated within the last fifteen years. Formerly pieces of muslin could be made of the value of 500 sicca rupees, now the finest do not exceed 100. Stories illustrative of the transparency and delicacy of Dacca muslin are told among the natives, though they will not probably be believed by western sceptics. One runs as follows: A king, one day complaining that his daughter appeared indecently dressed, was assured by her, that she had ten whole pieces of muslin over her. Another,—that a piece of Dacca muslin, laid out to bleach on the grass, was mistaken for the dew, or a cobweb, by a pasturing cow, and devoured by her in the sight of its astonished proprietor. *Credant Judæus.*

Note 2, page 288, line 5780.

Of Hindostan, for sic' rupees one hundred.

Notes of the bank of Hindostan. A commercial bank of great credit, established by Messrs. Alexander and Co. in Calcutta.

Note 3, page 289, line 5799.

——*from Watts a pair of boots.*

A boot and shoe-maker of note resident in Calcutta.

Note 4, page 289, line 5815.

The padree enters——

A term for clergymen, much in use in India. It is a Portuguese word, adopted by the natives to designate European priests, and sometimes their own.

Note 5, page 291, line 5867.

——*justly recommended by — De Bast!*

The French emporium for Parisian elegancies and luxuries of every kind, situated near Colvin's Ghaut. Millinery, musical snuff-boxes, pier-glasses, chandeliers, foreign wines, with innumerable *et ceteras* to please the eye and gratify the taste, are to be found at Mr. De Bast's elegant shop.

TOM RAW, THE GRIFFIN.

CANTO THE TWELFTH.

I.

THERE'S nothing new beneath the glorious sun,
Since the creation of this globe of ours,
The wisest man declared, King Solomon,
When he displayed his intellectual powers,
And scattered wisdom's fascinating flowers
Upon the gaping multitude below him :
But, notwithstanding this, he must allow us
To differ in opinion — as we'll shew him
Before we reach the end of this our sportive poem.

II.

Indeed we think we've shewn him in this hist'ry
That many new events occur to all,
Partic'larly to Griffins, which no myst'ry
Of ours has hidden from you great or small.
If you would know what other ills befall
Our hero — pray read on : — his hopes were knocked up
By this strange union, — (it was comical
Enough,) — for all the coin the Colonel locked up,
Which had so long a time his expectations cocked up.

III.

His wife was furious at the grievous change,
And roared, and stamped, and tore her ebon hair;
She'd never reckoned on a case so strange,
So long she'd been esteemed an heiress fair—
She looked the very picture of despair.
The rains had set in, and a treasure escort
Was, at this time, intrusted to Tom's care;
And, though expecting not a bit of praise for 't,
He much regretted he had rainy days like these for 't.

IV.

Burdened with children, and his wife unfit
For marching without doctor or accoucheur,
He made his preparations, — thinking it
The greatest bore on earth, — and he was too sure
They'd have the greatest hardships to endure;
Finances were at ebb — so passing low,
That moderate comforts he could not procure;
The Colonel, too, objected to bestow
The smallest pittance. Well! — they were obliged to go

V.

Without, — for what could people do, who (lacking
Themselves the rhino, and refusals meeting,)
The duty of the state had undertaken?—
The creeking wheels were heard, the drums were beating,
And the shrill fifes the startled ear were greeting:
What could they do? — but, throwing cares aside,
Proceed — from some things there is no retreating.
Come on! come on! our wretched hero cried;
Get all upon the elephants, and I will — ride.

VI.

Like Charity poor Charlotte looked, surrounded
By roaring boys and girls, and, in the howda,
Close stowed, they start, and very sad they found it;
At every step the urchins bawled out louder,
And she declared they did their worst to crowd her.
Tom followed in the rear, upon a steed
He'd purchased for the trip, and never rode a
Pony of more disreputable breed;
His paces were so rough, he was not worth his feed!

VII.

An eastern gale set in—the clouds drove past
In gloomy heaviness, and seemed to rise;
The thunder grumbled, and the lightning cast
A lurid light across the murky skies:
Tom's look declared internal agonies;
He muttered, too, a kind of imprecation,
Levelled, absurdly, against both his eyes—
For swearing always meets our reprobation—
But 'twas expressive of his consternation.

VIII.

And when the march was o'er, and they expect
A comfortable tent, and ready breakfast,
They see the klassies[1] trying to erect
The canvass, and round pins the ropes to make fast.
——And not a scrap to eat: their grinders shake fast
For very hunger; while the babas fall
Screaming most lustily for their repast—
Not understanding—the poor dears—at all,
Why what they get for squalling tarries for a *squall.*

IX.

And now from his companion in distress
He was again assailed. " There, Mr. Raw!
" The rain is coming on — see there — God bless
" Me! you're the strangest man I ever saw!
" 'Twill wet us to the skin — Oh la! oh la!
" And my poor jockey, scarcely a year old,
" Exposed to all the tempest's fury. — Pshaw!
" Why don't you beat the brutes? — why don't you scold?
" Upon my honour, we shall catch our deaths of cold."

X.

But Thomas, — what with elemental strife,
His screaming urchins, and so long a fast,
Unmanageable slaves, and scolding wife,
(By no means the less evil, though the last,)—
Was so distracted, that his eyes he cast
Upon the ground, then stretched out both his legs,
Making his elbows on the table rest,
His fingers serving for olfactory pegs;—
In short, he seemed of troubles drinking up the dregs!

XI.

And, after one hour's drenching in the rain,
Shelt'ring themselves as snugly as they could,
The luckless tent was pitched upon the plain,
And, dripping, in the heavy tempest stood.
And now approached the servants with some food,
At which there was a most uproarious snatching:
Our hero got the smallest share, — for rude
The hungry urchins were, and he feared scratching
From his mild partner, in whose eyes a storm was hatching.

TOM RAW ON SHORT COMMONS.

XII.

Which, to avoid, — despite the tempest's power,
He sauntered out to see the public treasure,
Preferring much the heaven's dismal lour
Than Mrs. Raw's, who fretted beyond measure
When things went wrong, and grief suceeeded pleasure.
" Oh ! the delights of matrimonial life,"
Cried Tom, " and treasure[2] parties — for one's leisure,
" Both of them have their torments and their strife,
" But — oh ! the greatest torment is a scolding wife !"

XIII.

Thus matters stood, — each day some fresh vexation
Occurred, and storms of thunder, rain, and hail,
Beat down their tents, and there was no cessation
Of wretchedness : — but what could tears avail,
For Charlotte and her babes would cry and wail.
The duty ended, they returned, and sought
The joys of home — alas ! they had turned tail—
And this was proved, indeed, — as Thomas thought,
When a third little squaller into life was brought.

XIV.

Now debts came thick upon the luckless pair,
Strange looking men were prowling round his door,
Which he shut to, — with persevering care.
For bailiffs' visits were a grievous bore,
And jails he did not relish any more.
They wrote for aid, — the chits were all suppress'd,—
Mrs. Kyan was mistress of the store,
Her husband ill, — and to unlock his chest
Could not be ask'd just then—'twould kill him to be press'd.

XV.

The Colonel died, — 'twas said from being nursed
Too carefully, — killed quite from over kindness,
And, also, that she ranted — till he cursed
His eyes for most extraordinary blindness,
In marrying at his age, when she could wind less
About his heart. — She scrambled for his gold,
Obtained his keys, and grumbled, then, to find less
Than she expected, — but got legal hold
Of what the coffers held, and watched the shining fold.

XVI.

One would have thought — had tears alone been wanting
To paint the widow's grief, — she'd been distracted,
They flowed so fast; and there was so much panting
And fits, which all her friend's kind care exacted,
Her farce of misery was so well acted:
But, notwithstanding all this fuss and riot,
Of mourning suits, and ceremonies protracted,
In secret she had nought, indeed, to cry at,
She'd got the cash, and the poor Colonel lay — quite quiet.

XVII.

Our hero and his partner meanwhile waited, —
Impatiently enough, — to hear the will.
Their sorrow at his death we have not stated,
For, unlike the poor widow's, it was still
And unassuming, — but now sweet hopes thrill
Their bosoms, when an invitation came
To hear the testament perused. — Tears fill
The eyes of all around, — and, 'tis the same
In all such cases, — when the mourners have a claim.

TOM RAW DISAPPOINTED AT HEARING THE WILL READ,

XVIII.

In sables seated, — and each streaming eye
Screened by white handkerchiefs, — the will was read,
At every word, burst forth a heaving sigh,
And exclamations of — " Alas ! he's dead."—
The widow turned away her smiling head
When found the sole possessor of his riches,
And Charlotte, fainting, on the floor was laid,
While Thomas felt extremely painful twitches,
And muttered something about brutes and artful witches.

XIX.

All were astonished, certainly, to find
The Colonel's daughter wholly unprovided.
" Poor man," said one, " I thought him out o' s mind,
" 'Twould have been only natural to have sided
" With his own child." — " You think, sir, just as I did,"
Exclaimed another, — " but I'd lay a wager
" He never in his charming daughter prided."—
" I know," — a third cried out, " the gruff old codger
" Detested her — if 'twas not so, — pray ask the Major."

XX.

" Well, sir ! what think you of it ? — you have known 'em
" These many years ?" — the Major was distress'd,
But said, —" De mortuis nil nisi bonum."—
" Aye, true," the widow cried, — " he is at rest,
" And raking up his bones, though e'en in jest,
" Is not becoming !" — " Arrah ! faith my dear,"
Replied the Major, — " he is doubly blest —
" By getting rid of you, (aside,) — 'tis clear
" We'd better let him slumber, or he'll wake and hear !"

XXI.

" I bless my stars," said Captain Cannon, " I
" Escaped the snares of fair Miss Charlotte, e'er
" The old curmudgeon proved so niggardly,
" And left his fortune from its rightful heir;
" 'Twas that—and that alone—I wished to share."
" Aye! aye!" exclaimed another *friend* of theirs,
" You see what troubles Tom is doomed to bear,
" See how he bites his nails, and gapes, and stares:
" This is the winding up of matrimonial cares!"

XXII.

" Upon my conscience, then, you're much to blame,"
Whispered the Major,—" with your botheration
" Of these poor turtle doves—for shame! for shame!
" Ye should at least respect their perturbation
" On such a very melancholy occasion."—
" Aich, sirs!" the Adjutant repeats, " you're right,
" I can't but sympathize with the vexation
" Of the poor bairns,—I'm thinking they delight
" In always making mischief—merely out of spite!"

XXIII.

Meanwhile, of hope bereft, th' unhappy pair
Pleaded their cause before the stately widow,
Who, with a most forbidding kind of stare
Rose,—to a height—we might compare with Skiddaw!
And, very gravely, in her pocket, slid her
Thin bony hand, and pulled out a small purse,
" The dear dead Colonel," she exclaimed, " had bid her"
(They knew he was excessively perverse,)
" Give them that sum—indeed, 'twas well it was not worse!"

XXIV.

They looked aghast, — from all the brimming coffers
Mrs. Kyan inherited, — a few
Gold coin the avaricious woman offers!
Both of them, straightway, in a passion flew,
And spoke their minds, as culprits sometimes do,
Who, being condemned by juries and by judges
To lose their lives, immediately fall to
Abusing the grave bench as senseless fudges,
And venting on the court and all their fearless grudges.

XXV.

The widow made a very formal curtsey,
" Mr. and Mrs. Raw — there lies your way,"
Ironically and with action pert, she
Said, — " *I* can't think of asking you to stay
" After your conduct — though, perhaps, *you* may."
And through the door they posted, slamming to
The hateful portals — and for every day
During the whole next week they nothing do,
But execrations on the spiteful dame renew.

XXVI.

We know not what our hero would have done,
Had not some bold refractory Zemindars[3]
Aroused him from a trance that had begun
To lethargize his senses; but now wars,
Battles, and skirmishes, death, blood, and scars,
Were favourite topics in the sad stagnation
Of wedded life and poverty. — The cause
Gave military ardour provocation,
And, to his character, a kind of — elevation!

XXVII.

Tom's Company was ordered to the field,
And preparations for a march to Oude[4]
Commenced — Prize-money every bosom steeled,
Lieutenant Raw looked pleased, and very proud,
And took care to declare it — very loud.
In vain his wife entreated him, with sobs,
And lamentations, to remain. — He vowed
He would not, — adding, gallantly, — " Odds bobs !
" D' ye think I care to undertake such sort of jobs !

XXVIII.

" No ! Mrs. Raw ! — I have a soul above
" An apprehension for these native landlords,
" As, in a month or two, I hope to prove,
" When I'll return as wealthy as your grand lords.
" Fetch me — kind duck ! — the longest of my swords."—
She looked quite arch, and whispered in his ear,
" Remember — Captain Cannon." — At these words
He cried, — " Phoo ! phoo ! By Heavens you need not fear,
" I'm naturally as a lion bold — my dear !"

XXIX.

His crony Graham, by the Colonel's death
Promoted, had the Company obtained,
And drew his weapon from its long pent sheath,
To see, if by the rust it had been stained ;
Tom's eyes a more than usual brightness gained,
He drew his own — new polished, cleaned, and scoured,
Which shewed his friend his valour was not feigned :
He shook him by the hand, and, — quite o'erpowered,
Cried, — " Bravo ! Tom— I'm unco glad ye are na coward."

XXX.

A native Zemindar — ('tis so with others,
Both high and low — an Amrah or a peasant,
In keeping back their cash, they're all sworn brothers,)
Often withholds his rent — which is not pleasant
To kings importunate for wealth increscent,
Or pays — and tardily — but half he should:
Then troops are, *vi et armis*, sent to seize on 't,
And Mud[5] forts strongly built, though very rude,
Shelter the culprits when they're not in paying mood.

XXXI.

If native bands are used, — 'tis ten to twenty
They all turn restive for arrears of pay,
And with the rebels side[6] — if they've not plenty
Of cash dealt out. — 'Tis then the sovereign's way
To crave our aid — that is, in fact, to say
" We cannot quell these brawls, but *your* sepoys
" Being better regulated — perhaps may:"
And then a handful of them, without noise
Lugs out the caitiff, or his clay built fort destroys.

XXXII.

The troops were soon prepared — the ammunition,
Ball cartridges, *et cetera*, safely stowed,
And every thing in apple-pie condition,
And, before day-break, they were on the road.
Twelve miles they marched, and yet the morning glowed
But faintly on the military band,
And, e'er the sun displayed his visage broad
And overpowering influence — every hand
Was sheltered under canvass snug—and quite *untanned*.

XXXIII.

And, in due time, they reached the hostile fort,
And summoned the refract'ry Zemindar
To pay his balance, or he should be taught
The awkward consequences of a war.
But Cossim Ally was unmoved, and far
From being intimidated by the force,
Returned for answer, — " Bawkee hum ne dainga !
" Bus — or ka bolinga !"[7] — The troops of course
Planned an attack upon his fort without remorse.

XXXIV.

The party glowing with heroic fire,
Pressed onwards to the storm with shouts and cheers,
Sounds which are known, by every martial crier,
To kindle valour or to smother fears.
Upon the ramparts Cossim's train appears,
Ready to meet the efforts of the foe,
And the green Moslem ensign proudly rears
Its head, contrasted with the blood red glow
And union crosses, waving in the plain below.

XXXV.

Now burst whole vollies on the rebel crew,
And smoky columns stream along the wall,
And now, retiring quickly from the view,
From loopholes they securely fire, and gall
Our hardy troops, and many a death-fraught ball
Extends them faint and lifeless on the ground ;
But nought the British sepoys can appal ;
They storm the wicket, now deserted found,
And through the narrow entrance resolutely bound.

TOM RAW WOUNDED.

XXXVI.

Roused by th' assailants' unexpected course,
The garrison, by Cossim Ally headed,
Now tried to turn back the resistless force,
Which late their native boldness had not dreaded.
Our valiant band stood firm, and he, who led it,
Was seen encouraging his comrades on;
Lieutenant Raw, to battles not yet wedded,
Began to think 'twas not such glorious fun,
As — previous to the very thick of it, he'd done.

XXXVII.

The musketry was pealing in his ears,
Balls whizzing past him in a monstrous hurry,
Brains scattering in his face, and his compeers
Dropping around. — It was enough to flurry
An inexperienced soldier, — so, — to bury
All apprehensions — he kept roaring out
As loud as he could bawl, — and every roar he
Uttered, appeared of victory the shout,
And fairly put the native garrison to rout.

XXXVIII.

" Hurrah! hurrah!" our hero louder cried,
" The day is ours!" — when, at that fatal minute,
A random ball quelled all his youthful pride,
His leg was shot through — and the bones within it
Were shattered terribly. — The devil's in it
If such a blow had left him in his senses.
The Surgeon comes, looks grave when he has seen it,
And taking out his instruments, advances,
And then the work of amputating it, commences.

XXXIX.

When our young hero, wakened from his swoon,
He looked about him with a ghastly stare,
Not knowing more than did the man in the moon
What they were doing with his legs all bare.
Graham approached, and said, " My lad, the mair
" Ye gar refractory,—the waur ye'll be,
" Ye 've lost a leg na doot — but dinna care,
" 'Tis but *la fortune de la guerre* d' ye see,
" Ye 'll get for it a hundred pounds annuity."

XL.

" What!—lost my leg!" cried Tom,—" Graham, you're joking,
" And — Oh! that twinge — upon my soul you're right!
" But only think how dreadfully provoking!
" What will my wife say, when she sees the sight?"[8]
" Phoo! that ye lost it in the glorious fight,
" Where mony a gallant would much sooner die,
" Than, trusting in dishonourable flight,
" Lose all the ardent hopes of victory!"
" Egad," said Thomas Raw,—" I think that's all my eye!"

XLI.

" See, here, the fruits of honour! — maimed for life!
" Hobbling on crutches for a year or two,
" And laughed at by my children and my wife.
" And then a wooden leg! — What shall I do?
" You would not like it, Graham, — no, not you.
" Scarce twenty, and — a Chelsea Pensioner! —
" Oh! cruel fate! how you my steps pursue.
" A wife too! — but no more I'll mention her,
" For—(ah, upon my soul!) the woman's got no sense in her.

XLII.

“ And oh! what will my wretched mother say
“ When news of my lost leg the papers bring her?
“ She who would cry and blubber, any day,
“ Whene’er, by accident, I cut my finger!
“ Into a fever, I am sure, ’twill fling her.
“ And how distracted will my father be,
“ Fancying I’m doomed a few short days to linger!
“ And then, at last, to die in poverty.
“ Good souls!” ’twill break their tender hearts to think of
“ me!!

XLIII.

“ What were you saying ’bout annuities?
“ I heard you talking of a hundred pounds.”—
“ Aye, by my troth, there’s market for lost eyes,
“ And arms and legs, and a’ disabling wounds,
“ They’ve a’ their price, — and Waterloo abounds
“ With *joint* stock for the bank. Oh, what a land
“ Is ours — her greatness all the world resounds,—
“ Who pays us well as lang as we can stand,
“ And then gives good exchange for tinted leg or hand.”

XLIV.

“ Upon my soul in that there is some comfort,
“ And — let me see — a hundred pounds a year
“ For life is most agreeable,” quoth Tom, “ for ’t
“ Will make me independant, when I’m clear
“ Of debt — which time I hope is very near;
“ And, if I lose an arm — that’s something more —
“ I should not like to part with eye or ear,
“ No! no! by Heaven that would grieve me sore,
“ Though they would swell, delightfully, my hard-earned store.

XLV.

But all this time we had forgotten quite
To state the fortunes of that well fought day,
Aye! and the consequences of the fight;
But better late than never, — as they say,
So we'll now give it. — When the foe gave way,
They were pursued and *puckerlow'd,*[9] and Cossim
Ordered his long resisted debt to pay
With interest twelve per cent. New horrors cross him,
And, seeing all was lost, and we resolved to chouse him,

XLVI.

He counted it with many bitter tears,
And saved himself from hanging, and his fort
From being tumbled all about his ears:
Alternatives of such immense import,
That he preferred to pay — the best resort
He could pursue. — So, — when our hero's wound
Could bear the motion of a doollie — brought
To bear him from the camp — the bugles sound,
And the brave company return with victory crown'd.

XLVII.

A list of killed and wounded aye succeeds
A battle, and 'tis right to give it truly:
'Tis satisfactory to know who bleeds
And who escapes,—Heav'n is thank'd for it duly,—
Of our small force, indeed, a very few lie
In either column — Two were killed, five wounded;
Among the killed a Havildar — made newly,
And one sepoy. — Among the hurt, Tom found it
His fortune to be placed — which Fame abroad resounded!

XLVIII.

In the enumeration of one's foes
It matters little whether we're exact,
The more we make it, — why the more it shews
The splendour of our military tact:
Let them in round five hundreds, then, be pack'd,
No one will go and ferret out the bodies,
And, being punctual at home, the fact
Will be believed. — We're told that this the mode is,—
Not that the rule inserted in the mil't'ry code is.

XLIX.

Poor Mrs. Raw received the dreadful news
As spouses always do who love their lords;
She cried, and fainted, turned to green and blues,
And heard, all day, a furious clash of swords,
And hooting owls at night — those ominous birds,
In short, with grief's fierce fires her heart was burning,
And she could scarce articulate her words,—
Though very soon they found her, busy, turning
The thread-worn relics of her fashionable mourning.

L.

Just hanging a black gown upon a peg,
The news arrived that Thomas was not dead,
He'd been severely wounded, — lost a leg,
But, of his dying, — not the slightest dread.
" Oh dear !" — cried Charlotte, — " had it been his head,
" Poor fellow," — and she sighed, — " I'd been a — widow !
" But oh ! to think, I've destined been to wed
" A poor one-legged Lieutenant !" — and she slid her
Face in between her hands — and then her Ayah chid her.

LI.

The troops returned, and brave Lieutenant Raw,
Borne in a doollie,[10] was safe lodged at home,
And his dear spouse, the moment that she saw
Her legless mate, — ran eagerly to shew 'm
The strength of her attachment. — " Dearest Tom!
" How can my tender bosom see thee thus,
" From bloody wars, a crippled husband, come?
" Oh! what will now, alas! become of us?"
She sobbed.— Tom answered,—" Don't make such a cursed " fuss!

LII.

" Don't blubber so, but lay me on the sofa,
" For all this shaking shatters me to pieces,
" My wound is not so grievous, you must know, for
" The loss of limbs one's fortune much increases,
" And that's the only circumstance which pleases
" Me, — Well, a hundred pounds annuity
" For life is not so bad — when debts so tease.
" It will not give us superfluity
" Of wealth, but 'tis a very hon'rable gratuity."

LIII.

Here we must leave our hero for awhile,
Mending apace, and Charlotte very tender,
Always approaching with a gracious smile,
And going on the errands he would send her:
The babies, too, would cheerfully attend her.
In short, the prospect of this independance
Had served to calm her temper and to mend her
Manners into a sociable attendance;
Good humour was — in fact — in very high ascendance.

LIV.

Graham's success had past — in due rotation
Through all the mil't'ry offices, till laid
Before the Council Board, whose approbation
Was given, and compliment'ry tributes paid
To the detachment, — with much more parade,
Perhaps, than usual, on such small affairs,
But, as the public had so much of 't made,
A general order, by the next dawk bears
The paper, and Benares its enjoyment shares.

LV.

We're not in general orders ably versed,
But think this ran as you below may see.
" Head Quarters — at Fort William, — May the first,
" General orders by the C. in C.
" It has much gratified his Ex'lency
" To learn that a detachment of the (blank)
" Battalion of the Native Infantry
" By Captain Graham led, crossing a bank
" Of the Ganges, to oppose a Zemindar of rank,

LVI.

" Who had withheld his rents, — had ta'en his fort:
" Ably supported by Lieutenant Raw,
" It 's stated in that officer's report
" That, by his valour in th' attack, Mundaw
" Fell, — and his Ex'lency is pleased to draw
" Conclusions, favourable to his bravery;
" But he regrets to add, with this *eclât*,
" He got a dangerous wound in the right thigh,
" Followed by amputation, — and his Ex'lency,

LVII.

" Feeling, most sensibly, his loss of limb,
" Has been resolved to bring his case before
" The Government." — Poor Graham's eyes grew dim,
As, seated by our hero, he ran o'er
The general order; and the friendly corps
Congratulated Tom on his great luck,
Who scarcely could his errant wits restore,
He was so greatly stunned, and thunderstruck :—
But rising in his bed, a soothing draught he took,

LVIII.

And, being more composed, he said, — " Dear friends!
" I know ye love me, as I know I love
" Ye all affectionately too, — the ends
" Inscrutable of Providence above
" Have brought me to this crippled state, to prove
" My thankfulness for other gifts in store;
" And though one-legged I through the world shall move,
" I've nothing in existence to deplore :
" But where's my wife? — I never thought of her before."

LIX.

She came, — and heard the news — and wept for joy,
And flung her arms around her youthful spouse,
And — " hum be ouinga,"[11] exclaimed his boy, —
It was a scene one's feelings to arouse.
But, as our story so affecting grows,
We'll leave all raptures to imagination,
And hasten onward to its final close,
Which, as it's proved a very long probation
Of patience to our readers — claims a termination.

TOM RAW OBTAINS A STAFF APPOINTMENT.

LX.

The day arrived when Tom about could crawl,
And on that day, with joy elate, he saw
" As Sub-Assistant Commissary-General
" In Rohilcund — Lieutenant Thomas Raw,
" For gallantry achieved at Fort Mundaw."
And in a week he got his uniform
Made up, *secundum* military law;
A wooden leg his form did well become,
And every one admired the martial air of Tom!

LXI.

And now, as we've our hero so provided
With every thing one looks for in this life—
A staff-appointment — not to be derided
In sorry times like these, — and — and — a wife,
(He's long forgotten matrimonial strife,)
And of himself a dozen epitomes—
We've nothing more to do — but, being rife
In hope that this our humble tale agrees
With all your tastes, — we'll drop the curtain, if you please.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE TWELFTH.

Note 1, page 303, line 6113.

They see the klassies ——

Servants employed to pitch and strike tents, sometimes to pull puncahs and water tatties in the hot winds.

Note 2, page 305, line 6153.

—— *treasure parties* ——

These treasure parties, we know to our cost, are never delectable duties. We have commanded them in all seasons, but in the rains they are abominable. The officer is obliged to halt at uninhabited spots as distant as possible from villages, and to sit all night on the treasure, with the guard armed and prepared for action around it, making up in the day for the deprivation of his night's rest.

Note 3, page 309, line 6274.

Had not some bold refractory Zemindars.

Native landholders, who sometimes (especially in the territories of our allies), withhold their rents till obliged to pay them by military force.

Note 4, page 310, line 6283.

And preparations for a march to Oude.

A province laying opposite the Company's district of Cawnpore, and separated from it by the Ganges. It was ruled by a Vizier formerly tributary to the Moghul empire, but within the last few years he has been acknowledged an independent sovereign. The late Vizier ceded a part of Oude to us, in payment of a heavy balance; and we have given him, since our Napaul acquisitions, a line of country lying between his territories and that of Napaul, for the assistance he afforded us in money during that war. There is a British Resident at Lucnow, its capital, and a battalion of native Sepahis, who are often called upon to quell refractory landholders.

Note 5, page 311, line 6325.

And mud forts strongly built, though very rude.

Many of the Zemindars have mud forts of considerable strength, to which, in cases of emergency, they retire.

Note 6, page 311, line 6329.

And with the rebels side ——

We have known such circumstances to occur. The irregular mode in which the native troops are paid, and their long arrears of pay, induce them on all occasions to plunder; and when called into active service, they find rebellion the surest way of getting their balances settled. In one instance, a company or two of British Sepoys were sent to subdue the Vizier's troops who had been ordered to force a Zemindar to pay his rents.

Note 7, page 312, line 6343.

" Bus— or ka bolinga!"——

Anglicè, I will not pay the balance, enough! (or that's flat): what can I say more?

Note 8, page 314, line 6402.

"What will my wife say when she sees the sight?"

Personal vanity, or conjugal apprehension, at such moments of anguish may be deemed preposterous; but a fact of a similar nature is recorded on good authority at the battle of Waterloo. A young French officer, who was wounded and taken prisoner, had his leg amputated by one of the British surgeons. He bore the operation with becoming firmness, his only ejaculation being, "Oh! what will my wife say to this?" He had been married only a few weeks previous to the battle.

Note 9, page 316, line 6449.

They were pursued and puckerlow'd——

Anglicè, caught, seized on.

Note 10, page 318, line 6499.

Borne in a doollie, was safe lodged at home.

A litter.

Note 11, page 320, line 6572.

—— "*hum be ouinga*"——

Anglicè, I too will come.

THE END.

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